THE

Retrospective Review.

FOR OUT OF THE OLDE FIELDES, AS MEN SAITHE,
COMETH ALL THIS NEWE CORN FRO YERE TO YERE;
AND OUT OF OLDE BOOKES, IN GOOD FAITHE,
COMETH ALL THIS NEWE SCIENCE THAT MEN LERE.

CHAUCER.

VOL. XIII.

LONDON:

PAYNE AND FOSS, PALL MALL;

AND BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY,

PATERNOSTER ROW.

1826.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY D. S. MAURICE, PENCHURCH-STREET.

UNIVERSITY OF
MINNESOTA
LIBRARY

050
R31

CONTENTS

OF

VOLUME XIII. PART I.

ART. I.—Strype's Life of Archbishop Whitgift . . . . . p. 1

II.—Howell's Instructions for Foreign Travel 18

III.—History of Owen Glendowr. 30

IV.—Busbequius's Travels. 55

V.—Assizes of Jerusalem. 87

VI.—Dr. Martin Lister's Journey to Paris 95

VII.—Life of Thomas Ellwood, by himself 109

VIII.—Rabutin's Memoirs. 138

IX.—Contemporary Notices of Charles II., and certain Individuals of his Court. 167

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA LIBRARY

474940

XUM

UNIVERSITY OF
MINNESOTA
LIBRARY

XUM

THE

Retrospective Review.

Vol. XIII. Part I.

Art. I.—*The Life and Acts of the Most Reverend Father in God, John Whitgift, D. D., the third and last Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who, under her Majesty, in that station governed the Church of England for the space of twenty years. By* John Strype, M.A. *Folio. London.* 1718.

Some writers, on account of the lightsome ease and elegance of their style, and their graceful transitions from one topic to another, have been compared to the bounding antelope; whilst a prototype has been found for the ponderous dullness of others, in the heavy and regular step of the elephant. Were we bound under penalty to point out an animal to which John Strype, M.A. may be fitly compared, we should flatter ourselves that we had fulfilled the conditions of the obligation into which we had entered, by likening him to a Jamaica land-crab, which, as naturalists inform us, whenever it sets out on a journey, goes on in a straight line, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, and proceeds with such undeviating resolution, that if it encounters a house or any other building in its course, it never thinks of making a *detour*, but ascends the wall of the edifice which it encounters, marches across the roof, and comes down on the other side. Thus honest Strype moves right on in his narration, proceeding from year to year, and from fact to fact, without diverging into any general views of the political or religious circumstances of the times of which he treats, and without being once led astray into the labyrinth of philosophical

XUM

speculation. His style is homely and stiff, and utterly devoid of ornament; and so scanty, in particular, is his stock of epithets, that whether his hero be described as hanging a Puritan, or founding an hospital, he is invariably qualified as "our good Archbishop." He has also contrived, but, we are convinced, not in bad faith, or with any sinister design, to lengthen his work by a practice of first reciting the substance of a document, and then, as the result of an after-thought, transcribing the document itself. These documents, however, which he collected with indefatigable industry, and which he has arranged with much judgment, are very precious, as affording a particular account of the controversies which agitated the passions of divines and politicians in the reign of Elizabeth, as revealing the secret springs of many important transactions which took place at that eventful period, and as giving a clear insight into the characters and views of individuals of eminence, and of influence in the affairs of Church and State.

The topics which are presented to the mind of the reader of this volume are, intrinsically, very momentous and extremely interesting. They comprehend a variety of particulars respecting the organization of our Established Church; the difficulties with which its early patrons and friends had to struggle, in contending against the Roman Catholics on the one hand, and the Puritans on the other; the disputes which disturbed the peace of the Universities; and all that train of events which resulted from the stern and unyielding exercise of power, as operating upon the stubbornness of conscientious dissent. We shall, therefore, for the benefit of our readers, proceed to make an abridgement of a work, which, however authentic as to its facts, is possessed by few, and read by still fewer, even of those who profess to have a taste for historical inquiry.

John Whitgift was born at Grimsby, in the year 1530. His father was a merchant, who seems not to have been very successful in business. For his early education he was indebted to his uncle, who was Abbot of Welhove, by whom, as Mr. Strype says, "he was trained up to some pretty skill in song." From this domestic tuition he was transferred to St. Anthony's school, in London, situate between Broad-street and Threadneedle-street, which at that time enjoyed considerable reputation. Whilst he was at this seminary, his bedfellow caught the plague, of which he died. During the progress of this disorder, young Whitgift drank some of the urine of the patient, mistaking it for beer, "and yet had no harm of infection, as though," says our author, "the divine providence, by this preservation, had intended to reserve him for some great services in the church afterwards." In consequence of his having shewn a dislike of going to mass, his aunt, with whom he boarded, being a strict

Roman Catholic, turned him out of doors; so he returned home, and, in the year 1548, having acquired a competent stock of grammar-learning, he was entered at Queen's College, Cambridge, whence he soon removed to Pembroke-hall, and was put under the tuition of Mr. Bradford, who afterwards suffered martyrdom in Queen Mary's persecution. At his entrance into Pembroke-hall, he obtained a scholarship, and the office of Bible-clerk. In the year 1553, he commenced Bachelor of Arts; and, two years after, he was unanimously elected Fellow of Peter-house.

In the year 1577, a visitation of the university was held, under the authority of Cardinal Pole, on which occasion the dead bodies of Bucer and Fagius were dug up, and publicly burnt: an inhuman act, which honest Strype, forgetting, for the moment, the treatment of the remains of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw, in the reign of Charles II, characterizes as "agreeable only to Popish barbarity." Whitgift was so much alarmed at the approach of this visitation, that he meditated retiring beyond the seas; but, by the kindness of Doctor Perne, the master of Peter-house, who promised to shelter him, if he would keep his religious opinions to himself, he was induced to stay, and, by his prudent reserve, escaped the impending danger. During the remainder of Mary's reign, however, he must, though his biographer does not mention the circumstance, have lived in outward conformity to the church of Rome. But for this offence, in our estimation, he atoned by his gratitude to his benefactor, Dr. Perne, whom, in the days of his prosperity, he received into his archiepiscopal palace, where the good old man ended his days in the year 1589.

In the year 1560, Whitgift entered into holy orders, and continuing his studies in college, he proceeded, in due course, to take the degrees of Master of Arts and Bachelor in Divinity. In 1568, Dr. Richard Cox, Bishop of Ely, who had already given him the rectory of Teversham, in Cambridgeshire, made him a prebendary of his cathedral. Five years antecedently to this, he had been appointed Lady Margaret's Lecturer in Divinity; on which occasion, the salary of that office was increased from twenty marks to twenty pounds per annum.

Soon after his promotion to this dignity, Whitgift began his political career, by joining the heads of houses in an address to Cecil, chancellor of the university, praying him to procure the interposition of the queen, for a restraint of the franchises of the younger members, in the election of the vice-chancellor and the proctors, the exercise of which, they alleged, was productive of much intrigue and disturbance, to the interruption of painful study, and the disgrace of the gospel. A year or two after this, he again associated himself with several masters of

XUM

colleges, in petitioning the chancellor not to press upon the members of the university the wearing of the surplice, to which many of them objected: but for this interference he received a reprimand, which operated so effectually on his feelings, that he never afterwards relapsed into the sin of liberality. By his humble submission to reproof, he so far cleared away any stigma which might have attached to his character as a divine, that he was, soon afterwards, summoned to preach before the queen, who was so well pleased with his discourse, that she appointed him one of her chaplains. Ascending in the scale of collegiate honours, in the year 1567, he commenced Doctor in Divinity; and, in the same year, he was chosen master of his old college, Pembroke-hall, from whence he was, in the short space of three months, at the instance of Cecil, preferred to the important and dignified stations of Master of Trinity College and Regius Professor of Divinity, which he held till the year 1569. Soon after his entrance on the mastership of Trinity, he evinced his zeal as a disciplinarian, by insisting upon it that the king's readers should, according to statute, resume their lectures in the quarter between Midsummer and Michaelmas, which had been for some time suspended; but the defaulters, by the patronage of Cecil, procured from her majesty a dispensation from that duty. In the same year, he was nominated as one of certain commissioners appointed to investigate the character and conduct of the provost of King's college, who was suspected of Popery, and, rather than submit to inquiry, fled from the university.

In the course of the ensuing year, Dr. Whitgift was mainly instrumental in procuring for the university a new set of statutes, by which additional powers were given to the heads of houses, to preserve discipline, and to check the irregularities which had crept into all the colleges, with respect to the wearing of the clerical habits. At this period, then, commenced the active warfare, which, during the whole course of the remainder of his life, he waged against the Puritans.

The sect of the Puritans derived its origin from the persecution which took place in the reign of Queen Mary. At that perilous season, many of the English Protestant divines fled to the continent, where they met with a cordial welcome from the disciples of Calvin and Zuinglius, who permitted them to open churches in Strasburg, Frankfort, Basle, Geneva, Arau, and Zurich. During their residence abroad, many of them imbibed a taste for the simple mode of worship of the foreign reformed churches; were convinced of the scriptural authority of Presbyterian ordination; held in dislike episcopal church government; and abominated the habits worn by the English priesthood, and especially the surplice, as remnants of Popery. These notions they industriously disseminated on their return to their

own country, and they disseminated them with such effect, that they were not only embraced by a considerable proportion of the commonalty of the land, but had made great progress in the universities, and had even insinuated themselves into her majesty's court. Elizabeth, however, regarded these innovators with undisguised displeasure. She looked upon them as presumptuous challengers of her claim to ecclesiastical supremacy, and shrewdly suspected them of having imported, from Geneva, republican principles of civil government, as well as erroneous notions of church discipline. By vigorously attacking the Puritans, then, a learned polemic, at this crisis, stood a fair chance of fighting his way to the highest ecclesiastical dignities. Such seems to have been the opinion of Whitgift, who, when he felt an inclination for theological combat, soon found a notable adversary in Thomas Cartwright, B.D., the Lady Margaret's Reader of Divinity, who, both in his lectures and in his conversation, boldly impugned episcopal church government and the established liturgy. With this arch-schismatic, as Strype informs us, Dr. Whitgift had to enter the lists, "in disputing and writing against him as a divine, and in punishing him as an unruly member of the university." This disputation, then, was not conducted on equal terms. The master of Trinity held over his antagonist the rod of discipline; and, when he failed to convince him by his arguments, by his representations to Cecil, and by his interest with the academic authorities, he caused him to be deprived of his readership, and, ultimately, to be expelled from the university. At this treatment, which he calls "a brisk and necessary opposition," honest Strype is much scandalized that Cartwright should have manifested much indignation.

In consideration of the zeal which he had thus exerted in defence of the established religion, Dr. Whitgift was, in the year 1571, promoted to the vice-chancellorship of the university. He was, also, appointed Dean of Lincoln, by dispensation granted to him by the Archbishop of Canterbury; and, towards the end of the year, a new parliament being summoned, he was called upon to preach before the Convocation, of which body he was, in the month of May ensuing, nominated Prolocutor.

It should seem, that about this time, Dr. Whitgift, by the strictness of his discipline, had given umbrage to some influential members of the university, whose displeasure had such an effect upon his spirits, that he had formed a resolution to retire to one of his livings; but that, by the request of the Chancellor Burleigh, he was induced to continue to reside at his college.

The Puritans, finding themselves much aggrieved by the restraints which were laid upon their endeavours to disseminate their principles, and being well aware that they had many

friends amongst the landed gentry, from which class the members of the house of commons were at this time almost invariably chosen, looked forward, with delusive hope, to the meeting of the fourth parliament of Elizabeth, which was opened on the eighth day of May, 1572. To prepare the way for the introduction of bills for their relief, some of their leading ministers drew up and published two books, entitled "Admonition to the Parliament," and "A Second Admonition." These publications struck at the foundation of the church established by law, invalidating its ministry, vilifying its discipline, and inveighing against its ritual. Roused by the temerity of this attack, Dr. Whitgift came forth to the combat, and, in an elaborate and skilful answer to these offensive works, he not only rebutted the arguments of his antagonists, by the usual references to the fathers and to ecclesiastical history, but by reminding his readers of the disturbances created by the Donatists of old, and by the Anabaptists of modern times, excited in the breasts of persons in power apprehensions, that the exertions of the advocates of a further reformation in religion would endanger the tranquillity of the state; and, following up this alarm, he called upon the civil magistracy, "to awake out of sleep, and draw the sword of discipline."

Whatever effect Whitgift's book may have had upon statesmen, it seems not to have allayed the heat of discord amongst scholars: on the contrary, it occasioned such dissensions in the University of Cambridge, that Dr. Clark, Fellow of Peterhouse, a man of considerable literary attainments, and Milayne, Fellow of Christ's College, were, for impugning its principles in sermons respectively preached by them at St. Mary's, deprived of their college preferments, and banished from the university.

"The beginning of strife is like the letting out of water."—Dr. Whitgift's "Answer to the Admonition," had not been long published, before his old opponent, Cartwright, came forth with a pungent reply to it, which, as Strype records with due lamentation, made such a sensation in London, that Cartwright was openly countenanced by many of the aldermen of that city, whilst his doctrine was publicly vindicated by some popular preachers at Paul's cross; by which proceedings, the Bishop of London was so scandalized, that he wrote to the queen, advising, "that some sharp letter should be sent to the City by her majesty, to rebuke and check these courses." Dr. Whitgift, on this occasion, again descended into the arena of controversy; and, in the year 1573, published a "DEFENCE" of the Church of England, in which he answered Cartwright's "Reply," paragraph by paragraph, with great learning and acuteness; and, considering the provocation which his pre-

judices had received, with great moderation. His new labours, in the cause of the Establishment, were speedily rewarded by his promotion, at the instance of the queen, to the Deanery of Lincoln. Whilst he was thus basking in the sunshine of royal favour, he appears to have read with indifference two pamphlets, produced by the prolific pen of Cartwright, in his answer to his "Defence." At least, he did not reply to them, except in a sermon, which he preached before the queen, on the 26th of March, 1574, and in which he lamented the support which was given to puritanical principles by persons of high rank, "whose office and duty it were rather to suppress this fond affection than to nourish it;" and endeavoured to awaken the fears of her majesty, by declaring, that these principles tended to "the disturbance of the Church, the contempt of magistrates, and the breach of good laws and orders."

During the remaining time of his residence in Cambridge, Whitgift was actively employed in the maintenance of discipline, and the curbing of the spirit of innovation, till at length, in the year 1576, on being nominated to the Bishopric of Worcester, he was called to display his talents in a higher sphere. His election was confirmed April 16, 1577; and on the Sunday following, April 21st, he went through the ceremony of consecration.

At this time, the jealousy of the queen had been roused by certain meetings, called *Prophecies*, which were held by the more serious and zealous of the clergy, for the purpose of mutual instruction and edification. These meetings she regarded as unauthorized, and as opening a door to innovation in the established worship; and signified her pleasure to Archbishop Grindal, that he should instruct the bishops under his jurisdiction to put them down. The metropolitan, however, being convinced of their utility, declined to comply with her majesty's commands, at which Elizabeth was so incensed, that, with her characteristic decision, she suspended the rebellious priest; and, directly exercising her supremacy in spirituals, issued her letters to the above purport, in her own name, to the prelates, and, amongst the rest, to Whitgift, who, it is almost unnecessary to remark, readily complied with her requisition. In recompence for his duteous conduct in this particular, he was made vice-president of the Marches of Wales. In the exercise of this office, he received information, that mass had been said in the house of one John Edwards, of Thirsk, in the county of Denbigh; and that upon St. Winifred's day, "Mrs. Edwards went to Holywell by night, and there heard mass in the night season; that they carried thither with them by night, in mails and cloak-bags, all things pertaining to the saying of mass; and that these mass sayers used their audience to re-

ceive holy water, and come to confession." Horrified by these abominations, the vice-president applied to the council for a special commission of Oyer and Terminer to try the offenders, which was granted to him; and as he had intimated, that one of the persons whom he had apprehended was unwilling to give testimony against his associates in the crime of worshipping God according to the forms of their religion, the commissioners were authorized, "according to their discretion, to cause to be used some kind of torture upon him, and others, who might imitate his obstinacy." It is to be regretted, that Strype does not inform us of the result of this special commission; but the grounds of Whitgift's application, and the instructions of the council, prove, that at this period, in the Marches of Wales, Catholics were liable to torture, and to death, simply for the observances of their religion; for with nothing more are they charged in the confidential communications of the bishop with the higher powers.

Soon after his entrance upon his episcopal functions, Whitgift was obliged to defend a principal part of his revenues from a society of speculators, called Concealers, who had obtained from the queen a kind of roving commission to search for lands and possessions, which, by defect in their titles, might be forfeited to the crown. In this contest, the bishop came off victorious; and, about the same time, he obtained the disposal of the prebends of his cathedral church, which had hitherto been in the gift of the queen. In the year 1580, in consequence of the alarm spread through the kingdom, by the arrival of Campion and Parsons, and other Jesuits, from the foreign seminaries for the education of priests, he was busily employed in ascertaining the number of popish recusants within his diocese; and, at the same time, he was anxiously engaged in counteracting the efforts which were made by the Puritan party in the house of commons, to bring about a further reformation in the church. In the ensuing year, the estimation in which he was held by his superiors, was evinced by his being selected by the Archbishop of Canterbury to visit the diocese of Litchfield, where scandalous differences had taken place between the bishop, who seems to have been a man of very indifferent character, and the clergy of his cathedral. The difficult task of restoring order in this turbulent community, Whitgift seems to have executed with skill and prudence; and at his instance, his brother bishop, who had been suspended *ab officio*, was restored; which proceeding, however, shewed that his lordship was more charitable to orthodox sinners than to heterodox saints. From Litchfield, his labours were transferred to Hereford, for the government of which diocese he drew up a new set of statutes.

It has already been mentioned, that Grindal, the Arch-

bishop of Canterbury, had, for his resistance to the queen in the affair of Prophesyings, been suspended from exercising the functions of his office. So violent, indeed, was the resentment of Elizabeth against the refractory metropolitan, that she threatened to depose him, and offered to bestow his office on Whitgift during his lifetime. But to the honour of Whitgift, be it recorded, that he had too much respect for the virtues of his reverend superior, to concur in so harsh a proceeding. The queen had, in this instance, the good sense to pay due deference to his right feelings; and on the death of Grindal, which took place July 6th, 1583, she raised him to the summit of ecclesiastical dignity. Whitgift shewed, indeed, a little coquetry on this occasion. He declared, that there were many others in the realm more worthy of this preferment than himself. "Nevertheless," says Strype, "that he might not seem to resist the divine will, by the instinct of whose Holy Spirit he was persuaded he was called to this office, and not to resist the good pleasure of the queen's majesty, he yielded his consent and assent to the said election;" and was, accordingly, confirmed at Lambeth on the 23d of September.

Whitgift was no sooner seated on the archiepiscopal throne, than he found that he occupied a situation of anxiety as well as of honour. The Papists were numerous and restless in every part of the kingdom. The Non-conformists were also numerous, and active, and popular; and during the suspension of Grindal, and the decline of his faculties which preceded his death, the courtiers had taken advantage of the relaxation of ecclesiastical government in the see of Canterbury, to introduce many persons of equivocal character, in point both of morals and orthodoxy, into some of the most valuable livings in the church. The new metropolitan, however, regarded the perils which environed the ecclesiastical establishment with a steady eye, and drew tight the reins of discipline. Immediately on his accession, he sent forth articles for the regulation of church matters, in which, amongst other things, it is provided, that "all preaching, reading, catechizing, and other such like exercises in private places and families, whereunto others do resort, being not of the same family, be utterly extinguished, seeing the same was never permitted as lawful under any Christian magistrate; but is a manifest sign of schism, and a cause of contention in the church." It was also provided by the same instrument, that no one should be permitted to exercise any spiritual function, unless he should subscribe twelve articles which were industriously framed by the archbishop, for the purpose of silencing the non-conforming preachers. The publication of these new regulations excited great clamour, which the archbishop heard with indifference; and proceeding

on his metropolitical visitation, in spite of the remonstrances which assailed him from various quarters, he suspended from their functions all ministers who, either in doctrine or discipline, varied a hair's breadth from the line of orthodoxy which he had distinctly drawn.

Though the archbishop thus laboured with the utmost diligence for the extirpation of schism, he appears not to have succeeded to his wish in this pious work; and, deeming his ordinary powers insufficient for this purpose, he solicited the council to issue an ecclesiastical commission, which being granted, he forthwith proceeded, in the true spirit of an inquisition, to frame certain interrogatories to be put to all ministers whom the commissioners, of which he was himself the head, might be pleased to summon. These severe measures against the Puritans excited the indignation of Beale, the clerk of the council, who had the boldness to write a remonstrance against them, which he presented to the archbishop in person; and availed himself of every opportunity which presented itself, of vilifying his grace, as pushing matters to such an extremity as was likely to endanger the peace of the kingdom. The council, also, on the occasion of his suspending certain ministers of the dioceses of Lincoln and Ely, wrote to him in their favour; and the lord treasurer declared to him by letter, in express terms, that he found his interrogatories "so curiously penned, so full of branches and circumstances, as he thought the inquisitors of Spain used not so many questions to comprehend, and to trap their preys." By this interposition, however, Whitgift was not daunted. In an elaborate reply to the lord treasurer, he vindicated his proceedings by a reference to the principles of ecclesiastical law, and by precedent; and maintained, that they were absolutely necessary for the detection of hypocrites, and for the effecting of uniformity in the church. Nay, though the council again remonstrated with him, stating, that whilst he had suspended from their cures divers zealous and learned preachers, "they heard not of any proceedings against many others charged with drunkenness, filthiness of life, gaming at cards, haunting of ale-houses, and such like," he still maintained his ground, and refused in the least degree to abate the claims of the commission, or to mitigate the exercise of its powers. In this perseverance, however, he was supported, not only by the native energy of his mind, but also by the countenance of the queen, who appears to have had great reliance on his judgment in ecclesiastical affairs.

On the assembling of the parliament, on the 23d of November, the Puritans attempted to rally their forces. On the 24th of the ensuing month, three petitions were presented to the house of commons in favour of the non-conforming preachers,

and sixteen heads of reformation were digested into the form of a petition to the lords, requesting them to join with the lower house in an address to the queen, praying for a redress of ecclesiastical grievances. The petition was rejected by the peers, at the instance of the two archbishops, who, in elaborate speeches, defended the existing constitution of the church. That many abuses did exist in the details of ecclesiastical affairs could not, however, be denied; and, therefore, Whitgift drew up articles for the regulation of various things which required amendment. "Herein," Strype observes, "the archbishop, prudently, took the best course to oblige the queen, who, as she looked upon herself, according to her title, to have the supreme government and care of her church's affairs under God, so she disliked to have the parliaments, consisting of laymen, to meddle in church matters." This dislike was soon manifested in a most effectual manner; for, on the lower house passing some bills which trenched on the power and emoluments of the clergy, Whitgift wrote a letter to Elizabeth, complaining of these proceedings; in consequence of which, her majesty, in a speech from the throne, sharply reprimanded the offending commons, saying, amongst other things, that "she saw many over bold with God Almighty, making too many scannings of his blessed will, as lawyers did with human testaments; that the new fangled sect (the Puritans) she must pronounce to be dangerous to a kingly rule; and that to have every man, according to his own censure, to make a doom of the validity and privity of his prince's government, and that with a common vail and cover of God's word, she prayed God to defend them from such rulers that so evil would guide them." Such was the peremptory language of a female head of the church; and such was the freedom of debate in parliament in the days of good Queen Bess.

On the breaking up of the parliament, some of the most active supporters of the Puritans in the house of commons were, as Strype says, "taken notice of;" that is, fined and imprisoned: and Whitgift seems to have, on this occasion, meditated a severe vengeance against his adversary, Beale, against whom he drew up fourteen articles of impeachment, one of which runs in this tenor, "that he condemneth, without exception of any cause, racking of grievous offenders, as being cruel, barbarous, contrary to law, and unto the liberty of English subjects." This accusation, however, slept in the archbishop's scrutoire; not that his anger was mollified, but because Beale was protected by powerful friends.

We have seen how active Whitgift was in his researches into non-conformist irregularities; but there was one species of inquisition against which he loudly protested; namely, an

XUM

inquiry into the full value of all ecclesiastical revenues, for which purpose a commission was proposed soon after the breaking up of the parliament. Fearing, that this inquiry would tend to the diminishing of the incomes of the clergy, he successfully pleaded his own cause, and that of his brethren, in a letter to the lord treasurer, in which there occurs the following curious passage, which will be interesting to our readers of the profession of the law:—"It will, moreover, be a great discouragement to students in divinity, when men shall see the reward of their labours to wax worse and worse. The temporal lawyer, whose learning is no learning any where but at home, being born to nothing, doth, by his labour and travel in that barbarous knowledge, purchase to himself and his for ever a thousand pounds *per annum*, and oftentimes much more; whereof there are at this day many examples; and yet no man saith *black is his eye*."

Having warded off this blow aimed against the property of the church, Whitgift again directed his attention to his old enemies, the Puritans, who, at this time, published many books oppugning the established church discipline; and effectually to deprive them of this means of "spreading sects and schisms," he procured a decree of the Star Chamber, prohibiting the use of printing presses any where but in London, with the exception of one in Oxford, and another in Cambridge; and also requiring, "that no person should print any book unless allowed, according to the queen's injunction, and to be seen and perused by the Archbishop or the Bishop of London."

In the parliament of 1586, the supporters of the Puritans again made a stand against the Episcopalians, and produced, in the house of commons, what they called "a Platform," designed upon the model of the church of Geneva, which was so favourably received, that an address was presented to the queen, petitioning her to sanction this new model. This petition, however, her majesty indignantly rejected, as an interference with her supremacy, which she would not allow to be called into question. The suspended and silenced clergy, now despairing of effecting any further reformation by the means of the parliament, resolved to organize their favourite system of discipline amongst themselves. They, accordingly, formed themselves into two classes; the one of which met at Warwick, and the other at Northampton; and subscribed their names to a book, entitled "*The Holy Discipline of the Church described in the word of God.*" Being prevented from openly defending their principles on fair terms, by the restrictions which were imposed on the printing and publishing of religious tracts, they had recourse to private printing presses, from which issued a variety of libels against the bishops, among which the pamphlets

of Martin Mar-Prelate were pre-eminent in scurrility. These works were answered by the Episcopalians in somewhat the same strain, but with more humour. But the higher powers were not satisfied with the victory of the pen. A royal proclamation was speedily issued against seditious publications. A strict search was also made for the concealed printing presses, in consequence of which Martin Mar-Prelate's press was discovered in the town of Manchester; and the offending craftsmen, who were caught in the very fact of taking off an impression of a libellous pamphlet, were arrested by the Earl of Derby, and sent prisoners to London. In announcing the important intelligence to the lord treasurer, the archbishop professed to feel no resentment against the culprits on his own account, though he had smarted under their severe animadversions; but yet, in consideration of their violation of the law, he said, that he "could wish that they should be dealt with according to their deserts, and the quality of their offence."

Soon after the capture of the printers, at the rising of the parliament, Whitgift commenced proceedings against the schismatic ministers, several of whom, with Cartwright at their head, he summoned before the ecclesiastical commission. By this tribunal, they were required to answer on oath to certain inculpatory interrogatories; but this they peremptorily refused to do, alleging that such a proceeding was equally an infringement of the law of the land, and of the rights of conscience. Irritated by their pertinacity, and, at the same time, fearful of the consequences of a stretch of authority on his part, the archbishop, after committing Cartwright to the Fleet, requested the council to consider, whether, in reference to the difficulty of obtaining evidence against the offenders, it were not expedient, "for the terror of others, to proceed against them by præmunire, if they had incurred it by law; or by some exemplary corporal punishment, to be inflicted by the lords of the Star-Chamber, or otherwise." This application was followed by still stronger measures. Though the lord treasurer, taking compassion on the sufferings of the Puritans, observed to his grace, that "he saw not that diligence and care taken to win these kind of men that were precise, either by learning or courtesy," Mr. Udal, the minister of Kingston upon Thames, was capitally indicted for defaming the queen's government, in a book entitled "the Demonstration of Discipline," upon which indictment he was found guilty, and condemned to die. At the solicitation of the lord treasurer, however, he was reprieved; but whilst a negociation was carrying on, for permission to be granted him to banish himself to Smyrna, where the members of the British factory were anxiously desirous to receive him as their chaplain, he died in prison, in the year 1593. At the same time, a proclamation

was issued for the apprehension of one Penry, a native of Wales, a man of violent temper, and the author of many scurrilous tracts against the episcopal government of the church. Penry had, at first, the good fortune to escape into Scotland; but, returning into England, he was apprehended in Southwark, tried for composing and uttering seditious writings, condemned to death, and executed in so hasty a manner, that he was summoned from his dinner to the gallows.

In the mean time, the refusal of Cartwright and his brethren to answer on oath the interrogatories put to them by the ecclesiastical commission, had given great offence to the queen's law advisers, who, after due deliberation, determined to proceed against them in the Star-Chamber, with a predetermined resolution to banish them, by the sentence of that court, "to some remote place, that there might be no danger of their return, nor of their disturbing the peace of the commonwealth, by their writings, or otherwise." Previously, however, to their transference to this tribunal, the prisoners having been conducted to the house of the Bishop of London, Cartwright was there called before the commissioners. When he made his appearance, his lordship and the attorney-general severally made speeches in aggravation of his imputed offences, and once more called upon him to take the oath, which he declined to do, and vindicated his refusal by very powerful reasons. He also availed himself of the occasion which now presented itself, of rebutting the charges which had been brought against him; but, before he had finished his defence, he was interrupted by the bishop, who, still calling upon him to take the obnoxious oath, on his persisting in his refusal, caused this act of contumacy to be recorded. The prisoners were then remanded into custody; and, in the ensuing month of June, an information was exhibited against them in the Star-Chamber, charging them with an intention of overthrowing the established church discipline, and substituting their new "platform" in its place. The lord treasurer seems to have watched these proceedings with a jealous eye; for, finding that the main charge against the schismatic ministers was, that they designed to bring in their own discipline *by force*, he requested the attorney-general to inform him whether he could substantiate this allegation by proof. The answer of Mr. Attorney to this request, very clearly evinced, that the charge in question could only be maintained by remote and unsatisfactory inferences from facts in themselves innocent or indifferent. This interference of the lord treasurer, in all probability, saved the intended victims from some severe punishment; for, after their constancy had been tried by various insidious proceedings, at the end of an imprisonment of a year and half, they were liberated on their simple promise to keep the *queen's peace.*

In the parliament which was holden in the year 1592, these proceedings against the Puritans were severely animadverted upon by Mr. Morice, attorney of the court of wards, who presented to the house of commons two bills for restraining the oppressive power of the bishops, which were favorably received, but were stopped in their progress, by the peremptory command of the queen.

It was not on the subject of discipline alone that the archbishop suffered vexation: he was also troubled on the score of doctrine, and that by some whose conformity to the ceremonies of the church could not be disputed. In the university of Cambridge, some of the heads of colleges maintained the Calvinistic doctrine of the divine decrees of predestination. The opinions of these theologians were violently attacked in a sermon, at St. Mary's, by William Barrett, fellow of Gonville and Caius college. For this offence, Barrett was proceeded against by the vice-chancellor, and condemned to retract his supposed errors. This he promised and professed to do; but his recantation was so equivocal, as by no means to give satisfaction. When matters were in this state, both parties appealed to the archbishop, who soon intimated his opinion, that the proceedings against the preacher had been hasty and unadvised, and impugned the right of the university authorities to decide upon points of faith. The heads, thus pushed to extremity, declined the archbishop's jurisdiction in the case under their consideration; on which his grace addressed to them an epistle of sharp reproof, plainly saying to these reverend and learned doctors, "It is a most vain conceit to think that you have authority, in matters of controversy, to judge what is agreeable to the doctrine of the church of England, what not; the law expressly laying that upon her majesty, and upon such as she shall, by commission, appoint for that purpose; and how far my authority, under her highness, reacheth therein, I hope you will not give me occasion to try." This haughty demeanour of his grace was keenly resented by many of the influential members of the university, and especially by a Dr. Somes, who animadverted upon the proud metropolitan, in a sermon on Acts iv. 5. "Their rulers, and elders, and scribes, and Annas, the high-priest, &c., were gathered together at Jerusalem, and when they had set them in the midst, they asked them, by what power, or by what name, have ye done this?" Irritated by this attack, and jealous of an appeal which the heads had made to the chancellor of the university, the archbishop determined himself to sit in judgment on the case of Barrett. He, accordingly, sent for the pertinacious polemic to Lambeth, and, upon examining him, was of opinion, that though upon some points of faith he was right, in others

he was unsound; and therefore decreed that he should retract his errors in the pulpit of St. Mary's. At the same time, with a view of settling the controversy which had been productive of so much uneasiness and disturbance in the church, he published, as authentic doctrine, nine propositions on the mysterious subject of predestination, which are known to divines by the name of the Lambeth Articles. These propositions, which the archbishop had the discretion to communicate to the members of the university, "not as laws and decrees, but as his private opinion of the true doctrine of the church of England," were, at first, received at Cambridge with thankful submission. The satisfaction which his grace derived from this circumstance was, however, counterbalanced by the displeasure of the queen, who highly disapproved of the mooting of points, which involved, as she said, "matter tender and dangerous to weak ignorant minds," and by the disapprobation of Cecil, who disliked the Calvinistic doctrine of the Lambeth Articles, as "charging God with cruelty, and likely to cause men to be desperate in their wickedness." To add to his troubles, Dr. Baro, a French refugee, a man of considerable learning, and a member of the university of Cambridge, in despite of the intimation of his pleasure that these delicate topics should be no longer handled in public, controverted his articles in a *clerum*, in which he seems to have maintained the principles of Arminius. The vice-chancellor, scandalized by this audacious promulgation of heresy, stimulated the archbishop to avenge this violation of the purity of doctrine, and took active proceedings against the offender in his own court. But Baro found a friend in the lord treasurer, and even the archbishop interfered in his favour, and not only saved him from expulsion, but also preserved to him his rank and honours in the university.

During the remainder of the reign of Elizabeth, Whitgift was principally occupied in thus restraining the controversies and quarrels which took place amongst those who were attached to the discipline of the established church. With the Puritans he seems to have tacitly agreed to a cessation of hostilities. To this he was, in all probability, induced by the jealousy which the court of king's bench entertained of the high commission, the proceedings of which were frequently checked by prohibitions, and also by the evident decay of the health of the queen, and the prospect of a Presbyterian successor to the throne. In contemplation, also, of his own approaching death, he, at this time, founded, with a handsome endowment, the hospital of Croydon. The perversion of the revenues of this institution, which has been lately brought to light by a parliamentary committee, evinces the wisdom of the maxim of St. Gregory, by

which the archbishop professed to be guided, "*tutior est via, ut bonum, quod quisquis post mortem sperat agi per alios, agat, dum vivat, ipse per se.*"

Our limits will not allow us to particularize the zeal with which his grace punished certain Puritan divines, who professed to cast out devils; or to narrate at length, how he laid an astrologer by the heels, and how he trounced a butcher of Canterbury, who killed calves in Lent: but, passing on to more important matters, we have to record his attendance on Queen Elizabeth in her dying moments, and the promptitude with which, on her decease, he recommended the church of England to the favour of her successor. To this recommendation James gave a most gracious answer, professing, "that he would uphold the government of the late queen as she left it." This declaration, on the part of his majesty, removed all the fears which the episcopal bench had entertained, that he would, on his accession, bring in the new discipline; which fears, Strype says, "had made them speak, sometimes, uneasily of the Scotch mist." This mist, however, soon cleared away. On his arrival in England, the new monarch manifested his displeasure on receiving a petition, signed by nearly one thousand ministers, praying for a "godly reformation" in the church; and, in a conference, held, by his appointment, at Hampton Court, between the Episcopalians and the Puritans, he so stoutly, and so learnedly, defended the established constitution of the English church, that the archbishop, in a transport of loyal enthusiasm, declared that "his majesty undoubtedly spake by the especial assistance of God's spirit." His grace did not long survive this triumph. The conference took place January 14th, 1603, and he died on the 29th of February following.

Whitgift was, undoubtedly, a man of considerable talents. His scholastic acquisitions were various and extensive; and his controversial works evince much acuteness, and a discriminating judgment. As a man of business, he was industrious and skilful;—as a guardian of the interests of the church, he was vigilant and indefatigable. In his episcopal character, he, in one sense, followed the precept of the apostle, "he magnified his office;" and pursued the tenour of his way, unawed by the interference of rank or power. The capital error into which he fell, was the error of the times in which he lived—a persuasion of the necessity of uniformity in religious doctrines and observances to the quiet of the state. Hence his harsh proceedings against the Puritans and the Catholics. His principles of church discipline, as followed up by his successors, and, finally, by Laud, produced the very mischiefs which they seemed calculated to restrain—they pulled down at once the church and the monarchy; and it was not till years of persecution and misery had

elapsed, that it was discovered, that toleration is the parent of peace, and that the concession of liberty of worship to all classes of sectaries is compatible with the secure existence of a religious establishment.

ART. II.—*Instructions for Forreine Travell, shewing by what cours, and in what compasse of time one may take an exact Survey of the Kingdoms and States of Christendom, and arrive to the practicall Knowledge of Languages to good purpose.*

—— Post motum dulcior inde Quies.

London, 1642. 18mo.

The nature of *Forreine Travell* is very different at present from what it was in the days of the learned and laborious James Howell, the author of this little treatise. In consequence of this change, his ingenious instructions have lost, at the present day, their chance of direct utility, and the profit we intend to derive from them will not forward the views of any tourist whatever. In the time of good King James and his son, intercourse between the different nations of Europe was a slow and solemn thing: communication was difficult, not because obstacles were opposed, but that conveniences were not supplied. Each country had not its national character, perhaps, more strongly marked than at present, but then these peculiarities were matters of less notoriety. Few books of travels were published, and those not at all of a kind to supersede the necessity of ocular observation;—international posts were not established, and letters were trusted to the occasional opportunities afforded by the passage of acquaintance, or of merchandize; while travelling was a rare event, and, in some sort, deserved its name, implying the notion of labour. It is now, from the facilities afforded by rapidly increasing civilization, a recreation; it was formerly a work of instruction; it is now a toil of a pleasure, where relaxation of the mind, or the amusement of the senses, is looked to rather than the invigoration of the character, and the improvement of the faculties. There are two kinds of travelling; the one to see men, the other sights. Ancient travelling, by the deliberateness with which it was carried on, embraced both objects.

The modern plan of division of labour now generally divides these varieties of travel into their two separate kinds. The tra-

veller who spends his three years and a half abroad, as in the time of Howell, and gives three years to residence, and six months to locomotion, is the one who may expect to derive instruction from his occupation. Such a man, dividing his time between the acquisition of language, the study of national history and literature, and the instructive pleasures of society, may expect to return with an improved understanding, a more manly character, and a superior knowledge of mankind. The fact of such an absence implies the possession of independence, and with it connexion, rank, and character. The case is somewhat different at present. It is an extraordinary instance of mental blindness to suppose, that the rambling of six or twelve months, from town to town, from province to province, from capital to capital, indulging in all the sensual pleasures each spot affords, and consuming three parts of the time in absolute motion, or else in absolute gazing on inanimate objects, can improve either mind, morals, or even health. In fact, such rambles are undertaken with none of these views, and imply the possession of no one title to respect. Throughout the whole of Howell's little treatise, we are made sensible of the importance which was in his time attributed to travel: the sage admonition, the strict, cautious, and earnest style of our author, give altogether a character of solemnity to the undertaking. The high purposes, such as the eradication of national prejudice, and the preparation for statesman-like conduct; the high rank of the character supposed to travel, for Howell seldom places him under the degree of a nobleman; the extent of his labours, and the calls upon his industry, for he must learn three or four languages, and investigate constitutions, laws, and histories; present, united, a most ludicrous contrast with the insignificance and frivolity of a modern excursion. Alas! the Grand Tour has lost all its grandeur. Its glory is vanished—its honours are in the dust—run down by strings of diligences and the Mail Poste—trampled under foot by crowds of pedestrian, equestrian, and vehicular vagabonds, making their way by means of a guide-book and a vocabulary. If any man wants "instruction for forreine travell" at this time of day, let him call at Mr. Leigh's shop in the Strand, where he will find information much more to his purpose than James Howell could have afforded him, even though all his folios had been engrossed by this one important subject.

However, something is to be had from Howell still. It is agreeable, if not useful, to know what a traveller was in the days of James and Charles. It is desirable, for many reasons, to ascertain, what, at that time, were the supposed effects of travel upon those who returned home; and it is not a point of slight importance, to collect testimonies as to the national characters of the different nations of Europe at any particular

XUM

period. Some, if not all, of these matters, will receive illustration from the extracts we shall make from this little work.

Take, first, Howell's contrast of the French and Spanish character :—

" Having passed the Pyrennees, he shall palpably discern (as I have observed in another larger discourse) the suddenest and strangest difference betwixt the genius and garb of two people, though distant but by a very small separation, as betwixt any other upon the surface of the earth. I know Nature delights and triumphs in dissimilitudes; but here, she seems to have industriously, and of set purpose, studied it; for they differ not only accidentally and outwardly in their cloathing and carriage, in their diet, in their speeches and customs, but even essentially in the very faculties of the soul and operations thereof, and in every thing else, religion and the form of a rational creature only excepted; which made Dr. Garcia think to ask a midwife once, whether the Frenchman and Spaniard came forth into the world in the same posture from the womb, or no ?

" Go, first, to the operations of the soul: the one is active and mercurial, the other is speculative and saturnine; the one quick and airy, the other slow and heavy; the one discoursive and sociable, the other reserved and thoughtful; the one addicts himself for the most part, to the study of the law and canons, the other to positive and school divinity; the one is *creatura sine præterito et futuro,* the other hath too much of both; the one is a Prometheus, the other an Epimetheus: the one apprehends and forgets quickly, the other doth both slowly, with a judgment more abstruse and better fixed, *et in se reconditum;* the one will dispatch the weightiest affairs as he walks along in the streets, or at meals; the other, upon the least occasion of business will retire solemnly to a room, and if a fly chance to hum about him, it will discompose his thoughts, and puzzle him. It is a kind of sickness for a Frenchman to keep a secret long, and all the drugs of Egypt cannot get it out of a Spaniard.

" The French capacity, though it apprehend and assent unto the tenets of faith, yet he resteth not there, but examines them by his own reason, debates the business *pro et contra,* and so is often gravelled upon the quick-sands of his own brain. The Spaniard, clean contrary, by an implicit faith and general obedience, believes the canons and determination of the church, and presently subjects his understanding thereunto; he sets bounds to all his wisdom and knowledge, and labours to avoid all speculation thereon, fearing, through the frailty of his intellectuals, to fall into some error.

" Go to their garb and clothing; the one wears long hair, the other short; the one goes thin and open clad, the other close and warm, so that although the sun should dart down his rays like lances upon him, yet he could not be brought to open one button of his doublet; the one goes gay without, the other underneath; the one wears his cloak long, the other short, so that one might give him a suppositor with his cloak about him, if need were; the one puts on his doublet first, the other last; the Frenchman buttoneth always down-

ward, the Spaniard upward; the one goes high-heeled, the other low and flat, yet looks as high as the other; the one carrieth a comb and looking-glass in his pocket, the other a piece of baize to wipe off the dust of his shoes: and if the one hath a fancy to starch his mustachios, the other hath a leather bigothero to lie upon them all night. The first thing the one pawns, being in necessity, is his shirt, the other his cloak, and so, by degrees his cassock goes off, and then his doublet; the one cares more for the back and outward appearance, the other prefers the belly; the one is constant in his fashion; for the other, 'tis impossible to put him in a constant kind of habit:—

——— You may as soon
Cut out a kirtle for the moon.

" Go to their diet: the one drinks watered wine, the other wine watered; the one begins his repast, where the other ends; the one begins with a sallad and light meat, the other concludeth his repast so; the one begins with his boiled, the other with his roast; the Frenchman will eat and talk, and sing sometimes, and so his teeth and tongue go often together, the Spaniard's teeth only walk, and falls closely to it, with as little noise and as solemnly as if he were at mass.

" Go to their gait: the Frenchman walks fast, (as if he had a serjeant always at his heels,) the Spaniard slowly, as if he were newly come out of some quartan ague; the French go up and down the streets confusedly in clusters, the Spaniards, if they be above three, they go two by two, as if they were going a procession; the French lacqueys march behind, the Spaniards before; the one beckons upon you with his hand cast upward, the other downward; the Frenchman will not stick to pull out a pear or some other thing out of his pocket, and eat it as he goes along the street, the Spaniard will starve rather than do so, and would never forgive himself, if he should commit such a rudeness; the Frenchman, if he spies a lady of his acquaintance, he will make boldly towards her, salute her with a kiss, and offer to usher her by the hand or arm; the Spaniard, upon such an encounter, useth to recoil backward, with his hands hid under his cloak, and for to touch or kiss her, he holds it a rudeness beyond all barbarism, a kind of sacrilege: the Frenchman is best and most proper on horseback, the Spaniard a-foot; the one is good for the onset, the other for a retreat; the one, like the wind in the fable, is full of ruffling and fury, the other, like the sun, when they went to try their strength upon the passenger's cloak; the one takes the ball before the bound, *à la volée*, the other stayeth for the fall; the one shuffleth his cards better, the other plays his game more cunningly: your Frenchman is much the fairer duellist, for when he goeth into the field, he commonly puts off his doublet and opens his breast; the Spaniard, clean contrary, besides his shirt, hath his doublet quilted, his coat of mail, his cassock, and strives to make himself impenetrable.

" Go to their tune: the one delights in the Ionic, the other altogether in the Doric.

" Go to their speech: the one speaks oft, the other seldom; the

one fast, the other slowly; the one mangleth, cuts off, and eats many letters, the other pronounceth all; the one contracts and enchains his words, and speaks pressingly and short, the other delights in long breathed accents, which he prolates with such pauses, that before he be at the period of his sentences, one might reach a second thought: the one's mind and tongue go commonly together, (and the first comes sometimes in the arrear,) the other's tongue comes flagging a furlong after his mind, in such a distance, that they seldom or never meet and justle one another.

"In fine, Mercury swayeth over the one, and Saturn over the other, insomuch, that, out of the premises, you may infer, that there is an intellectual, political, moral, and natural opposition between them both, in their comportment, fancies. inclinations, humours, and the very understanding, so that one might say, What the one is, the other is not; and in such a visible discrepancy, that if one were fetched from the remotest parts of the earth the sun displayeth his beams upon, yea, from the very Antipodes, he would agree with either better, than they do one with another."

He thus amusingly speaks of the follies of travellers, on their return home:—

"He must abhor all affectations, all forced postures and compliments; for foreign travel oftentimes makes many to wander from themselves, as well as from their country, and to come back mere mimicks; and so, in going far, to fare worse, and bring back less wit than they carrieth forth; they go out figures (according to the Italian proverb) and return cyphers; they retain the vice of a country, and will discoūrse learnedly thereon, but pass by and forget the good, their memories being herein like hair-sieves, that keep up the bran, and let go the fine flour. They strive to degenerate as much as they can from Englishmen, and all their talk is still foreign, or, at least, will bring it to be so, though it be by head and shoulders, magnifying other nations, and derogating from their own: nor can one hardly exchange three words with them at an ordinary, (or elsewhere) but presently they are the other side of the sea, commending either the wines of France, the fruits of Italy, or the oil and sallads of Spain.

"Some also there are, who, by their countenance more than by their carriage, by their diseases more than by their discourses, discover themselves to have been abroad under hot climates.

"Others have a custom to be always relating strange things and wonders, (of the humour of Sir John Mandeville,) and they usually present them to the hearers, through multiplying glasses, and thereby cause the thing to appear far greater than it is in itself; they make mountains of mole-hills, like Charenton-Bridge-Echo, which doubles the sound nine times. Such a traveller was he that reported the Indian fly to be as big as a fox; China birds to be as big as some horses; and their mice to be as big as monkeys; but they have the wit to fetch this far enough off, because the hearer may rather believe it than make a voyage so far to disprove it.

" Every one knows the tale of him, who reported he had seen a cabbage, under whose leaves a regiment of soldiers were sheltered from a shower of rain. Another, who was no traveller, (yet the wiser man) said, he had passed by a place where there were 400 braziers making of a cauldron—200 within, and 200 without beating the nails in: the traveller asking for what use that huge cauldron was? he told him, ' Sir, it was to boil your cabbage.'

" Such another was the Spanish traveller, who was so habituated to hyperbolize, and relate wonders, that he became ridiculous in all companies, so that he was forced at last to give order to his man, when he fell into any excess this way, and report any thing improbable, he should pull him by the sleeve. The master falling into his wonted hyberboles, spoke of a church in China that was ten thousand yards long; his man, standing behind and pulling him by the sleeve, made him stop suddenly. The company asking, ' I pray, Sir, how broad might that church be?' he replied, ' but a yard broad, and you may thank my man for pulling me by the sleeve, else I had made it four-square for you.'

" Others have another kind of hyperbolizing vein; as they will say, there is not a woman in Italy, but wears an iron girdle next her skin in the absence of her husband; that for a pistole one may be master of any man's life there: that there is not a gentleman in France but hath his box of plaisters about him: that in Germany every one hath a rouse in his pate once a day: that there are few dons in Spain that eat flesh once a week, or that hath not a mistress besides his wife: that Paris hath more courtesans than London honest women, (which may admit a double sense:) that Seville is like a chess-board table, having as many Moriscos as Spaniards: that Venice hath more Maquerelles than Marchands: Portugal more Jews than Christians. Whereas it is far otherwise, for the devil is not so black as he is painted, no more are these noble nations and towns as they are tainted; therefore one should

Parcere paucorum diffundere crimen in omnes.

And it is a generous kind of civility to report always the best.

" Furthermore, there is amongst many others, (which were too long to recite here,) an odd kind of Anglicism, wherein some do frequently express themselves, as to say your boors of Holland, sir; your Jesuits of Spain, sir; your courtesans of Venice, sir: whereunto one answered, (not impertinently)—' My courtesans, sir? Pox on them all for me, they are none of my courtesans.'

" Lastly, some kind of travellers there are, whom their gait and strutting, their bending in the hams and shoulders, and looking upon their legs, with frisking and singing, do speak them travellers.

" Others, by a fantastic kind of ribanding themselves, by their modes of habit and clothing, (and touching variety of clothing, there be certain odd ill-favoured old prophecies of this island, which were improper to recite here,) do make themselves known to have breathed foreign air, like Sir Thomas Moore's traveller, whom I will bring here upon the stage:—

" Amicus et sodalus est Lalus mihi,
Britanniaque natus, altusque insulâ :
At cum Brittannos Galliæ cultoribus
Oceanus ingens, lingua, mores dirimant,
Spernit tamen Lalus Britannica omnia ;
Miratur expetitque cuncta Gallica
Togâ superbit ambulans in Gallica,
Amatque multum Gallicas lacernulas,
Zonâ, locello, atque ense gaudet Gallico,
Et calceis et subligare Gallico,
Totoque denique apparatu Gallico,
Nam et unum habet Ministrum, eumque Gallicum,
Sed quem, licet velit, nec ipsa Gallia,
Tractare quiret plus (opinor) Gallicè,
Stipendii nihil dat, atque id Gallicè,
Vestitque tritis pannulis, et Gallice hoc,
Alit cibo parvo et malo, idque Gallicè,
Labore multo exercet, atque hoc Gallicè,
Pugnisque crebrò pulsat, idque Gallicè,
In cœtu, in via, et in foro, et frequentiâ
Rixatur objurgatque semper Gallicè.
Quid ? Gallicè illud ? imò semi-Gallicè ;
Sermonem enim, ni fallor, ille Gallicum
Tam callet omnem, quam Latinum Psittacus.
Crescit tamen ; sibique nimirum placet,
Verbis tribus si quid loquatur Gallicis,
Aut Gallicis si quid nequit vocabulis,
Conatur id verbis, licèt non Gallicis,
Sono saltem personare Gallico,
Palato hiante, acutulo quodam tono,
Et fœminæ instar garrientis molliter,
Sed ore pleno, tanquam id impleant fabæ,
Balbutiens videlicet suaviter,
Pressis quibusdam literis, Galli quibus
Ineptientes abstinent, nihil secus
Quam vulpe gallus, rupibusque navita :
Sic ergo linguam ille et Latinam Gallicè,
Et Gallicè linguam sonat Britannicam,
Et Gallicè linguam refert Hispanicam,
Et Gallicè linguam refert Lombardicam,
Et Gallicè linguam refert Germanicam,
Et Gallicè omnem præter unam Gallicam,
Nam Gallicam solum sonat Britannicè :
At quisquis insulâ satus Britannica

Sic patriam insolens fastidiet suam,
Ut more simiæ laboret fingere,
Et æmulari Gallicas ineptias,
Ex amne Gallo ego hunc opinor ebrium.
Ergo ut ex Britanno Gallus esse nititur,
Sic Dii jubete, fiat fiat ex Gallo capus."

Again, he gives the following cautions, with respect to imitating foreign manners:—

"And as the commendablest quality of oil is to smell of nothing, yet it giveth an excellent relish to many sorts of meats; so is he the discreetest traveller, who savoureth of no affectation or strangeness, of no exotic modes at all, after his return, either in his carriage or discourse, unless the subject require it, and the occasion and company aptly serve for him to discover himself, and then an application of his knowledge abroad will excellently season his matter, and serve as golden dishes to serve it in.

"If any foreigner be to be imitated in his manner of discourse and comportment, it is the Italian, who may be said to be a medium betwixt the gravity of the Spaniard, the heaviness of the Dutch, and levity of our next neighbours; for he seems to allay the one, and quicken the other two; to serve as a buoy to the one, and a ballast to the other.

"France useth to work one good effect upon the English: she useth to take away the mother's milk, (as they say;) that blush and bashful tincture which useth to rise up in the face upon sudden salutes and interchange of compliment, and to enharden one with confidence; for the gentry of France have a kind of loose becoming boldness, and forward vivacity, in their carriage, whereby they seem to draw respect from their superiors and equals, and make their inferiors keep a fitting distance.

"In Italy, amongst other moral customs, one may learn not to be over prodigal of speech when there is no need; for with a nod, with a shake of the head, and a shrug of the shoulder, they will answer to many questions.

"One shall learn, besides, there, not to interrupt one in the relation of his tale, or to feed it with odd interlocutions. One shall learn, also, not to laugh at his own jest, as too many use to do, like a hen, which cannot lay an egg but she must cackle.

"Moreover, one shall learn not to ride so furiously as they do ordinarily in England, when there is no necessity at all for it; for the Italians have a proverb, that "a galloping horse is an open sepulchre." And the English, generally, are observed by all other nations, to ride, commonly, with that speed, as if they rode for a midwife, or a physician, or to get a pardon to save one's life as he goeth to execution, when there is no such thing, or any such occasion at all; which makes them call England the hell of horses.

"In these hot countries, also, one shall learn to give over the

habit of an odd custom, peculiar to the English alone, and whereby they are distinguished from other nations: which is, to make still towards the chimney, though it be in the dog-days."

There is a rich and pleasing passage on patriotism, as the fruit of foreign travel:

"Amongst many other fruits of foreign travel, besides the delightful ideas, and a thousand various thoughts, and self-contentments, and inward solaces, it raiseth in the memory of things past, this is one; that when one hath seen the tally and taillage of France, the millstone of Spain, the assise of Holland, the gabels of Italy, where one cannot bring an egg or root to the market, but the prince his part lies therein; when he hath felt the excess of heat, the dangerous serains, the poverty of soil, in many places; the homeliness and incommodity of lodging, the coarse clothing of the best sort of peasants, their wooden shoes and straw hats, their canvass breeches and buckram petticoats; their meagre fare, feeding commonly upon grass, herbs, and roots, and drinking water, near the condition of brute animals, who find the cloth always ready laid, and the buttery open; when he hath observed what a hard shift some make to hew out a dwelling in the holes of the rocks, others to dig one under the sea; when he feels how in some climes the heaven is as brass, in others as a dropping sponge, in others as a great bellows, most part of the year; how the earth, in many places, is ever and anon sick of a fit of the palsy: when he sees the same sun which only cherisheth and gently warms his countrymen, half-parboil and tan other people; and those rays which scorch the adusted soils of Calabria and Spain, only varnish and gild the green honey-suckled plains and hillocks of England; when he hath observed what hard shifts some make to rub out in this world, in divers countries what speed nature makes to finish her course in them; how their best sort of women, after forty, are presently superannuated, and look like another Charing-cross, or caracks that have passed the line in three voyages to the Indies: when he hath observed all this, at his return home, he will bless God, and love England better ever after, both for the equality of the temper in the clime, where there is no where the like, take all the seasons of the year together, (though some would wish she might be pushed a little nearer the sun;) for the free condition of the subject, and equal participation of the wealth of the land; for the unparalleled accommodation of lodging, and security of travel; for the admirable hospitality; for the variety and plenty of all sorts of firm food; for attendance and cleanliness; for the rare fertility of sea and shore, of air, earth, and water; for the longevity, well-favouredness, and innate honesty of the people; and, above all, for the moderation and decency in celebrating the true service of God, being far from superstition one way, and from profaneness the other way, though (with a quaking heart I speak it,) there have been strange insolencies committed of late: I say, when he hath well observed all this, he will sing, as once I did to a noble friend of mine from Denmark, in this Sapphic:

Dulcior fumus patriæ forensi
Flammula, vino præit unda, terræ
Herba Britannæ mage transmarino
Flore suavis."

We learn from the following lines the scantiness of the assistance which a traveller could expect from books. The concluding part presents a trait of the manners of the period.

"It were very requisite to have a book of the topographical description of all places, through which he passeth; and I think Bertius, or the epitome of Ortelius, which are small and portable, would be the best. At his first coming to any city, he should repair to the chief church (if not idolatrous,) to offer up his sacrifice of thanks, that he is safely arrived thither; and then some have used to get on the top of the highest steeple, where one may view, with advantage, all the country circumjacent, and the site of the city, with the avenues and approaches about it; and so take a landscape of it."

The erudite Howell seems to have had an agreeable notion of the quickest mode of learning a language. The contrivance of the grate is admirable and beyond all praise.

"Some have used it as a prime help to advance language, to have some ancient nun for a Divota, with whom he may chat at the grates, when he hath little else to do; for the nuns speak a quaint dialect, and, besides, they have, most commonly, all the news that passes, and they will entertain discourse till one be weary, if he bestow on them, now and then, some small bagatelles, as English gloves or knives, or ribbons; and, before he go over, he must furnish himself with such small curiosities; but this I dare not advise him to, in regard the hazard one way may be greater than the advantage the other way."

His mode of composing the mind, and of banishing the melancholy attendant upon separation from country, friends, and habits, is expressed in a very pleasing passage.

"His closet, also, must be his rendezvous, whensoever he is surprised with any fit of pensiveness (as thoughts of country and kindred will often affect one), for no earthly thing exhilarates the heart more, and raiseth the spirits to a greater height of comfort, than conversation with God, than peace with heaven, than spiritual meditation, whereby the soul melts into an inconceivable sweetness of delight, and is delivered from all distempers, from all tumultuary confusion and disturbance of thoughts: and there is none, let him have the humours never so well balanced within him, but is subject unto anxiety of mind sometimes; for, while we are composed of four differing elements, wherewith the humours within us symbolize, we must have perpetual ebbings and flowings of mirth and melancholy, which have their alternate turns

in us, as naturally as it is for the night to succeed the day: for, as the physicians hold there is no perfection of corporal health in the life, but a convalescence at best, which is a medium 'twixt health and sickness, so is it in the state of the mind. This extends from the lord to the lacquey, from the peasant to the prince, whose crown is oftentimes inlaid with thorns, whose robe is furred with fears, whereof the ermine is no ill emblem, having as many black spots in it as white. Nor is there anything so hereditary to mankind as vexation of spirit, which, doubtless, was the ground the Pagan philosopher built his opinion upon, that the rational soul was given to man for his self-punishment and martyrdom:—

Man often is
A tyrant to himself, a Phalaris.

"But as, when we go abroad, we cannot hinder the birds of the air to fly and flutter about our heads, yet we may hinder them to root or nestle within our hair; so, while we travel in this life, we cannot prevent but myriads of melancholy cogitations, and thoughtful cares and longings, will often seize upon our imaginations, yet we may hinder these thoughts to build their nests within our bosoms, and to descend from the head to the heart, and take footing there; if they do, I told you, before, what is the best cordial to expel them thence."

In the paragraphs we shall next quote, the author touches upon the poetical literature of France, and then turns to some general conclusions with respect to the life of a traveller.

"There be some French poets will afford excellent entertainment; especially Du Bartas; and 'twere not amiss to give a slight salute to Ronzard, Desportes, and the late Theophile: and, touching poets, they must be used like flowers; some must be only smelt unto; but some are good to be thrown into a limbique, to be distilled, whence the memory may carry away the elixir of them; for true poesy is the quintessence, or rather the luxury of learning. Let him run over, also, the proverbs of every country, and cull out the choicest of them; for many of them carry much weight, wit, and caution with them.

"And every nation hath certain proverbs and adages peculiar to itself; neither would it be time ill spent, to read Æsop in every tongue, and make it his task to relate some fable, every day, to his governor, or some other, by heart.

"Thus, the life of a traveller is spent, either in reading, in meditation, or in discourse: by the first, he converseth with the dead; by the second, with himself; by the last, with the living, which, of all three, is most advantageous for attaining a language, the life whereof consists in society and communication. Let his chamber be streetward, to take in the common cry and language, and see how the town is served; for it will be no unprofitable diversion unto him: but for his closet, let it be in the inner part."

Concerning the expenses of travelling, we find this notice:

"As for expenses, he must make account, that every servant he hath, (whereof there should be none English, but his governor,) every one will stand him in £50 a piece, per annum; and, for his own expenses, he cannot allow himself less than £300. I include herein all sorts of exercises; his riding, dancing, fencing, the racket, coach-hire, with other casual charges, together with his apparel, which, if it be fashionable, it matters not how plain it is, being a ridiculous vanity to be gaudy amongst strangers; it is as if one should light a candle to the sun.

"The time that he spends in Paris, must be chiefly employed to improve himself in the exercises aforesaid; for there the choicest masters are of any part of Christendom. He must apply himself, also, to know the fashion and garb of the court, observe the person and genius of the prince, inquire of the greatest noblemen and their pedigree, (which I recommend to his special consideration,) of the favourites and prime councillors of state, the most eminent courtiers; and, if there be any famous man, to seek conversation with him, for it was the saying of a great emperor, that he had rather go fifty miles to hear a wise man, than five to see a fair city.

"For private gentlemen and cadets, there be divers academies in Paris, college-like, where for 150 pistoles a year, which come to about £110 sterling per annum of our money, one may be very well accommodated with lodging and diet for himself and a man, and be taught to ride, to fence, to manage arms, to dance, vault, and ply the mathematics."

Some literary information may be had from the following short extract:

"There are in Paris, every week commonly, some odd pamphlets and pasquils dispersed, and dropped up and down; for there is no where else that monstrous liberty, (yet London hath exceeded her far now of late, the more I am sorry;) which, with the Gazettes and Courantes, he should do well to read weekly, and raise discourse thereon; for though there may be many trivial passages in them, yet they are couched in very good language, and one shall feel the general pulse of Christendom in them, and know the names of the most famous men that are up and down the world in action.

"Some do use to have a small ledger-book, fairly bound up table-book-will, wherein, when they meet with any person of note and eminency, and journey or pension with him any time, they desire him to write his name, with some short sentence, which they call the mot of remembrance, the perusal whereof will fill one with no unpleasing thoughts of dangers and accidents passed."

It is curious to find, that, even in Howell's time, it should be necessary to caution Englishmen from mixing with their countrymen on the continent. The advice cannot be too often repeated at the present day.

"Being come to France, his best course will be to retire to some

university about the Loire, unfrequented by the English, for the greatest bane of English gentlemen abroad, is too much frequency and communication with their own countrymen."

We shall not transfer any thing more from the Instructions: we have left in it not much that is remarkable, though the whole is well worth the perusal of any one who may chance to meet with the original. Howell was a man, not only of learning, but of some liveliness of fancy: he had good sense, and considerable experience and knowledge of the world. We shall have occasion to return again to him and his works; although very frequent mention has been made of him in our former volumes, and one of his works reviewed.

ART. III.—*The History of Sir Owain Glyndwr; Lord of Corwen and Glyndwrdwy. MS. in the Mostyn Collection.*

In two Articles, inserted in the earlier numbers of the Retrospective Review,* we endeavoured to give—in one, a succinct account of the Conquest of Wales; and in the other, a brief view of the state to which the Welsh were reduced by that conquest, as well as by the consequent arbitrary measures, to which the English monarch deemed it necessary to have recourse, in order to keep the turbulent mountaineers in due and dutiful subjection. When we commenced the subject, it was our intention to have completed it long ere this, by bringing down our record to the present day; and we intended to show the effects of the union by Henry VIII., chiefly as influencing the manners and morals of the people, by making them equal participators in the rights and privileges of the English themselves, as well as by establishing one common spirit of good will and intercourse between such hostile and pugnacious rivals. By such a plan, we knew that we should be able to present our readers with much curious information as to the local traditions, customs, superstitions, and peculiar pastoral pastimes of our secluded countrymen. A portion of our proposed scheme has recently been performed in a paper, on the Popular Superstitions of the Welsh: but circumstances, unforeseen and not to be controlled, have occurred to prevent the speedier execution of our purpose. An opportunity, however, has at length occurred, and we now resume our plan, by filling up the chasm

---

* See Numbers vii. and x.

which was left between the conquest by Edward, in 1284, and the prevalence of those dreadful outrages which were related in the article on the history of the Gwedir Family; this chasm being principally occupied with the insurrection of Owen Glendowr.

It will be remembered, perhaps, that the Welsh, after the conquest, were cast into the most dismal and oppressive bondage. To remedy, in some degree, their miserable condition, their conqueror made only such alterations in their own native and peculiar laws, as should establish his conquest on a firmer foundation, while, at the same time, it should have the effect of ameliorating the miseries of their subjection. These alterations were well calculated to heal the wounds of the irritated Welshmen, and the advantages which they ought to have derived from such temperate and judicious enactments, would eventually have cancelled the obstinacy of national prejudice. But the officers to whom the execution of these laws was entrusted, abused the power conferred upon them by their prince, and used every means most assiduously to oppress and torment their subjugated enemies. Shamefully, indeed, were the Welsh treated by the king's officers; and we select a few curious examples of their unjustifiable tyranny, from a long

" Memorial of the Greefes and Injuries offered by the King and his officers to the men of Ros.

1. The Lord the King did promise the men of Ros that they should have justice in their suits: after granting of the which articles, the said men did homage to the king. And then the king promised them with his own mouth faithfully to observe the said articles. This notwithstanding, a certain noble man passing by the king's high way, with his wife, in the king's peace, met certain English labourers and masons going to Ruthlan, where they did their work: who attempted by force to take away his wife from him, and while he defended her as well as he could, one of them killed the wife, and he who killed her, with his fellows, was taken: and when the kindred of her which was slain, required law at the justice of Chester's hands (for their kinswoman), they were put in prison, and the murderers were delivered.

2. *Item*, a certain man killed a gentleman, who had killed the son of Grono ab Heilyn, and was taken: but when certain of the kindred required justice before the justice of Chester, certain of them were imprisoned, the offender set at liberty, and justice denied to the kindred.

3. *Item*, certain gentlemen claimed some lands, and offered the king *a great piece of money*, to have justice by the verdict of good and lawful men of the country: then the lands being adjudged to the claimers, Reginald Gray took the same lands, corn, goods, and all upon the ground, so that they lost their money, corn, and cattle.

4. *Item*, it is our right that no stranger shall cut our woods without

our leave: yet this notwithstanding, there was a proclamation at Ruthlan, that it should be lawful for all other men to cut down our woods, *but to us it was forbidden.*

5. *Item*, when any cometh to Ruthlan with merchandize, if he refuse whatsoever any Englishman offereth, he is forthwith sent to the castle to prison, and the buyer hath the thing, and the king hath the price: then the soldiers of the castle first spoil and beat the party, and then cause him to pay the porter, and let him go.

6. *Item*, if any Welshman buy any thing in Ruthlan, and any Englishman do meet him, he will take it from him, and give him less than he paid for it.

7. *Item*, certain gentlemen of the Cantred (*hundred*) of Ros bought certain offices, and paid their money for the same; yet the justice of Chester took the said offices from them without cause.

8. *Item*, Grono ab Heilyn took to farm for four years of Godfrey Marliney, Maynan and Llysfayn; then Robert Cruquer came with his horses and arms to get the said lands by force, and for that Grono would not suffer him to have the said lands before his years came out, he was called to the law, and then Reginald Gray came with twenty-four horsemen to take the said Grono. And for that they could not that day have their purpose, they called Grono the next day to Ruthlan: and then Grono had counsel not to go to Ruthlan. Then they called him again to answer at Caerwys; but the said Grono durst not go thither but by the conduct of the bishop of S. Asaph, for that Reginald Gray was there and *his men in harness.*

9. *Item*, our causes ought to be decided after the custom of our laws; but our men be compelled to swear against their consciences, else they be not suffered to swear at all; furthermore, we spent three hundred marks in going to the king for justice in the foresaid articles. And when we believed to recover full justice, the king sent to our parties the Lord Reginald Gray, to whom the king hath set all the lands to farm, to handle the men of the said Cantreds (hundreds) as it pleaseth him: who compelled us to swear in his name, whereas we should swear only in the king's name. And where the king's cross ought to be erected, he caused his cross to be erected, in token that *he* was the very true lord. And the said Lord Reginald, at his coming to those parts of Wales, sold to certain servants of the king, offices of sixty marks, which the said servants bought before of the king for twenty-four marks, which offices ought not to be sold at the choice of the lord."*

This Reginald Gray appears to have been a most terrible despot, and no unworthy ancestor of the nobleman of the same name, whose oppressive persecutions first roused Owen Glendowr to assert the trampled rights and liberties of his injured countrymen. It is elsewhere said of the former rapacious robber, that as soon as he returned to Wales, he determined to take "twenty-four men of every cantred, and either behead them,

* From a MS. in the Hengwrt collection.

or imprison them perpetually;" which beneficent promise was backed by a threat, "that if they sent any to the king to complain, he would behead them also!"

These, in addition to the facts mentioned in a former article, will suffice to show how assiduously the new laws were contemned and violated by those very individuals whose duty it was to carry them fairly and justly into effect; and it requires no very great sagacity to foretell the consequences of these intemperate proceedings. Revolt after revolt sprang up to the great injury of the Welsh, who suffered severely for the temerity and boldness with which they asserted their rights and revenged their wrongs. But, plunged as they were into the most galling captivity by the stronger arm of their enemies, they continued, long after the subjugation of their country, to emit, at intervals, sparks of that fiery and indomitable valour, which all the oppressive efforts of their enemies could not quench entirely.

The affairs of the Welsh were in this situation, and an interval of nearly a century and a half had elapsed since the conquest, when a champion sprang forth from the very midst of this disgraceful gloom, whose valour had well nigh dissevered the chain which bound them so strongly, and whose name will never be breathed by his countrymen, except with sentiments of pride and admiration. We need scarcely add that this heroic champion was OWEN GLENDOWR.

Owen Vychan, or Vaughan, usually called Glyndwr,* was born on the 28th May, 1349, "a year," we are informed, "remarkable for the first appearance of the pestilence in Wales, and for the birth of Owen Glendowr." Holinshed, who seems to have imbibed a most bitter antipathy to the "Welsh rebel," as he calls him, relates a circumstance attending the birth of the chieftain, which is, doubtless, intended to bear some allusion to his sanguinary and turbulent career: "strange wonders," he says, "happened at the birth of this man: for the same night that he was born, all his father's horses in the stable were found to stand in blood up to their bellies!" He became allied to the house of Hanmer, in Flintshire, a family of great antiquity and influence in the country, by marriage with Margaret, daugh-

* The family name of the hero was Vychan or Vaughan; he is styled Glyndwr, from his patrimony of Glyndwrdwy, or *The Bank-side of the Dee.* No name, perhaps, has been so variously contorted; he is called indifferently Glendowr, Glendour, Glendower, Glyndour, Glyndowr, and Glyndwr. The last, according to the Welsh orthography, is the most correct; but we have adopted the first as more consonant with English construction. In one statute (4 Hen. IV. c. 34.), he is described as "Owen *ap* Glyndourdy, traitour a nostre Sr le Roy."

XUM

ter of Sir David Hanmer, chief justice of the king's bench in the reign of Richard II.; and he appears to have chosen, not only an amiable and virtuous dame, but a very benevolent and prolific one: for *Jolo Goch*, the chieftain's chief-bard, thus eulogizes her transcendant virtues:

A *Gwraig* orau o'r gwragedd!
Gwynn y myd, o'i Gwin a'i medd.
Merch eglur, Llin marchawglyw,
Urddol, hael, o reiol ryw.
A'i blant, a ddeuant bob ddau
Nythod têg o bennaethaw!"

His wife the best of wives!
Happy am I in her wine and mead.
Eminent woman of a knightly race,
Honourable, beneficent, noble.
Her children come in pairs,
A beautiful nest of chieftains!

A large family was the result of this union; and the sons followed their father to the field, while the daughters were married to chieftains of considerable wealth and eminence in the country.

Glendowr was a lineal descendant from the princes of Wales, and lord of considerable possessions near Corwen, in Merionethshire. He received his education in England, and was admitted a student in one of the Inns of Court in London; for, says Holinshed, "he was first set to study the laws of the realm, and became an utter barrister, or apprentice of the law, as they term him." But he soon quitted the drudgery of this profession for avocations more congenial to his ardent and sanguine disposition; and, during the tumults which agitated the country in the reign of Richard II., he did not remain an inactive spectator, but warmly espoused the cause of the king, to whom he was truly attached. He signalized himself even at this early age, and, as a reward for his loyalty and valour, he was created a knight, and appointed *scutiger*, or squire of the body to that unfortunate monarch, whose fortunes he followed with fidelity as long as his services could be rendered useful. When his royal master was deposed, Owen retired to his estates in Wales, deprecating and lamenting the downfall of his revered sovereign.

At Glyndwrdwy,* then, four centuries ago, lived this Cam-

* A green hillock, by the river side, surrounded with oak and fir trees, and about six miles north-east of Corwen, marks the spot where

brian hero, dispensing numerous blessings amongst his happy and devoted tenantry, and, probably, with no loftier wishes than those of contributing to the contentment and happiness of his numerous dependants. His establishment was every way worthy of his rank, and his wealth was rendered tributary to that spirit of boundless hospitality, which it was the pride of the Welsh knight to display. Jolo, his favorite bard, informs us, that within the mansion were nine spacious halls, each furnished with a wardrobe containing clothing for his retainers. On a verdant bank, near the castle, was a wooden building, erected on pillars, and covered with tiles: it contained eight apartments, designed as sleeping chambers for such guests as graced the castle with their company. In the immediate vicinity of the residence, was every requisite for the laudable purposes of good eating and drinking;—a park, well stocked with deer; a warren, a pigeon-house, and heronry; a mill, an orchard, a vineyard; with a preserve, or stew, well filled, at all times, with pike, trout, and salmon. The hospitality of the chieftain was so profuse, says the bard, that rich or poor, young or old, all were welcome to the good cheer of the castle. In short, Glendowr lived in his castle like a generous and wealthy lord of the soil; and having imbibed from his English education, and from his subsequent residence at court, a taste for a more civilized mode of existence than was then common in Wales, Glyndwrdwy afforded pastimes and amusements of a more rare, and, consequently, of a more costly character, than could be found elsewhere in the principality. A marked and very prominent feature in Glendowr's character, at this time, was the encouragement and liberality which he extended to the then persecuted and despised race of poets. We are informed, by a writer whose researches on the subject of the Welsh bards have been hitherto unrivalled, that, although the once highly-venerated order of Bardism had fallen into sad decay, there remained yet many master-spirits of poesy among the hills. "Hoc ævo," he says, "multi claruere Bardi, inter quos Jolo Goch *(Jolo the Red,)* Oweni magnificentiam et victorias ad sidera tulit, *fuit enim Owenus bardorum fautor et Mæcenas*, et eos undiquaque ad aulam liberalitate provocabat."* It was this kindness towards the bards which contributed, more than any other circumstance, to

---

the mansion of the "wild irregular Glendowr" was situated, and all that now remains of it, are a few loose grey stones, scattered about on the eminence. The spot is beautifully secluded, and we have often stopped to admire its beauties, and to indulge in a little retrospective contemplation, as we pursued our angling diversions along the banks of that fine river, the Dee.

* Evan Evans's "*Dissertatio de Bardis*," fol. 89.

XUM

render the chieftain an object of adoration to the Welsh; for one of the greatest calamities which had happened to the Cambro-British, was the contempt and misery into which this favoured race had fallen. The provisions made in the national laws, for the encouragement and protection of bards, evince the very high estimation in which they were held by their countrymen. "The domestic bard," says the law, "shall receive a beast out of every spoil, at the taking of which he is present, besides a man's share according to his rank in the household. Therefore, if there be fighting, he shall sing the Monarchy of Britain, *(Unbenaeth y Prydein,)* in front of the battle. When a bard shall ask a gift of the prince, let him sing one piece; when he asks of a baron, let him sing three pieces; and should he ask of a villein, let him sing till he fall asleep. His land shall be free, and he shall have a horse in attendance from the king. The chief of song shall begin the singing in the hall. He shall be next but one to the head of the family. He shall have a harp from the king, and a gold ring from the queen, when his office is secured to him. The harp he shall never part with." That the bards sometimes presumed upon their sacred and privileged character, is naturally to be expected; but so highly were they venerated, that their audacity was never punished. The prediction of the oracular Merlin to the profligate Vortigern presents one instance of this presumption; but Taliesin's imprecation on Maelgwyn Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales, affords a more striking proof of the boldness of the bard. The prince, it seems had offended him, and Taliesin invoked the following curse:— "Be neither blessing nor success to Maelgwyn Gwynedd! May vengeance overtake him, for the wrongs, the treachery, and the cruelty he has shewn to the race of Arthur! Waste lie his lands, short be his life, extensive be vengeance on Maelgwyn Gwynedd! A strange animal shall come from Morfa Rhianedd, shaggy, long-toothed, and fire-eyed. This shall be vengeance on Maelgwyn Gwynedd!"*

It was, then, in the encouragement of the arts of poetry and music, as well as of those appertaining to the cultivation of the land, and in the exercise of all those open-hearted courtesies, in which the opulent and generous Welshman delights to indulge, including, of course, all the customary pastimes of the age, that Owen Glendowr passed his time, during the period immediately consequent upon the downfall of his royal master. We are anxious to place his actual condition at this time before the reader, that he may perceive how careless the Welsh knight

---

* Roberts's "Chronicle of the Kings of Britain," p. 121; and Wotton's "Leges Wallicæ," sub voce "Bardus."

was, with regard to the more stirring events of the world. Unambitious of future fame, or present glory,—contented and happy, he dwelt in the bosom of his family, beloved by all, and much venerated by his numerous dependants. That this was a happy state of existence, will readily be admitted by those who have mingled much with the world: but a fiend broke in upon this paradise on earth, and turned all its peace and felicity into the peril of the tented field, and the active bustle of war and defiance.

The exciting cause of Glendowr's insurrection will display another striking proof of that despotic audacity, which the English nobility too frequently exercised towards the Welsh. Lord Reginald Gray, of Ruthin, a descendant, by the way, of the worthy whose exploits we have already related, imbibed a fancy for some hills, which were contiguous to his own lordship, but which had, from time immemorial, been the property of the Glendowrs; and he, therefore, "as the custom then was," coolly took possession of them. This unjust seizure produced a suit in the courts of law, in which the Welsh chieftain obtained a restitution of his lands, and Lord Gray became, in consequence, his most deadly and inveterate enemy.

On the accession of Henry IV., Gray, relying upon the favour and protection of his monarch, again seized those lands, which had been legally awarded to Owen; and when the latter laid his case before the parliament, he obtained no redress, nor was his application even noticed. This contumely was aggravated by an insult of greater, and, eventually, of fatal, consequence. When Henry went on his first expedition against the Scots, Owen was to have accompanied him, with a certain number of his retainers. A writ of summons, for this purpose, was entrusted to Gray, who designedly and rashly withheld it, till the time for the Welsh knight's appearance had elapsed, and it was impossible for him to obey the royal mandate. Lord Gray represented Glendowr's absence as an act of wilful, and, therefore, of traiterous disobedience; by which wicked and treacherous transaction, he procured, from the king, a grant of *all* Owen's lands, the knight himself being, at the same time, formally declared a traitor. This put an end, at once, to all pacific negotiation. The lion was now fairly roused from his lair, and, in a short time, Owen Glendowr, with a trusty and gallant band of Britons, was spreading fire and desolation through the territories of the presumptuous Gray. He soon recovered the lands of which he had been so unjustly deprived; and, actuated by the spirit of retaliation, took possession of a large portion of the domains of his enemy. But the consequences did not rest here. The mountain wilds of Snowdon and Cader Idris resounded with the tumultuous din of insurrection. Tidings of the chieftain's success

ran, like wild-fire, along the hills, and "Liberty and Vengeance!" was once more the terrific war-cry of the Welsh. Glendowr himself, too, shook off his lethargy. Ambition now entered his mind; he called to his recollection his high and princely lineage, and, directing his arms to a nobler cause than the redressing of his own wrongs, he involved both nations in a war which lasted some years, sacrificed many thousand lives, and drenched both countries with blood.

Although the Welsh were, at first, despised as a barefooted rabble,* and their disaffection treated with contempt, they were soon found to be a formidable and dangerous enemy. The intelligence of Glendowr's retaliation upon Lord Gray no sooner reached the court, than the king immediately dispatched some troops under the command of that nobleman, and the Lord Talbot, to chastise him; and they arrived with such speed and diligence, that they nearly succeeded in surrounding his house before he gained any intimation of their approach. He contrived, however, to escape into the woods, where he did not long remain; but, having raised a band of men, and caused himself to be proclaimed Prince of Wales, on the 20th of September, 1400, he surprised, plundered, and burnt to the ground the greater part of the town of Ruthin (the property of Lord Gray), at a time when a fair was held there. Having achieved this, he retreated to the mountain-fastnesses of Merionethshire, and directed his attention to the speedy and effectual augmentation of his forces.

Hitherto the disturbance in the principality had been chiefly considered as a private quarrel between Gray and Glendowr, and the English government did not seem to be much concerned as to the issue. Now, however, it assumed a more serious and important aspect, and became altogether an international contest. The proclamation issued by Owen alarmed Henry, who determined to march in person into Wales to curb the boldness of the rebel-chieftain, and to crush, if possible, a revolt daily becoming more extensive and momentous. For this purpose, he assembled his troops, and hastened into Wales;

---

* John Trevor, Bishop of St. Asaph, foreseeing the danger of driving into desperate measures a person of Owen's interest, spirit, and abilities, advised more temperate proceedings, adding, that Owen was by no means a despicable enemy, and that the Welsh would assuredly be provoked into a general insurrection. His advice was rejected, and he was answered by an English nobleman in the House of Lords. "Se de illis scurris *nudipedibus* non curare." Pennant, vol. 3, p. 319. 8vo. Edition, and "Barrington's Observations on the Ancient Statutes."

but Glendowr, whose forces were not yet sufficiently powerful, retreated to the fastnesses of Snowdon, and Henry was compelled to return to England, without having obtained any material advantage. In order, however, to weaken his opponent, he made a grant of all the chieftain's estates, in North and South Wales, to his own brother, John, Earl of Somerset; an act as ineffectual as it was irritating; for Glendowr was so far from any danger of being dispossessed of them, that, at this very time, he was daily growing more powerful, by the accession of new forces. It is remarkable, that the chieftain's revenue, in money, at this period, did not exceed 300 marks, which shows that his rents in kind must have been very considerable.

Preparations were now made by the king to commence a regular war with the Welsh; and that they might have no plea of undue severity to urge, a proclamation was issued on the 30th of November, in the same year (1400), offering to protect all Welshmen who would repair to Chester, and there make submission to Prince Henry, after which they should be at full liberty to return to their respective homes. Few, however, availed themselves of the monarch's clemency. The martial spirit of the Welsh was once more kindled into action; and Glendowr found his cause warmly espoused by great numbers of his countrymen. Multitudes from all quarters flocked to his standard, and contributed to make him a most formidable opponent,—so formidable, indeed, that Henry, notwithstanding some very urgent affairs which had detained him at the capital, resolved to march again into Wales; and, entering the principality about the beginning of June, 1401, he ravaged the country in his progress; but was finally forced to retreat, his men having suffered severely from fatigue and famine.

The misfortunes which befell the king's army greatly encouraged the rebels; and a comet, which ushered in the year 1402, infused new spirit into the minds of a superstitious people, and imparted additional vigour to their exertions. A victory, also, which Glendowr obtained, about this time, over a powerful force commanded by Lord Gray, strengthened their hopes of success, and gained the chieftain many friends and followers. By this event, Gray fell into the hands of the insurgents, and was secured in close confinement till a ransom of six thousand marks, and, in accordance with the rude policy of the age, a promise to marry one of Owen's daughters, released him from captivity*. So elevated were the Welsh with these

* His release, however, was not effected without the formality of a special commission appointed by the king, and dated the 10th of October, 1402. By this commission, Sir William de Ross, Sir Richard de Gray, Sir William de Willoughby, Sir William de la Zouch, and

simultaneous successes, that, if we may believe the prejudiced Holinshed, they were "uplifted with high pride, and their wicked and presumptuous attempts were marvellously increased." At all events, the Welsh patriot now extended his designs, and plundered the domains of all such as were inimical to him, spreading fire and sword through the lands of his opponents. He revenged, also, in some degree, the indignities inflicted upon his royal master, the ill-fated Richard, for whom he seems to have entertained strong feelings of regard and commiseration. John Trevor, Bishop of St. Asaph, who had voted for the deposition of that unfortunate king, became a marked object of his vengeance; and the cathedral, episcopal palace, and canon's houses belonging to the see, were ransacked and destroyed.

But none suffered so severely as the vassals of Edward Mortimer, Earl of March, a child of ten years old, and who, with his brother Roger, was at that time in the custody of the king. Henry was very sensible of the just claim which this child had to the crown, for his title to the sovereignty had been formally acknowledged by the parliament, on account of his descent from Lionel, Duke of Clarence, third son of Edward the Third. Owen, also, was sufficiently aware of the importance of this youthful nobleman, and he directed his attention to the plundering of his domains, hoping, eventually, to become possessed of his person. But his designs were most valiantly resisted by Sir Edward Mortimer, uncle to the earl, who, unable any longer to endure the depredations of Glendowr, collected a large body of his nephew's retainers, and marched boldly to stem the progress of the invader. A bloody engagement ensued on Bryn-glâs, a mountain south west of Knighton, in Radnorshire, and victory declared in favour of Owen. Stow asserts, that the archers of Mortimer's army bent their bows against their own party; but another old writer affirms, that the earl's Welsh tenants took to flight, on the first onset, and this occasioned his defeat.* However this may be, Sir Edward Mortimer sustained a very heavy loss, and was himself taken prisoner by the Welsh. It was after this engagement that those disgusting practices, alluded to by Shakspeare, and detailed by Walsingham and Holinshed, are said to have been performed on the lifeless bodies of the enemy. "Such shameful villainy," says the latter, "was executed upon the carcasses of the dead

---

six other persons, were empowered to treat with Owen about the ransom, when 6000 marks was the sum agreed upon; and his lordship was accordingly liberated. ("Rymer," viii. 279.)

* "Vita Ricardi Secundi," p. 178.

men, by the Welsh, as the like (I do believe) hath never or seldom been practised .... which is worthy to be recorded, to the shame of a sex, pretending to the title of weaker vessels, and yet raging with such force of fierceness and barbarism.*"

Owen's ravages became now so considerable, and were so fearlessly committed, that Henry was once more compelled to march into Wales; and, to insure success, it was determined that the English army should enter the principality in three different quarters. The rendezvous of the first division, headed by the king in person, was to be at Shrewsbury; that of the second, under the joint command of the Earls of Stafford and Warwick, and the Barons Abergavenny, Audley, and Berkeley, at Hereford; and that of the third, under the direction of Prince Henry, at Chester: the forces were to be assembled at each place by the 27th of August.

Glendowr beheld these formidable preparations without dismay, and continued to devastate the country, destroying the principal towns in Glamorganshire, the inhabitants of that district having refused to embrace his cause, and receiving from all other parts of Wales fresh succours and supplies.

At the time appointed, Henry and his generals advanced towards the principality, and Glendowr, too prudent to hazard an engagement with a force so superior, in every respect, to his own, again retired to the fastnesses among the mountains, driving the cattle from the plains, and destroying every means by which the enemy could procure food for themselves or forage for their horses. The English, willing to conceal their shame, attributed the cause of their ill success to the incantations of the British chieftain, who, as Holinshed expresses it, "Through art magic *(as was thought)* caused such foul weather of winds, tempest, rain, snows, and hail, to be raised, for the annoyance of the king's army, that the like had not been heard of." Perhaps Glendowr, as well to infuse terror into his foes as to give his own people a more exalted notion of his powers, might politickly insinuate his skill in spells and charms. This species of credulity was in full vigour at the time, and it is not improbable that the mountain-chief might have endeavoured to influence his followers by pretending to a proficiency in the mystic arts of sorcery and divination.

The Scots now took advantage of the king's absence from the capital, and, under the command of the renowned Archibald Douglas, the Tyneman, invaded England with an army of thirteen thousand men. It is probable, that they acted in con-

---

* "Holinshed's Historie," p. 527. See, also, "Walsingham, apud Camden. Scrip. Angl." p. 577.

cert with the Welsh. Both nations had been rendered tributary to the English by the same compulsory and irksome measures, both entertained a common hatred for their conquerors, and both had groaned under their oppressive domination. Be this as it may, the revolt in the north was of no small advantage to Glendowr, for this event, and the adverse state of the weather, contributed to compel Henry, once more, to relinquish his design of reducing the Welsh rebels; and, for the third time, he quitted the principality without having accomplished any part of his purpose.

> "Three times did Henry Bolingbroke make head
> Against the Welsh: thrice from the banks of Wye,
> And sandy-bottom'd Severn, did they send
> Him bootless back, and weather-beaten home."

The crown of England now began to totter on the brow of the usurper Bolingbroke; for, in addition to his disasters in Wales, the powerful and wealthy family of the Percies conspired to throw off its allegiance to Henry. A dispute between the king and the Earl of Northumberland appears to have been the primary cause of this disaffection; and, perhaps, the desire of becoming entirely independant might have contributed, in no small degree, to the same effect. At all events, be the causes what they may, this family, and its numerous adherents, joined Glendowr, and added very materially to the power of the Welsh. The rebels gained another very important ally this year. Sir Edward Mortimer, whom, we have already mentioned, Glendowr had taken prisoner at the battle of Bryn-glâs. He procured the alliance of this knight, whom he had treated with great kindness and liberality since his capture, by insinuating that it might be in his power to seat the representative of his house upon the throne of his ancestors—a temptation not to be withstood by the brave and ambitious captive. Glendowr, therefore, Sir Edward Mortimer, and the gallant Percy, entered into a confederacy to overthrow the House of Lancaster, and to advance to the sovereignty of England the youthful descendant of the Plantagenets. So confident were the rebel chieftains of success, that they determined, beforehand, to divide the empire between them, so that, when they had subdued their opponents, no discord might arise as to a division of the booty. Henry Percy was to possess the district north of the Trent; Sir Edward Mortimer all the country from the Trent and Severn to the Eastern and Southern limits of the Island; and Glendowr the whole of Wales, Westward from the Severn. It was on this occasion, that Owen, to animate his followers, reminded them of the an-

cient bardic prophecy, which predicted the fall of Henry, under the name of *Moldwarp*, or "cursed of God's own mouth;" and to revive those pleasing and heroic sentiments, which are always associated, in the mind of a Briton, with the achievements of the mighty Uthyr Pendragon, (the father of the immortal Arthur) he adopted the title of the Dragon; Percy was styled the Lion, and Mortimer the Wolf: and, now in the meridian of his glory, he assembled the states of the principality at Machynlleth, in Montgomeryshire, where he was formally crowned and acknowledged Prince of Wales.*

At this assembly, the newly-crowned prince narrowly escaped assassination. A gentleman of Brecknockshire, called Dafydd Gam (afterwards knighted, for preserving the life of Henry the Fifth, at the battle of Agincourt,) was among the chieftains who attended the coronation of Glendowr. He had been long in the service of Bolingbroke, and was firmly attached to that king. Instigated by his attachment to Henry, or, as some say, by the personal exhortations of the monarch himself, he formed the cowardly design of murdering his prince. His plot, however, was timely discovered, and he was immediately arrested and thrown into prison. He would have met with the punishment due to the crime he meditated, had not the prince's most zealous friends exerted their influence in his behalf. He was pardoned, therefore, upon condition that he would adhere, in future, to the common cause of his countrymen, a condition that he had no opportunity of observing, as he was kept in rigid confinement for the remainder of the war.

The affairs of Owen Glendowr now bore so prosperous an aspect, that Charles, King of France, entered into an alliance with him,† and compensated, in a slight degree, for the loss of the gallant and high-spirited Hotspur, who fell in the battle of Oswestry, about a year before. But he did not reap any very extensive advantages from this union. When it was contracted, he appears to have arrived at the very acmé of his career, and the crisis was any thing but favourable. Although fortune had hitherto smiled upon him, the time was not far distant when he was to experience her capricious mutability; for, in an engagement between a party of his adherents (in

* The building in which this memorable Synod was convened, is still to be seen: it forms part of the stables of the principal inn at Machynlleth.

† The treaty, which is still in existence, is dated from Dolgelley, in right royal style: "Datum apud Dolgellum, 10 die mensis Maii, 1404, et Principatus nostri quarto," and begins, "Owenus, Dei gratia, Princeps Walliæ, &c." *Rymer*, viii. 356.

XUM

number about eight thousand,) and some English troops, the former were defeated with great loss. To repair this misfortune, Glendowr instantly dispatched his son Gruffydd, with a strong force; and another battle was fought five days afterwards at Mynydd y Pwll Melyn, in Brecknockshire, when the Welsh again sustained a defeat, the prince's son being taken prisoner, and his brother Tudor slain. The latter resembled the prince so closely, that it was at first reported that Glendowr himself had fallen; but, on examining the body, it was found to be without a wart over the eye, by which the brothers were distinguished from each other.

After this defeat, many of the patriot's followers deserted him, and he was compelled to conceal himself in caves and desert places; from which he occasionally ventured forth to visit a few trusty friends, who still adhered to him, and who supported him with food and other necessaries.*

It is possible that our chieftain's career would have terminated without further hostilities, had not his new ally, the king of France, afforded him assistance. A fleet, carrying an army of twelve thousand men, sailed from Brest, and reached Wales after a favourable voyage. But this succour, seasonable and liberal as it was, seemed only to prolong the war, without being eventually of any important service. Glendowr never perfectly recovered the defeat of Mynydd y Pwll Melyn. From that time he acted chiefly on the defensive, or meditated nothing more than mere marauding excursions: his followers were daily forsaking him, and he was at length obliged to seek refuge among the mountains, from whence he never emerged to perform any exploit of consequence. "A world it was," says an old annalist, "to see his quotidian removing, his painful and busy wandering, his troublesome and uncertain abiding, his continual motion, his daily peregrination in the desert felles and craggy mountains of that barren, unfertile, and depopulate country."† Notwithstanding his ill fortune, however, he was still considered so important an enemy, that Henry the Fifth condescended to propose terms for a cessation of hostilities; and a treaty to this effect was concluded a short time

* There is a cavern near the seaside in the romantic and wild district of Celynin, in Merionethshire, still called *Ogov Owain*, or the Cave of Owen. Into this we have often crept in our boyhood, but we did not then know that it had afforded shelter and concealment to "the last of Cambria's patriots, wild Glendowr." Such, however, is the fact, and he was supported here by his kinsman, Ednyfed ab Aaron, the representative of the Royal tribe of Ednowain ab Bradwen.

† Hall's *Chronicle*, 19.

before his death, which happened on the 20th of September, 1415; and afterwards renewed with his son Meredydd, on the 24th of February in the year following.* This, let us observe, contradicts the general opinion that the Cambrian patriots died in extreme distress—"lacking meat to sustain nature, and for mere hunger and lack of food miserably pining away." It was immediately after the defeat of Mynydd y Pwll Melyn, that he experienced those calamities usually attributed to a later period of his life; and we have every reason to suppose that he died—broken, indeed, in body, but unsubdued in spirit. As to the miserable deprivations alluded to by Hall, and other Chroniclers, they must have been merely imaginary, as his death took place at the house of one of his daughters, who had married a wealthy knight of Herefordshire. Rapin says, that he did not die till the year 1417; but the Welsh accounts, to be preferred in this case, place the event in 1415; and they further state that he was buried in the church-yard of Monnington in the above-named county, although there is now neither monument nor memorial of any kind to mark the spot where his bones were laid.

Thus died Owen Glendowr, after an eventful life of sixty-six years. Considering the gloom of the age in which he lived, he was, in every respect, a very important and extraordinary character; and possessed a rare combination of physical as well as moral excellencies. He was bold, active, ambitious, and brave; he had the "will to dare, and the power to do," and he possessed no inconsiderable portion of military skill. He was hospitable to profuseness, the patron and liberal encourager of bards, the protector of the injured, the father and the friend of his devoted dependents. In his friendships he was eager, confiding, and faithful even unto death—in his enmities, he was unforgiving, cruel, and revengeful. In his general character, he was patriotic, enthusiastic, irascible, and impetuous, so that in him were combined all the characteristics of the warm-hearted Cambro-Briton; and his gallant spirit, unsubdued to the last, achieved those exploits, which are familiar to this day to the mountain-peasant of Merionethshire. Owen was also deeply imbued with all the dark superstitions of the time. The fearful omens, which *he* doubtless believed had ushered in his birth, had considerable influence upon his future life. At *his* nativity

> "The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
> The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
> Were strangely clamorous to the fields.

* Rymer, ix. 283.

These signs had mark'd him extraordinary,
And all the courses of his life did shew
He was not in the roll of common men."

Shakspeare, indeed, has gloriously delineated the portrait of this remarkable man. His belief in supernatural agency—nay, more,—his exulting boast that *he* "could call spirits from the vasty deep," and his ill-constrained choler at the taunts of the provoking Hotspur, are admirable illustrations of what we have every reason to suppose might have been the character of the Cambrian chief: and, although in this enlightened age, we cannot but regard with detestation the cruelties which, in compliance with the custom of the times, he often inflicted upon those who fell into his hands, yet we must admire his heroism, and admit that the causes which incited him to arms, in the first instance, were a powerful extenuation of the illegality of his conduct. But it is of little importance now, whether he might have been justified or not in the course which he pursued. Years have rolled on, and repaired the ravages which he and his opponents committed; the bones of his brave warriors have mouldered into dust, and no traces of their valiant exploits remain, save such as tradition will supply in the minds of their admiring countrymen.

The laws, which were enacted by the English parliament in consequence of the insurrection of Owen Glendowr, subjected the Welsh, as we have in another place observed, to a state of bondage, if possible more severe than that in which they were immersed previous to the rebellion. While they were yet in arms, the provisions of these statutes could not well be enforced; but no sooner was the rebellion quelled, than they were put into execution with the most relentless promptitude and vigilance. In 1400, (2 Hen. IV.) an act passed, by which all native Welshmen were incapacitated from purchasing property in England, or from being made burgesses in any of the English towns; and they were not allowed to hold any civil office whatever. In consequence, also, of the complaints, which were daily made of the daring incursions of the Welsh borderers, (in which they frequently plundered the English lordships to a very large amount,) it was enacted, that, if restitution was not made within seven days after request had been preferred under the seal of the sheriff, mayor, or bailiff, of the place, where the injured party dwelt, it was lawful for the aggrieved person to arrest *any* Welshman coming from the district, where the plunderer resided, with goods or cattle for sale; and he was to be detained, although he bore no relation whatever to the robbers, until complete satisfaction had been rendered for the robbery.

In 1402, the tumults in Wales seem to have engrossed a con-

siderable portion of the attention of the legislature, as several enactments were made for the purpose of limiting the extension of the revolt. In the first place, it was ordained, that an Englishman marrying a Welshman should lose his privileges, and become incapable of enjoying any office in the principality. No Englishman, by the same statute, (4 Hen. IV.) could be convicted in Wales at the suit of a Welshman, unless by English justices, and on the evidence of English burgesses. It was, also, enacted that there should be no "westours, rymours, ministral, ou autres vacabondes, pur faire *Rymorthas*, ou coillage," no wasters, rhymers, minstrals, or other vagabonds, to institute assemblies or collections;* that no Welshman should bear arms; that no victual, arms, or ammunition should be conveyed into Wales, "sanz speciale congee de notre seigneur le Roy, ou de son conseil; and that no Welshman should possess or command any "chastel, fortresse, ne maison defensive," but that

* Some of these terms require explanation. "A player at wasters," Mr. Barrington informs us, on the authority of Minshew, "signifies a cudgeller;" but an ingenious correspondent supposes it rather to imply "a wrestler," from "wast," *hodie* waist. Mr. Pennant, however, offers another signification. He supposes it corrupted from *gwester*, which, in Welsh, means "the proprietor of a place of public entertainment;" and such a place, he observes, must have been very convenient for rendezvous of this nature. *Tours*, vol. iii. p. 389. The word Kymortha is misspelt from the Welsh *cymorth*, (plural *cymorthau*) an assembly of people to assist each other in manual labour. They exist even at present, and there are *cymorthau* for spinning, for works of husbandry, and for other employments. But we are inclined to believe that the *cymorthau* of that period were rather of a political character. They were composed, says Mr. Pennant, of men the most dreaded by tyrants and usurpers; of *bards*, who animated their countrymen, by recalling to their recollection the heroic exploits of their ancestors, and by relating, in soul-stirring and immortal verse, their sanguinary and successful contests with the Saxons and the Romans. They revived, also, the remembrance of ancient prophecies, and shewed that, in the hero Glendowr, descended from the illustrious race of their princes, was to be expected the completion of the fondly-cherished predictions of the oracular Merlin. The band of minstrels now struck up, and the harp and the pipe filled up the measure of that overpowering enthusiasm, which their wild recitations had already engendered. The people afterwards rushed fearlessly to battle, and, like their ancestors, when excited by the chants of the Druids, despised that death, which was destined to confer upon them an envied immortality.

Inde ruendi
In ferrum mens prona viris, animæque capaces,
Mortis, et ignavum est redituræ parcere vitæ.

the castles in Wales should be garrisoned by Englishmen, and by such as were "estranges a les seignories ou les detz chastelx sont assiz."

Such is the substance of the most important acts which were passed in the reign of Henry IV.: his successor added others not quite so rigorous, and certainly more beneficial. By the laws of Wales, the evidence of three hundred men was necessary for the acquittal of a foreigner accused of any crime or misdemeanor. This was called an *Assach*,* and as a twentieth part of this preposterous number of compurgators could very rarely be procured by an Englishman, the suspected criminal was liable to languish in prison for life. It was, therefore, enacted (1 Hen. V. c. 6.), that every attempt to enforce this law should be a penal offence; and the punishment consisted of two years' imprisonment, the payment of treble costs, and a fine and ransom, "devaunt qu'il soit deliverez hors de prisone."

These laws, like those enacted by Edward at the conquest, were abused in their execution to a most unjustifiable extent; and the condition of the Welsh, who were exposed, with very inadequate means of resistance, to the full brunt of revengeful power, became forlorn and miserable in the extreme. So wretchedly were they situated, that nothing was punished by law, whatsoever happened, neither could they obtain relief in any shape from the English justices. To remedy this transcendant evil, a few of the principal landholders in North Wales assembled in different parts of the principality, in order to enforce the observance of justice by their own influence, without any other legal sanction, and the following is a brief summary of the resolutions which they adopted. In the first place, it was agreed, that no cognizance should be taken of the offences committed during the actual period of the rebellion, but all wrongs inflicted before or after that turbulent time were to be redressed. Every one was to have his property restored to him without law-suit; and any goods detained after the promulgation of this enactment were to be considered as stolen;

---

* This law is not contained in the ancient national code of Hywel Dda, which did not, in any case, require more than forty-eight compurgators. It appears to have been enacted, we know not with what right, subsequently to the Conquest, for the purpose, no doubt, of retaliating upon the English for their oppressive conduct towards the Welsh. The literal meaning of the word *assach* seems to have mightily puzzled the learned. It was proposed as a query to the Society of Antiquaries, in the reign of James I., when a Mr. Jones, who was esteemed a good Welsh scholar, declared that he could not pretend to interpret the word. Richards, however, in his Dictionary, renders it "oath."

or, if they were sold, the seller was to be fined ten pounds, and restitution made to the right owner. If the refractory person died, the demand continued against his widow, heirs, or executors; but if they, or she, denied the demand, the plaintiff must procure six compurgators to swear to the right of his claim; but, like the English in cases of jury, the defendant was permitted to challenge any of the said compurgators. After this, follow various regulations for restoring the shattered government of the country, and several laws relative to waifs, and estrays, vagrants, bail, recovery of debt, manslaughter, murder, and theft. The code concludes with the valuation of the several goods and chattels in common use, more especially with reference to animals. For example, a horse, or mare, sound in wind and limb, was valued at ten shillings; a foal at twenty pence, an ox at a mark, and a cow at ten shillings. The hire of an ox, and the milk of a cow were, also, valued: a ewe was reckoned worth sixteen-pence, her wool four-pence, her milk two-pence, and her lamb eight-pence. "As a proof of the high value of arms," says Mr. Pennant, "and that we had few manufactures of that kind, a two-handed sword was valued at ten shillings (the price of a horse or cow, be it observed;) a single-handed one at six shillings and eight-pence; and a steel buckler at two shillings and eight-pence; but, what is very singular," he continues, "a bow, which they could at all times easily make, was valued at sixteen-pence, and an arrow at six-pence." The only penalty attached to a violation of these laws was the forfeiture of all claim to the benefit of the compact, which, in those unhappy and unsettled times, was probably a sufficient punishment, as it left the contumacious party unsupported and friendless.

But, after all, these regulations, judicious and salutary as they might be, were only serviceable to the Welsh themselves,—they had no effect whatever on the English. In their relation to them, therefore, they were still exposed to manifold evils. Altogether deprived of the benefits arising from an impartial administration of justice; still pertinaciously attached to the unshackled customs of their ancestors; holding in utter detestation the English and their country, and burning with an eager and unquenchable desire of revenge, their grand and almost exclusive object was to avenge the indignities, which had been so abundantly heaped upon them, and which they were daily receiving at the hands of their powerful persecutors. For this purpose, as well as for the purposes of actual subsistence, they plundered and laid waste the lordships on the confines of Wales with unceasing activity, and a species of petty warfare was established between the English and Welsh borderers, which was carried on with the utmost rancour and ani-

mosity. Every thing like legal or moral restraint was wholly out of the question: the stoutest heart and the strongest arm carried the point in utter contempt of all alleged right, or reasonable remonstrance. This system of mutual robbery and rapine became generally prevalent throughout the whole line of the Marches, or borders; and it appears to have continued, without any material interruption, to a comparatively late period. These feuds became, at length, so destructive, that the most summary methods were resorted to by both parties, for the preservation of their lives and property. The dwellings of the English were surrounded by moats, and defended by palisadoes, and their cattle were driven every night into the fence thus constructed. For the intimidation of their predatory opponents, a gallows was erected in every frontier manor; and if any Welshman was unlucky enough to be captured beyond the line of demarcation between the two countries, he was immediately hanged upon the said gallows, and there suspended *in terrorem*, until another victim was ready to supply his place. Every town within the Marches had, also, "a horseman, ready equipped with a sword and spear," who was maintained for the express purpose of apprehending these marauders. On the other hand, the Welsh trusted for their safety to their own hardihood and activity, to the intricate recesses of their deep woods, as well as to the ruggedness of the mountain-fastnesses; and they did not fail to put in force the *lex talionis*, whenever opportunity occurred, to its fullest and most rigorous extent.

In addition to these self-constituted measures, more than one statute was framed by the English parliament, for the special purpose of repressing the turbulent audacity of the mountaineers; but we cannot find that these had any influence upon their predatory habits; for, so late as the middle of the sixteenth century, the Welsh were actively exercising their marauding pastimes. About this time, the lieutenants of Oswestry and Powis Castles entered into a compact, to endeavour to restrain, within their own districts, these licentious and disgraceful practices. It was accordingly agreed, that if, after a certain day then specified, any person of either of these two lordships committed felony in another, he should be arrested, and sent to the lordship where the offence had been committed; and that, if any goods or cattle were stolen from either lordship, and conveyed into another, the tenantry or inhabitants of that lordship should be made either to pay for the same within fifteen days; or, otherwise, four of their principal men should remain in bail, or mainprize, till the property was paid for, or recovered. It does not appear, however, that the exertions of these officers effectually annihilated these "detestable malefacts," as they were called; for, amongst the records of the

Drapers' Company, at Shrewsbury, there is the following minute:—"25 Elizabeth, anno 1583. Ordered, that no draper set out for Oswestry Market on Mondays, before six o'clock in the morning, on forfeiture of 6*s.* 8*d.*; and that they wear their weapons all the way, and go in company. Not to go over the Welsh bridge before the bell toll six." It is further recorded, that "William Jones, Esq. left to the said company 1*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, to be paid annually to the Vicar of St. Alkmund's, for reading prayers on Monday mornings, before the drapers set out for Oswestry Market."

While the Welsh borderers were thus actively engaged in hostilities with their English neighbours, those in the interior of the country were occupied in that disgraceful contention, which we have already, in some part, described in the Article on the History of the Gwedir Family. The sanguinary turbulence, which then existed, was, no doubt, occasioned as much by the contumacious disposition of the Welsh, as by the absence of all formal legislational interference; and well may we apply to these ferocious mountaineers, at this unhappy period, the forcible description of the Roman annalist,—"Atrox prœliis, discors seditionibus, ipsa etiam pace sævum." Yet, from the midst of all this barbarous contention, sparks of rude and savage heroism occasionally flashed forth, shining with redoubled lustre in the deep gloom from which they were emitted. Several intances of such gallantry we have already related, and the following display fine traits of an indomitable and hardy spirit. In a feud, between Howel Vaughan and Griffith ab Gronw, the latter surrounded his foeman's mansion with a numerous tribe of kindred and friends, and, after destroying the out-houses, commenced an assault upon the house itself, setting it on fire, with bundles of ignited straw. The smoke of these combustible materials greatly annoyed the defendants, so that they crept under the tables and benches in the hall, nearly in a state of suffocation. During this scene of confusion and alarm, Howel Vaughan, then an old man, disdained to stoop his head, and stood valiantly in the middle of the hall, with his sword in his hand, and urging his panic-stricken men to fight. He bade them "arise, like men, for shame! for he had known as great a smoke in that hall upon a Christmas Eve!" He was, however, overpowered by numbers, and compelled, at length, to capitulate. The castle of Harlech, in Merionethshire, was defended, on one occasion, against the English by a brave fellow, named David Ab Einion, and it being the last fortress in Wales that held out against the enemy, the English general sent to demand its surrender, anticipating the ready compliance of the Welshman. But David was too sturdy a soldier to yield so quietly, and he determined to hazard a siege, although his gar-

rison was miserably defective, in point both of numbers and provision. The king, therefore, dispatched the Earl of Pembroke with an army to subdue him. After many toils and difficulties, Pembroke succeeded in marching his troops into the heart of the principality, and again the surrender of the castle was demanded, when the following bold and energetic answer was returned:—"No! we will not give up the castle; and you may tell your leader," said David, "that, some years ago, I held out a castle in France so long, that all the old women in Wales talked of it. I will now keep this Welsh castle so long that all the old women of France shall prate of it." And he *did* "keep" it, till all his provision was consumed, and famine was staring him, and his heroic band, in the face. He was then compelled to capitulate, but on honourable terms, the Earl of Pembroke engaging to use all his influence with the king for the safety of so brave a man. Camden has preserved the names of this heroic band; and it appears, that the garrison consisted of only *fifteen men*, which was the only human force opposed to an English army of upwards of three thousand men! "He was a most goodly personage," says the historian of Gwedir, speaking of David, "of great stature, (as may appear by the Welsh songs made unto him,) and most valiant withal. Besides the turmoils abroad, he sustained deadly feud (as the Northern man termeth it) at home at his door, a war more dangerous than the other."

A period at length arrived, when civilization began to spread itself even upon the wild and rugged mountains of Cambria; and the union of Wales with England, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, prepared the way for the abolition of those dark and disgraceful practices, which had hitherto prevailed so destructively in the former. This union was founded upon principles equally advantageous to both nations. It gave the utmost advancement (to borrow the words of Mr. Justice Blackstone) to the civil prosperity of the Welsh, by admitting them to a thorough communication of the laws with the people of England; and the great circumspection which was used in the framing of the requisite ordinances, proved the real sincerity of the monarch's intentions. "The king's highness," says the first statute, (26 Hen. VIII.) enacted for this purpose, "of a singular zeal, love, and favour, that he bears towards the subjects of his dominion of Wales, ordains, that his said country and dominion of Wales shall be for ever, henceforth, incorporated, united, and annexed to and with this his realm of England; and that all persons born, and to be born, in the said principality, country, and dominion of Wales, shall have, enjoy, and inherit all, and singular, freedoms, liberties, rights, privileges, and laws, within this his realm, as other of the king's

subjects naturally born within the same, have, enjoy, and inherit." And, by a subsequent section of the same act, two members were to be returned to parliament for the county of Monmouth, and one for each of the shires in Wales, besides one burgess to be elected by every burgh, being a shire town, except the shire town of the county of Monmouth; and, finally, a commission was directed to be issued, "to such persons as to his highness shall seem convenient," to inquire into the laws, usages, and customs of Wales, and to certify the same to the king, in council. This latter provision seems to have been made in contemplation of an event, which, by the introduction of the English laws, and an impartial administration of justice throughout the principality, tended effectually to the total extirpation of the "lewd and detestable malefacts," which were daily perpetrated, "to the high displeasure of God, inquietation of the king's well-disposed subjects, and disturbance of the public weal." The event here alluded to, was the enacting of the statute of the 34th and 35th of the same reign,—a statute, which Mr. Barrington characterizes as containing a "most complete code of regulations for the administration of justice, framed with such precision and accuracy, that no one clause of it hath ever occasioned a doubt, or required explanation." By this edict, also, the counties of Radnor, Brecknock, Montgomery, and Denbigh, were added to Wales, and that of Monmouth to England. Wales now consisted of twelve shires, eight having been made by Edward, at the Conquest.

Many years, however, elapsed before the Welsh reaped the full advantage of these judicious measures. They were, at first, most obstinately averse to the adoption of the milder manners of their conquerors: but the abolition of the severe laws, enacted against them in former reigns, led them to think more favourably upon the English, and eventually, by associating more amicably with them, to adopt their manners and imitate their customs. The page of the historian, and the traditions of the country, are now the only proof of their vindictive enmity towards the English, and nearly all the traces of their fierce hostility are wiped away from the face of the earth. But, although this long-cherished animosity was at length annihilated, the Welsh continued in a state of considerable rudeness and simplicity for some time after they had been admitted to an equal participation in the laws and privileges of the English; and it was not till within these last sixty or seventy years that they began to imitate the more polished manners of their neighbours. If we may credit a reverend, though an anonymous, writer, we must form what many will term, a very lowly idea of Wales and her inhabitants, even so late as the middle of the last century. The following passage is transcribed from a rare

tract, printed in 1769, the author of which has evinced no little zeal and ingenuity in endeavouring to prove the illegality and evil tendency of presenting to Welsh benefices incumbents totally ignorant of the language of their parishioners. "The greater part of Wales," writes this author, "by its situation and distance from the metropolis, is almost entirely excluded from the benefits of commerce. The product of the country is the chief, and almost the only, support of the natives: what remains, after supplying the home consumption, is exported. The money they receive in exchange for these commodities, serves them for the purposes of hospitality, not luxury. As money is not otherwise valuable than as it is the means of acquiring the necessaries and conveniences of life, they know no other use for it.* If accumulations of gold and silver be the only criterion of wealth—then are they poor; if plenty is—then are they rich. Happy in finding an asylum among those impregnable fortresses, built by nature, which were formerly their security against the power, and since against the luxury of the English; environed on all sides by these, they enjoy tranquillity without indolence, liberty without licentiousness, and plenty without luxury. Thus, they experience a happiness unknown in better cultivated and more refined countries—a happiness which opulence can never purchase!"

This, exaggeration as it may appear, affords, we have no doubt, a tolerably correct view of the condition of the Welsh at the period in question. Even now, they are, for the most part (we speak more particularly of the peasants in the secluded districts of North Wales), a rude and unpolished people; but their contumacious turbulence is softened down and trans-

---

* The following curious Letter, from Sir Roger Mostyn, of Mostyn in Flintshire, to his neighbour, Pyers Pennant, Esq. of Bychton, affords a striking proof of the value of money in Wales, in the seventeenth century.

"*Mostyn*, 1674.

"Dear Pyers.—I hope you will excuse me for asking for the £4 you owe me *for the pair of oxen*; but I want the money to make up £20, to send my son to Oxford next week.

"I am, Dear Pyers, your's, &c.

"Roger Mostyn.

"*Postscriptum*—How does your head this morning? mine aches confoundedly."

At this time, money was so scarce, that four pounds was the price of a pair of oxen; and the Baronet of Mostyn (one of the richest individuals in North Wales) was contented with sending his heir apparent to the University with £20 in his pocket!

formed into kind, but rugged, courtesy. Nor have they forgotten the martial deeds and valiant exploits of their contentious forefathers, and the narration of their feuds and forays still serves to while away the winter's evening in the peasant's cottage.

> Such themes inspire the Cambrian shepherd's tale,
> When in the grey thatch sounds the fitful gale;
> And constant wheels go round with whirling din,
> As by red ember-light the damsels spin:
> Each chants, by turns, the song his soul approves,
> And bears the burthen to the maid he loves.
>
> Still to the surly strain of martial deeds,
> In cadence soft, the dirge of love succeeds,
> With tales of ghosts, that haunt unhallow'd ground,
> While, narrowing still, the circle closes round,
> Till, shrinking pale from nameless cause of fear,
> Each peasant starts—his neighbour's voice to hear.

ART. IV.—*Augerii Gislenii Busbequii, Omnia quæ extant. Lug. Batavorum, ex officina Elzeveriana.* 1633.

"The Travels of Busbequius consist of four Epistles, and contain the narrative of his two embassies from Ferdinand, King of the Romans, and afterwards emperor, to the Ottoman Porte, (November, 1554—November, 1562.) In the first, he describes his journey from Vienna to Amasia: the second includes the events and observations of a seven years' residence, or rather imprisonment, at Constantinople. It was his duty, and his amusement, to study the characters of Soliman II., and his ministers, the policy of the government, the discipline of the camp, and the virtues and vices of the most formidable enemies of Christendom. The tragic adventures of Mustapha and Bajazet are told with the spirit and dignity of an historian. His ears, or those of his interpreters, were always open to the reports of foreign countries; of Crim Tartary, Mingrelia, and Carthage. We are indebted to his curiosity, for the first copy of the marbles of Ancyra, and the most ancient MS. of Dioscorides; and he viewed, with the eyes of a naturalist, the numerous collection of animals that enlivened his solitude. Busbequius is my old and familiar acquaintance; a frequent companion in my post-chaise. His language is eloquent, his manner is lively, his remarks are judicious."—(Gibbon's *Miscellaneous Works*: vol. v., page 580.)

This is high praise, from a competent judge; one who is

XUM

by no means disposed to be very liberal or rash in his commendation: and we have no doubt, after our readers have perused the selections we shall make from Busbequius, that they will not deem the praise undeserved or extravagant. Before, however, we commence these selections, it may be proper and interesting to prefix a short notice of our author: this we shall draw partly from his letters, and partly from the life that accompanies this edition of his works.

Busbequius was born at Comines, in Flanders, the birthplace and property of Philip Comines, and the village from which that historian derived his surname. His family name was Gislenius, and he took the additional appellation of Busbequius from the town of which his father was burgomaster. His ancestors were of an ancient and noble race; and his father must have been a man of considerable property, from the excellent education he gave his son. He was sent to the universities of Louvain, Paris, Bologna, and Padua; and his natural talents and acquirements at those places seem, early in life, to have fitted him for confidential and political employments, for, on the death of his father, he accompanied the special ambassador sent by Ferdinand to London, to congratulate Philip and Mary on their marriage. Soon after his return to his native country, he was solicited, by Ferdinand, to go on an embassy to Soliman II. Before, however, Ferdinand entrusted him with this difficult and important mission, he had well tried his sagacity and his prudence, in various state affairs. Maximilian, also, the son of Ferdinand, reposed equal confidence in his political judgment and experience, and gave a still more flattering and unequivocal proof of his high estimation of his personal character, by entrusting to him the superintendance of the morals of his sons, the Archdukes of Austria.

Gibbon has well characterized Soliman II., as one of the most formidable enemies of Christendom. The island of Rhodes, after a long and desperate resistance, fell before him: the conquest of the greatest part of Hungary, Moldavia, and Wallachia, opened to him access to Germany: active and indefatigable, knowing equally well how to gain victories, and to improve them, he had no sooner gained possession of Buda, than he pushed on to Vienna, and laid siege to this city. In his attempt to reduce it, however, he failed. It was to this monarch that Busbequius was sent, and he conducted his embassy with so much talent and address, that he obtained from Soliman a truce for eight years.

On his ultimate return from Constantinople, Busbequius was solicited to conduct Isabella of Austria, to Paris, where she was married to Charles IX., king of France: he was, afterwards, appointed ambassador at this court, by the emperor. During

his residence in this character, he corresponded directly with his master. Having reached the age of seventy, he solicited,and obtained, leave of absence, to visit his native country and friends. On his journey through Normandy, he was seized and ill-treated by some soldiers: for this outrage, he appears to have received no adequate apology or redress. In consequence either of the bodily harm he received, or of the outrage preying upon his mind, or of both combined, he, soon afterwards, fell ill of a complaint which caused his death in 1592.

Beside the four Epistles, containing the narrative of his two embassies to the Ottoman Porte, this volume comprises observations on the best mode of carrying on war against the Turks: all these were printed at the Plantin press, and, afterwards, at Munich. The letters he wrote to his sovereign, during his embassy to Paris, were first published in the Elzevir edition now before us. This is one of the most beautiful and correct specimens of this celebrated press we ever witnessed. Besides the letters from Turkey and Paris, and the observations, Busbequius wrote a treatise on true nobility, which is supposed to be lost. Besides the first copy of the marbles of Ancyra, for which we are indebted to him, he copied a great many other Greek and Latin inscriptions: these he gave to Lipsius, with whom he lived on terms of the greatest intimacy: and, by Lipsius, they were inserted in the collections of Smetius and Gruter. He, also, obtained several other Greek and Latin MSS., besides the most ancient MS. of Dioscorides, particularly specified by Gibbon.

In making our selections from Busbequius, we shall be solely guided by a regard to variety of subject and interest. We shall, therefore, entirely pass by the observations on the best mode of carrying on the war against the Turks, as totally inapplicable to the present relative situation of the Porte and the bordering European powers; merely remarking, that they are highly creditable to the penetration and soundness of Busbequius's mind. We shall, also, pass by the letters he wrote from Paris, as being, almost exclusively, confined to the political events of the day. And, even from the four epistles, containing the narrative of his two embassies to the Ottoman Porte, we shall be very sparing in our selections of those parts that are of a political or temporary nature. After setting aside all these portions of the present very small volume, more interesting and curious matter will still remain, than we can condense into this article.

At Gran, (Strigonium,) in Hungary, which Soliman II. had reduced in 1543, he first had an opportunity of seeing Turkish soldiers. He was suddenly surrounded by 150 of them; a striking spectacle, he observes, to a person unused to such a

XUM

sight: their painted shields and spears; their scymitars, studded with precious stones; their various-coloured feathers; their turbans, rising in folds of the most exquisite whiteness; their garments, for the most part, of a brown or purple colour; but, above all, their fine horses, covered with most beautiful trappings, arrested his attention. Near Gran, he was struck with the croaking of numerous frogs, though it was the month of December, and the weather was extremely cold. This circumstance, which, in many travellers, would have created surprise, but not lead to inquiry into the cause, was not so passed over by Busbequius: he learnt that it was owing to the warmth of the sulphureous springs, which abound, and are still celebrated, near that town.

On his arrival at Buda, he was lodged with an Hungarian. "Here," he remarks, "my baggage, carriage, and horses were better taken care of than myself; for the first and most urgent business of a Turk, is to place them in a safe and commodious situation: for themselves, if they are protected from the weather, that is all they care for, or look to." He afterwards informs us, that Buda, after it was taken by the Turks, was greatly neglected by them; partly from indifference to their own accommodation, and partly, because the pay of the military was so trifling, that it could afford nothing to keep the houses in repair. The most splendid and costly houses of the Hungarians, therefore, were either in ruins, or propped up to prevent them from falling. The Turks do not trouble themselves about the roof letting in the rain, or the walls being rent, provided there is a dry spot for their horses, and for their own beds; they regard houses as travellers do inns; if they serve their present purpose, they care but little about their future fate. Hence it is not easy to find, in all Turkey, a house of any elegance, belonging even to a rich and powerful man. The grandees delight in gardens and baths; but care little about the quality of the buildings to which they are attached.

"The Bey sent a person to congratulate me on my arrival at Buda: he was called Tuigon, which, in the Turkish language, signifies a stork. The Bey hoped I would excuse his coming himself, as he was ill: as soon as he recovered, he would wait upon me. In consequence of his illness, I was detained some time at Buda: it was said to have arisen from anxiety of mind: he had received, as a bribe, a large sum of money: this he had hidden, and some person had stolen it. Happening to learn that I was accompanied by William Quackquebenus, a man of great knowledge, and particularly skilled in medicine, he earnestly begged I would send him to him. But I should, most probably, have had reason to repent of my compliance with this request; for, as his disease threatened to be fatal, I was apprehensive, if he actually went to Mahomet, his prophet, that the Turks would allege he had been killed by my

physician, and that I, as well as my friend, would thus get into trouble. The convalescence of the Bey, however, freed me from this perplexity.

"At Buda, I first saw the Janissaries: these may be considered as the pretorian guards of the Bey. When their number is complete, there are about 12,000 of them: they garrison the frontier towns, and are likewise appointed to protect Christians and Jews from the insults and oppressions of the Mahometans. There is no village, scarcely, without them: at Buda, there is a regular and stationary garrison, entirely composed of them. Their garments reach down to their heels: the covering of their head falls partly back on their neck: in front of it is an oblong silver crest, gilt, and covered with the more common precious stones. Two of these Janissaries used to attend upon me: when they entered my room, they, first, bowed their heads; then, approaching, touched my garment, or my hand, and presented me a nosegay of hyacinths or narcissuses; and, having gone through these ceremonies, retreated to the door, taking care not to turn their backs on me, for that is deemed highly indecorous: as soon as they reached the door, holding their hands before their breasts, and fixing their eyes on the ground, they remained silent; so that I should have taken them rather for monks than soldiers. As soon, however, as I gave them money, (for it was for that they remained,) bending their heads a second time, and returning thanks, and pouring forth all kinds of good wishes, they left the room. If I had not been forewarned that these were Janissaries, I should have taken them for some kind of Turkish monks: these, however, are those very Janissaries who strike so much terror wherever they go."

Our author gives us a curious account of the fondness of the Turks for wine, whenever they could safely indulge it. The young men were much less scrupulous than the old. As they think equal punishment awaits those who drink much and often, and those who drink little and seldom, they very naturally resolve not to be damned for a trifle; and, having once rendered themselves liable to it, go on in their career, without scruple or apprehension. Busbequius saw an old man, at Constantinople, who always uttered a loud cry before he began to drink wine: this he did, to give a warning notice to his soul, to retreat into some snug and remote corner of the body, or even to quit it entirely for a time, that it might not be implicated in the guilt of the action he was about to commit.

Busbequius's curiosity was roused, to learn from the Turks the reason that induced Mahomet to prohibit the use of wine; and this account was given him:—As Mahomet was journeying, he was invited to a marriage feast. At first, he was highly gratified with the convivial hilarity of the guests, and their hearty expressions of good will to one another. Inquiring the cause from his host, he was told, that wine gave birth to all this. On his departure, he, therefore, bestowed his benediction on a liquor, which united men in such bonds of good will and

affection. The next day, he returned; and a different scene presented itself: the floor of the room was stained with blood, and covered with the wounded, the dying, and the dead. On his asking how and whence all this mischief had arisen, he was informed, that soon after his departure, the day before, the guests, infuriated by the wine they had drank, had quarrelled and fought in that destructive and fatal manner. On this, Mahomet changed his opinion respecting wine, cursed it, and forbade his followers to drink it.

During Busbequius's stay at Buda, he frequently visited the warm springs that lie without the gate leading to Constantinople; and he expresses his surprise, that the fish which abound in them were not, from the extreme heat, actually boiled. We learn from modern travellers, that the heat is 49° Reaumur, equal to about 143° of Fahrenheit; and, certainly, this temperature, and the contents of the water,—sulphur, glauber salts, and iron,—render it surprising, that fish can live in it. That they actually do still abound and thrive in it, we have the testimony of modern travellers.

At Jagodra, a town in Servia, which he passed through on his road from Buda to Constantinople, he observed and describes the very singular funeral rites of the inhabitants. The dead body was placed in a temple, with the face uncovered: near it were bread, meat, and a jug of wine. The wife, and the daughter, of the deceased stood by the corpse: the latter was dressed in her most gaudy apparel, her hair adorned with peacock's feathers. The wife put on the head of her dead husband, as the last gift she could bestow on him, a purple cap, such as the virgins of noble birth, in that country, are accustomed to wear. After this was done, lamentations, and the funeral dirge, commenced; and the dead man was asked, Whether any thing was yet wanting to comfort him? why he had left them alone and miserable? In the church-yard were a great number of wooden images, of stags, kids, and other animals, which were said to be symbols raised by husbands and fathers, of the activity and diligence of their wives and daughters, in the discharge of their domestic duties. To many sepulchres, locks of hair were appended, which the women had torn from their head, and placed there as tokens of their grief. In this country, it is customary, after the parents have agreed on the marriage of a young man and woman, for the young man to carry off the woman by force, it not being deemed decorous for the latter to go voluntarily.

On his route from Adrianople to Constantinople, Busbequius passed over a tract of land, beautifully and richly studded with a great variety of flowers: he particularly specifies the Narcissus and Hyacinth; and "those which the Turks call

Tulipan." This is one of the earliest notices of the tulip we have met with, (A. D. 1554.) According to Gesner, it was introduced from Constantinople, or Cappadocia, to Augsburgh, in 1559, by seed. Within five or six years afterwards, it had spread nearly over all Germany. It is said to have been brought into England from Vienna, in 1577. If this account is correct, it was known and cultivated here, before it was introduced into France; as it appeared in Provence, in the ground of Peyrese, the antiquarian, and author of "Historia Provinciæ Galliæ Narbonensis," in 1611. About the middle of the 17th century, the Tulipimania raged in Holland; this was a mere gambling business, like the Mississippi and South Sea schemes, a century ago, and the endless variety of bubbles which have just burst. The Turkish name for the flower Tulipan, whence the English, Italian, German, &c. names are derived, is taken from its likeness to a Tulipan, a sort of cap or turban worn by the Turks.

In the chinks of the walls of the house in which he lodged at Constantinople, he observed a great many pieces of paper. On inquiring the reason of this, he was informed, that the Turks are superstitiously careful of all pieces of paper, because on them the name of the Deity may be written. They never suffer any piece to lie on the ground, lest, with this name on it, it should be sacrilegiously trodden upon, but lift it up, and put it carefully by. "In this," adds our author, "there is nothing, perhaps, to find fault with; but hear the rest. At the time of the last judgment, when Mahomet shall call into heaven such of his followers as have been suffering temporary punishment for acknowledged offences, there will be no other path by which they can reach him, than a red hot iron rod, along which they must walk with naked feet. With this dreadful enterprize before them, fortunate will they be, if they have carefully, while alive, preserved all the pieces of paper they met with; for those, of their own accord, will come and place themselves on the iron and, unburnt, defend their feet from the fire. The Turks pay equal attention and veneration to rose-leaves, none of which they suffer to lie on the ground, because, as the ancients believed the rose sprung from the blood of Venus, so the Turks regard it as formed from the perspiration of Mahomet."

On his arrival at Constantinople, he found that Soliman was absent with his army in Asia, no persons of note being left in the capital except the Bey Ibrahim, who was its governor, and Rustan: the latter was the secretary of Soliman, and had been in high favour and power, but, at this time, he was in disgrace. The causes of this disgrace, and of his subsequent reinstatement, Busbequius details at considerable length; but we

must pass by these temporary and political topics, to attend to others of a more permanent and popular interest.

As the business of his mission could not be commenced till instructions had been received from Soliman, he had sufficient leisure to take a full and minute survey of Constantinople, which he describes with great clearness and graphic effect, especially St. Sophia, to which by special favor he was admitted. He particularly notices the vast and easy supply of various kinds of fish which the inhabitants possessed, and the strange opinions entertained, both by the Turks and Greeks, respecting the clean and unclean kinds. He had in his house a Greek servant, whom no motive could persuade to eat cockles: his fellow-servants, at last, succeeded in setting some before him so disguised, that he, supposing them to be some other kind of fish, eat heartily of them. As soon, however, as the laughter in which they indulged, and the exhibition of the shells, discovered to him the deceit, he was in dreadful distress, and retired to his chamber, vomiting, weeping, and afflicting himself without measure. Even for this involuntary affair, the Greek priests inflicted a penalty equal to two months' wages, before they granted him absolution.

Our author's curiosity and interest were particularly excited by the wild beasts then in Constantinople;—lynxes, wild cats, panthers, leopards, and lions, so tame, that the keeper could, with impunity, snatch from their mouths the food which they were in the act of devouring. A young elephant seems most strongly to have riveted his attention: it danced and played at the ball. "Here, I think, you will scarcely refrain from an incredulous smile. An elephant, you will say, playing at the ball, and dancing! So it was, however: when he was ordered to dance, he raised his legs alternately, and shook his huge body in such a manner, as plainly indicated he understood the orders, and was disposed to obey them as well as he could. He played at the hand ball in the following manner:—when the ball was thrown, he caught it on his proboscis, and, by means of it, struck it back again, exactly as we do with the palm of the hand."

Instructions were received from Soliman to send Busbequius to Amasia, where he then was with his army. Our author, accordingly, left the capital on the 9th of March, and passed over into Natolia. During the second day's journey, he passed over some fields, richly clothed with beautiful and odoriferous plants, especially French lavender: he was surprised to see a great number of tortoises, which seemed not to dread the approach of man. These he would willingly have caught for his table, had he not discovered that they were reckoned so very unclean by the Turks, that no quantity of water could wash away the pollution of touching them. One, however, he caught,

which had two heads: it lived with him several days, and would have lived longer, had he not neglected it.

On his approach to Nice, which happened near midnight, he was surprised by a great noise, like that of men mocking and insulting:—

"I enquire what it is; whether the sailors (for we were near Lake Ascanius) were laughing at us, because, contrary to the custom of the country, we were travelling so late at night: they inform me it is the howling of animals, which the Turks call jackalls. They are larger than foxes, but smaller than wolves; in voracity and gluttony, however, equal to them; gregarious; harmless to men and flocks, seeking their food rather by craft than violence. From the disposition of these animals, the Turks call fraudulent and crafty persons, especially Asiatics, jackalls (ciacales.) They enter the tents, and even the houses of the Turks by night: whatever eatables they find, they devour: if they find none, they gnaw at shoes, boots, the sheaths of swords, or any thing of leather. In this enterprize, they display their natural cunning, which, however, is defeated by their own fault; for while one is within, stealing or devouring, if any of his companions that are without begin to howl, the delinquent does the same, and thus betrays himself."

Busbequius supposes, that his abode, during the day he remained at Nice, was in the very hall where the celebrated council of Nice was held.

Not far from a village called Otmanlik, he was shewn the strong hold of that Othoman, who first rendered the family of the Othomans illustrious and powerful. Hitherto, from Nice, the road passed through a mountainous district; but now they traversed extensive and fertile places: on these, were feeding flocks of those goats, from whose wool or hair (ne de lana caprina mihi controversia sit) the watered stuffs are made. The fleece is very fine and shining, reaching even to the ground: it is not shorn, but combed off: in the feel and appearance, it is little inferior to silk. The goats are frequently washed in the rivers: the herbage of the plains in which they are kept, is delicate and dry. This, undoubtedly, is the cause of the peculiar excellence of the fleece; for it deteriorates whenever the pasture is changed.

Having learnt that these fleeces, after being spun by the women of the country, are carried to Ancyra, a town of Galatia, where they are dyed and made into watered stuffs, he made a point, when he arrived at that place, of going to witness the process. From his description of it, it appears to be exactly that which is most commonly followed in this country in making watered stuffs and silks; namely, the application of a press to them, after they have been sprinkled with water. The process,

XUM

evidently, was new to our author. We know not whether our manufacturers derived their knowledge of it from the Turks; but on a small scale, and for domestic purposes, it has been produced in the highlands of Scotland, and, probably, in other parts of the kingdom, for a great length of time. Whether the *undulata toga* of Varro, and the *undulata vestis* of Pliny, designate the same kind of stuffs, and if they do, whether they were made in the same manner, we are ignorant;* but, with these stuffs, must not be confounded, the water-works of the writers of the middle ages. The names are similar, but the objects designated are very different. Water-work is canvass painted in water-colours; it was used instead of tapestry, by those who could not afford the latter.

Busbequius informs us, that those watered stuffs were in the highest estimation which had received, and exactly retained, the most regular undulations; on the other hand, if the undulations were indistinct or unequal, though the colour and the material were the same, the stuff sold at a much inferior price. Watered stuffs were chiefly worn by old men of rank. Soliman was very partial to them, and seldom appeared in any other dress but watered stuff of a green colour. Black is regarded by the Turks as a mean and ill-omened colour; and for a person to be seen in a black garment is sufficient to mark him as unclean and unlucky. The Beys made a serious complaint, on one occasion, when Busbequius visited them in a black dress. Purple is a favorite colour, except in the time of war, when it is worn as a token of defeat. The most lucky colours are white, drab, sky-blue, violet and mouse colour. Such is the superstitious regard of the Turks to omens, and lucky and unlucky circumstances and objects, that the Beys are removed from their situations, if their horses chance to stumble, that being regarded as the forerunner of some great calamity, which, by such removal alone, can be averted from the nation, and fixed on the individual himself.

On the same plains where the fine-haired goats were grazing, there were numerous flocks of sheep of that species by far the most common in this district, whose tails are so immensely fat and weighty: they generally weigh 3 or 4, sometimes 8 or 10 pounds; and, in the older sheep, they attain such a magnitude and weight, that it is necessary to support them on a kind of platform that runs on two wheels. "Perhaps," our author adds, "you will not believe this: it is true, however. But though these tails supply a

* It is probable, that the discovery of water-stuffs was accidental, from water having been spilt on parts of the stuff just before it was subjected to the action of the callender or press.

great quantity of fat, the flesh, to my taste, is much inferior, in tenderness and flavour, to that of our sheep." The shepherds who attend these flocks live, night and day, in the fields; and, along with their wives and children, move about in a kind of waggon, the only kind of habitation they have: sometimes, however, they erect tents. Their journeys with their flocks are, frequently, to a considerable distance, sometimes to the plains, sometimes to the hills, as the season and the pasture require. In the plains, where the goats and sheep were feeding, Busbequius met with several birds unknown to him; among others, a species of duck, whose noise exactly resembled that of a horn, when it is sounded in an army at the commencement of a march.

In almost all the villages he passed through, he found marbles with Greek and Latin inscriptions, but much broken and defaced by the Turks. "My great delight was, as soon as I reached the place where I was to remain, even for a short time, to inquire after ancient inscriptions, or Greek and Roman medals, or rare plants." The Turks were at the trouble of bringing large stones from a distance, when they could not procure them near at hand, to place over their graves. They believe that the evil demon of the deceased summonses him from the grave, and accuses him of all the faults and vices he has committed, while, on the other hand, his good genius appears to defend them; and the stone is for the dead man to sit upon, that he may be more at his ease while his cause is pleading, and be ready to answer the questions put to him. Large stones are placed over the graves, also, to protect the dead bodies from the wild beasts, especially the hyena. This animal, which abounds, digs into the graves, drags out the carcases, and carries them to its den, near where may always be seen heaps of human and other bones. The hyena is rather lower in stature than the wolf, but as long: its skin is like that of the wolf, except that it is rougher, and marked with large black spots: its head joins its back-bone without any joints in the neck, so that, when it wishes to look back, it is obliged to turn its whole body: instead of separate teeth, its mouth is said to be one continued tooth. The Turks, like the ancients, regard it as of great efficacy in love potions: hence, though there were two at Constantinople, while Busbequius was there, he could not purchase them, the Sultaness retaining them for herself, in order to make philtres, by which she might retain the affections of her husband.

In this part of his journey, our author obtained a great number of medals, chiefly those of the late Emperors Constantine, Valens, Valentinian, Probus, Tacitus, &c. In many places, the Turks used them as weights; they call them *Giaour*

manguri, that is, the money of the Infidels. There were, likewise, medals of the Asiatic cities, Amysis, Synope, Amasia, &c. In this last city, a coppersmith greatly moved our author's ire: inquiring if he had any medals, he told Busbequius that, a very few days before, he had a room-full, but he had made kettles and caldrons of them, thinking them of no use or value in their original state.

Busbequius, in giving a detail of some of the marvellous stories of the Turks, mentions a certain river, the waters of which, they said, conferred immortality, and adds, "in what part of the globe this river is, they do not inform us; unless, perhaps, it is in Utopia." This is one of the earliest proverbial references to Sir Thomas Moore's celebrated political romance, that we are acquainted with.

While he was at Amasia, some Persians, in an official character, arrived there, to whom Halli Bey, the second in rank of the Viziers, gave a splendid feast: of this, Busbequius was enabled to obtain a full view. Halli Bey was a man of elegant mind, a Dalmatian; and, what was rare among the Turks, a man of humanity and information. He, and the other Beys, sat along with the principal Persian under a large veil which shaded the table. One hundred young men attended upon them, all dressed exactly in the same manner. The banquet was thus served up: the hundred young men first placed themselves each at equal distances from the other, from the table to the kitchen, and then putting their hands on their thighs, and bowing their heads, made their obeisance to the guests. This being done, he, who was next the kitchen, delivered the dishes, one by one, to his neighbour: this one to the third; and so on, successively, till the dish reached the person who was close to the table. From his hand, it was taken by the head butler and placed on the table; thus, upwards of 100 dishes flowed *(influebant)*, if the expression may be allowed, gently, and without the least noise or confusion, to the table. As soon as this was done, the young men, again making their obeisance, retired; he who was nearest the door, first; and he who was nearest the table, last.

These Persians, who came to negociate a peace with Soliman, were not long in obtaining their object; whereas, Busbequius, and his companions, could not make any progress in the business on which they had come. At last, a truce for six months was agreed upon, and, in that interval, Busbequius was to carry letters from Soliman to his sovereign, and return with an answer, if it should be deemed necessary. Before his departure, he was introduced to Soliman. On this occasion, he was obliged to submit to put on two splendid robes, very wide and reaching to his heels, so heavy, that he could scarce walk

under them: his servants were clothed with silken garments of various colours.

"I proceed in all this pomp, as if I were about to act the part of Agamemnon, in a tragedy; and take my leave of the Sultan after having received his letters, sealed and covered with cloth of gold: such of my servants as were of higher station, were admitted, also, to salute him. Leave having been taken of the Beys in a similar manner, I depart from Amasia. You will, of course, be curious to learn some particulars respecting Soliman: he is now rather in the decline of life; his countenance, and his whole form, indicating a man well fitted to govern such a large and powerful empire: frugal and temperate in his habits, even while he was young, being, at that period of his life, addicted neither to wine nor to those vices for which the Turks are so infamously celebrated. Even his enemies can reproach him with no fault, except that of being rather uxorious. His conduct respecting Mustapha's death was, indeed, blameable; but that is generally attributed to the love potions administered to him by his wife. As soon as he made her his lawful wife, he was steadily faithful to her, although the laws permitted him to have concubines. He is extremely strict in enforcing and performing all the ceremonies of his religion; indeed, the propagation of it seems with him, as important and favorite an object as the extension of his empire. His health, considering his age, for he is now near 60, is good, except that his complexion indicates some lurking malady. It is reported, that he has an incurable ulcer in his leg. The unhealthiness of his complexion he endeavours to conceal, by the use of paint and cosmetics, whenever he is desirous of leaving on the minds of foreign ambassadors an impression that he is strong and likely to live long."

Busbequius left Amasia in June. The extreme heat, and the fatigue of the journey, rendered him so feeble, and gave him so much the appearance of labouring under a mortal disease, that, when he arrived at Vienna, the emperor and his friends were persuaded that the Turks had administered to him some slow and subtle poison: he assured them that they were mistaken, and that rest, and a better climate, would soon renovate his strength, and restore his looks; and so it proved. The first letter, from which we have selected these particulars, is dated Vienna, September, 1554.

In his next letter, he begins the account of his second embassy. On his arrival at Constantinople, he found Rustan restored to favour. The particular causes and circumstances attending this event, as well as the details respecting Mustapha and Bajazet, though we agree in opinion with Gibbon, that "they are told with the spirit and dignity of an historian," we shall omit; and as these form by far the greatest part of the second letter, we shall pass on to the third, which will afford selections better suited to our purpose.

XUM

He begins this epistle with informing his friends, that his colleagues had returned to Germany, and that he was left alone in Constantinople. Now commenced his seven years' residence, or rather imprisonment. The dwelling to which he was obliged to confine himself, he describes as situated in the best and highest part of Constantinople; from the back part of it, there was a beautiful and extensive prospect of the sea, on which the dolphins might be seen sporting; in the far distance, the Asiatic Olympus was visible, white with perpetual snow. The house was penetrated by every wind, but on that account the more healthy. There is no garden in which you may walk, no tree, no shrub, no grass to refresh the eyes. The multitude of animals of various kinds that take up their abode in the house, is astonishing: weasels, serpents, lizards, and scorpions; so that it often happens, that if a person goes in the morning to take up his cap, he finds a snake twined round it. But from watching and observing these animals I derived great amusement, and interest, during my confinement: at one time, I observed a long and arduous combat between a weasel and a serpent; the former, at last, succeeded in dragging the serpent into its hole. Another time, a weasel brought one of its young ones and placed it on the table, while we were at dinner: the mother then retired to a little distance, apparently watching what would become of it; and when we took it from the table and put it on the ground, it returned, and, taking it in its mouth, carried it to its hole. A serpent happening, in the stable, to be trodden to death by the horses, I caused it to be opened, and in its belly three very large mice were found. I was surprised, and at a loss to account for the fact that a reptile so slow should be able to catch animals so quick and nimble, and, having caught them, should, with such a narrow throat, be able to swallow them: but I ceased to wonder, after having seen the operation. A serpent caught a large toad: when I first saw it, it had swallowed the greatest part of it, beginning at the hinder legs. The toad was still alive, and struggling, with its fore-legs, to extricate itself. I could not ascertain what animal it was: an animal, it seemed, with two legs, and a tail as long as a serpent; as soon as I ascertained the truth, I took a stick and beat the serpent, to oblige it to give up its prey: my attempt, for some time, was in vain, not that the serpent was not desirous of liberating the toad, in order that it might the more quickly escape from my blows, but this was a difficult business; for the hinder part of the toad was firmly wedged in its throat. And even after it had disgorged its prey, it could not, for some time, close its own mouth, in consequence of its having been so long extended beyond its usual and natural limits.

Busbequius, not content with the animals which, of their own accord, took up their abode in his house, introduced and kept others, in order to amuse himself, and have an opportunity of observing their habits and actions. Monkeys seem to have afforded him the most amusement: he had also wolves, bears, stags of various species, kids, lynxes, ichneumons, martins, and even a pig; the latter, his attendants assured him, if kept in the stable, would be serviceable to the health of his horses. The Turks, of course, were shocked at his keeping this unclean animal; and of this superstitious abhorrence Busbequius's servants took a cunning and curious advantage. For, whenever any person wished to introduce into the house any article of food, &c. the admittance of which was prohibited, it was put with a pig into a bag; and on the Turkish guard inquiring what the bag contained, he who carried it whispered into his ear that it was a pig. The guard, thereupon, struck the bag with his stick, and, on hearing the grunting, retreated quickly, and ordered the bearer to go in as quickly as possible with his unclean burden.

Busbequius had, also, various kinds of birds,—eagles, ravens, jackdaws, foreign ducks, Balearic cranes, and partridges; so that, as he observes, his house resembled Noah's ark. The result of his observations on all those animals induced him to give credit to the relations of natural historians (which he had previously disbelieved,) respecting the strong attachment of some to man; of this attachment, he gives several curious and striking instances. A lynx, in a very few days, became most warmly attached to one of his domestics: when the man was present, he displayed, in every possible way, his fondness for him; when he was about to depart, he endeavoured to retain him, by laying hold of his clothes with his paws, and he followed him with his eyes as long as he was in sight, remaining sorrowful and uneasy till he saw him returning, when, again, he displayed gladness and satisfaction. Busbequius, having occasion to visit the Turkish camp, took this servant with him; on his departure, the animal became, as usual, sorrowful; and his stay being protracted beyond the usual time, it became dejected, refused its food, pined away, and died. Busbequius was much vexed at its death, as he had intended to present it, and an ichneumon, to the emperor; its skin was uncommonly beautiful: indeed, he says, that the skins of the Assyrian lynxes (and this was one) are peculiarly beautiful and costly; and he is of opinion that the Babylonian garments, which the ancients prized so high, were, in fact, the skins of Assyrian lynxes.

He describes the Balearic crane as differing from other cranes, in having a tuft of white feathers on the side of each ear,

XUM

and in the blackness of the feathers on the anterior part of the neck; with those black feathers the Turks ornament their turbans. It is inferior in magnitude to other cranes. The Balearic crane which Busbequius had, was strongly attached to a Spanish soldier, whom he had redeemed from slavery. Whenever the soldier went to walk, it went with him, walked while he walked, stopped when he stopped, stood by him while he sat; and, though averse to be touched by the other domestics, was pleased and proud when the soldier touched him. When he went out of the house, the bird would go to his chamber door, and peck at it; if any person opened it, it walked in and searched every part, in quest of the soldier; not finding him, it went to every other part of the house, making such a loud and shrill noise, as was unbearable, so that it was necessary to shut it up in some place where it could not be heard. As soon as the soldier returned, spreading its wings, it rushed forward to meet him, with a most strange and awkward motion of its body.

The Balearic crane, of which Busbequius gives such an interesting account, is the *Gruespavonnena* of Tamminck, and the *Ardea pavonnina* of Linnæus: its trivial synonimes are the Crowned Demoiselle, Crowned Heron, and Crowned African Crane. It is a singular and beautiful species, a native of Africa, particularly of the coast of Guinea. It is very tame and familiar, fond of the society of man, and will sometimes feed with poultry in a court-yard. The natives on the Guinea coast hold it in high veneration, and will not allow it to be killed: the flesh is tough. It was, probably, this species of crane, of which we read in the middle ages, as being so tame as to stand before the table at dinner, and kneeling and bowing the head when a bishop gave the benediction.

Busbequius next gives an instance of animal ingratitude and perfidy towards man. He had a tame stag, which had lived in a most peaceable and familiar manner, in the house, for several months: when the rutting season arrived, however, suddenly it became so savage, that, forgetful of all the kindness shown it, it declared fierce war against the whole household. They were obliged, therefore, to tie it up; but breaking loose in the night, it got among the horses; and so violent and powerful was it, that it required forty men, armed with all kinds of weapons, to subdue and kill it. It was extremely large; of the kind, that, at the beginning of autumn, came from Hungary into Austria, to take up their winter quarters. Busbequius had bought it from some mendicants, who travelled the country exercising their vocation: when they asked alms, they offered a prayer, in which the name of God frequently occurred; and, whenever it did, the stag had been taught to bow its head. The common

people, regarding this as a miracle, were liberal in their alms. Busbequius, struck with its size and beauty, bought it, intending to have presented it to his master.

The mention of Turkish mendicants leads him to give some particulars respecting them. They are not so common as among us, and they always join to mendicity the appearance and pretext of religion. Some assume the outward symptoms of madness or fatuity; because the Turks regard those who are bereaved of their senses as predestined for heaven, and, therefore, as deserving of the treatment and veneration due to divine personages, while here on earth. There are also Arabs, who go about begging, carrying standards, under which they allege their ancestors fought, when they first established the religion of Mahomet; these, however, are not common beggars; they do not beg every where, nor from every body; but at dusk they offer a tallow candle, a pomegranate, a citron, &c. to the passers-by, for which they expect double or triple their worth, thus clothing their mendicity in the garb of traffic.

As often as he had opportunity, and was permitted, Busbequius indulged in the sports of hunting and hawking. The Turks take great delight and interest in all kinds of animals, especially birds; and kites are particularly protected and favoured by them, on account of their keeping the towns free of offal. Of these birds, therefore, there are great numbers, and they are all remarkably tame and familiar: a whistle calls them: if food is thrown up in the air, they catch it with their talons. Busbequius ordered a sheep to be killed, and on the whistle being given, and the entrails exposed to view, such numbers appeared as almost to overshadow the house. They took the food out of the hand, and while they were feasting themselves, our author shot at them with a cross-bow; this, however, it was prudent to do unknown to the Turks, who would have been highly incensed at such conduct.

The partridges he had were brought from the isle of Chios: they had red legs and beaks, and were so very tame that they were constantly at his feet, and used to dislodge the dust that had settled in his slippers, in order to dust themselves. They became, at length, so very troublesome, that he ordered them to be confined. They died, however, in a few days, his servants assured him, from becoming too fat. The isle of Chios abounds in this kind of partridges, which live there in the same houses with the inhabitants. Each person keeps a number, greater or smaller, according to his inclination or circumstances; a public keeper is appointed for them. At day-break, he calls them out of their habitations, by whistling: as soon as they are all assembled, they follow him, as sheep do the shepherd, into the fields, where they are to feed during the day. At night-fall, collected into a

XUM

flock by the same signal, they follow their keeper to the village, and there separate, going to their respective homes and roosts. Busbequius was told, that the partridges were thus trained in the following manner:—as soon as they came out of the egg, the peasants place them close to their bosoms, keeping them warm, and feeding them, and occasionally putting them to their mouths, and wetting their bills with the saliva. They thus become tame and familiar. Care, however, must be taken that they are not left in the fields all night, for, if this should happen more than once, they will, most probably, forget their attachment, and assume their natural habits. "I am using all my endeavours," adds Busbequius, "to carry back with me to the emperor a person well skilled in this mode of training partridges; for though I have not myself witnessed it, yet I have been told of it by so many as have, on whose testimony I can depend, that I believe it as firmly as if I had myself seen it. There is another circumstance which is commonly talked of here, and so generally credited, that he would be very rash who should doubt it. Those who come hither from Egypt (and every day some arrive,) assure us, that, in that country, chickens are not, as with us, hatched under hens, but by certain men, who follow that business. In the spring time, they construct a kind of oven, of dung, into which they put all the eggs they can collect; by the heat of the climate and the fermenting manure, the eggs are hatched, and, at the proper periods, the chickens come forth. In order to save time, the chickens are measured out, not numbered, to those who have brought eggs to be hatched." Busbequius adds, that he had been induced to mention this practice in Egypt, principally because it seemed to him to explain a passage in the Emperor Adrian's invective against the Egyptians, as given by Vopiscus; "all that I wish them is, that they may feed on their own chickens, which are hatched in a mode I think it indelicate to describe." "I do not doubt," observes Busbequius, "that this practice is of old standing with the Egyptians; and I imagine the Emperor Adrian upbraiding them, in this passage, with living on food sprung from a dung-hill: I may be deceived; you shall judge for yourself."

We are rather surprised that Busbequius did not know, that this practice is particularly noticed and described by the ancient writers, as followed by the Egyptians, and peculiar to them, as, from several passages in his letters, he seems to have been very conversant with the classics; and there are frequent allusions to them, especially to Pliny, one of the writers who particularly mentions the Egyptian mode of hatching eggs by burying them in a dung-hill. The practice of artificial hatching is also mentioned by Diodorus Siculus, but

he does not describe the means used for that purpose. We do not know at what period the Egyptians substituted ovens for dung-hills; but, of course, it was after Busbequius's time; it must, however, have been before Paul Lucas travelled (the middle of the 17th century,) as he describes the use and construction of the hatching oven. A very minute and interesting account of them is given by Greaves, in a paper in the *Philosophical Transactions*, No. 137.

Busbequius seems to have been very fond of horses, and to have taken the opportunities and facilities afforded by his residence in the East, to gratify that fondness: he had many of a very fine breed, Syrian, Cilician, Arabian, and Cappadocian. He derived great pleasure from attending to their habits and their actions, especially when, in the evening, they were brought out of their stables into the open court, in order that they might enjoy the cool air, after the heat of a summer's day. At this time, he describes them as exhibiting most decided and pleasing symptoms of enjoyment; throwing their beautiful manes to and fro on their arched and raised necks, as if they wished to be admired: their fore feet were fastened together, and one of their hind feet tied with a rope. He highly commends the judicious and kind management of the Turkish horses.

"When I travelled through Pontus, part of Bithynia, and Cappadocia, I observed, with much interest, the manner in which the peasants treated the foals, from a very tender age; how kindly they behaved to them, rearing them in their own houses, and admitting them every where except to their tables; you would have thought they could not treat their children with more care and fondness: round the neck of each they put a kind of necklace, which they believed would protect him from every kind of fascination; of this, all the peasants are very fearful, and, therefore, never neglect to protect their favourite horses from it by all the charms with which they are acquainted, and especially by this necklace. The lads who have charge of them never beat or strike them; kind words and stroaking are alone employed in training them. Hence, they are much attached to man; and you very seldom, indeed, meet with a refractory or vicious horse. How very opposite to this treatment, (exclaims our author,) is the European mode of training and treating them: according to it, nothing effectual can be done, except it be accompanied with loud and angry words, and severe and repeated blows; hence it arises, that when the groom enters the stables, the horses quake with fear, and at once hate and dislike their attendants."

The Turks train them to kneel when commanded, in order that they may mount with more facility, and to take up from the ground in their mouth, and give to the rider, his whip or sword: when they are perfect in these habits, they put silver rings into their nostrils, as a mark of honour and docility. Bus-

XUM

bequius saw many instances of horses, who, the instant their riders fell off by any accident, would stand quite still and quiet; of others that, even while their masters stood at a considerable distance, would run round, and stop in their circuit, wherever, as often, and as long, as they pleased. A person, who owned a number of these horses, dining with Busbequius, while they were in the court below, as soon as they heard his voice, they began to neigh and to erect their ears.

The shoes of the Turkish horses are not, as in Europe, open in the middle; but they cover nearly the whole foot, and thus more effectually protect it from injury. They seem to live longer than with us: Busbequius saw many 20 years old, and still retaining all their spirit, vigour, and activity, as much so as European horses of 8 years old. There were several in the Sultan's stables, which, having been great favorites, were freed from work, and well attended to, that had reached the age of 50, and upwards. In the summer nights, when the heat is very great, the Turks do not keep their horses under cover, but expose them to the night air, covered with body-clothes, with dry dung under them: this dung is prepared from the excrements of the horse, carefully collected, dried in the sun, and then pulverised. This is the only bed the horses have; the use of straw for this purpose being unknown. They give them very little hay, and not much barley, preferring softer food, as better adapted to render them swift and strong. They change their body-clothes according to the temperature of the season, being especially careful, by attention to them, to preserve the smoothness and gloss of their skins.

"From these horses I derived great pleasure, when, as the sun was setting, they were brought into the court, out of their stables: on my calling them by the name of their country, Arab, Caramanian, &c., they replied with a neighing, and turned their eyes on me."

Busbequius bought six female camels, professedly to carry his luggage, but with the intention, if practicable, of carrying them out of the country, and presenting them to the emperor.

Rice, among vegetables, and camels, among beasts of burden, according to him, are the two objects from which the Turks derive the greatest advantage: each is particularly suited to the long and arduous journeys which they so frequently undertake. The rice does not soon spoil, and it affords a wholesome, agreable, and nutritious diet; a small quantity serves a great number. The camel is able to carry a very heavy weight patiently and without injury; endures long hunger and thirst; and requires little attention: one person can take care of six camels: no animal is so obedient to its master; it does not require a curry-comb, but only such a brush as is used for clothes: it kneels rather than

lies down on the naked ground, and, in this posture, receives its load; if the load is too heavy, it groans and refuses to rise: it breaks down under a very heavy burden, on slippery or deep roads. It is interesting to see them, kneeling in a circle, their heads close together, taking their scanty food and drink out of one tub. When, on a journey, no other food can be procured, they will eat thorns and brambles; and, it seems, the more their mouths are wounded and made to bleed by this food, the more pleasure they take in it. Scythia supplies the Turks with many camels, but by far the greatest number come from Syria and Assyria. In these countries, they feed in immense herds; and so numerous and cheap are they, that, in exchange for a blood mare, 100 camels may sometimes be obtained: this, however, may arise as much from the scarcity of horses as from the multitude of camels, in these countries; for a blood mare is, there, so highly prized, that that person is regarded as very rich who possesses one. When the Sultan goes to war, he often takes with him upwards of 40,000 camels, and as many baggage mules: on his Persian expedition, these were chiefly laden with provisions, principally rice.

On this expedition, it was absolutely necessary for him to carry his provisions with him; for that part of Persia which he invaded, naturally barren, was rendered still less capable of maintaining an army, by its being laid waste on the approach of the enemy. During the whole of their advances, the Turks are very abstemious, reserving the principal part of their provisions for their retreat, if it should become necessary. Even then, the provision carried by the camels and mules is distributed only to the prince, the Janissaries, and his favorite and immediate attendants: all the rest must look to their own individual supplies. Each soldier, who can afford it, has a led horse, on which he places what is necessary for the expedition; a small tent, to defend him from the sun and rain; a few clothes and bed clothes; one or more bags full of flour; a small quantity of butter; some spices and salt: by means of these, when all other supplies fail them, they contrive to support life: a few spoonsfull of the flour is put into water; to it is added a small piece of butter, and some salt and spices; these, boiled together, they take once or twice a day, without any bread, unless, perhaps, they have brought some biscuits with them. Some have a quantity of beef, dried and reduced to a kind of powder, which they eat along with the mess above described. In all these expeditions, a great number of horses necessarily die: the flesh of these they gladly eat, as a sumptuous repast, under their circumstances. The owners of the lost horses proceed with the expedition, carrying on their heads the saddles, thus indicating their loss, and supplicating from their sovereign, or such as can

XUM

afford it, either other horses, or money to buy them. The Turks contend with, and overcome, the greatest difficulties and privations, during their military expeditions, by means of their patience and temperance. "Very different," adds Busbequius, "is the case with our soldiers, who, in the very heart of war, long for their accustomed food, for dainties, and all the conveniences of a full and regular table: if they do not get these, they become discontented and disobedient, and thus a prey to the enemy: and if they do get them, they, equally, become the causes of their own destruction. Each soldier is his own greatest enemy, through his intemperance: this, if he escape the foe, will assuredly destroy him."

Busbequius is fond of returning to the subject of the Turks' attachment to particular animals, and their superstitious abhorrence of others. The dog they esteem an unclean animal; but the cat is in high veneration: to this has greatly contributed the tradition, that it was a favorite with Mahomet, who permitted it to sleep on his sleeve, and, at one time, when a cat was thus sleeping, and he was obliged to go to the temple, would not permit it to be disturbed, but ordered the sleeve of his garment to be cut off. The Turks are very indignant when they see any animal treated with cruelty. Of their sentiments on this subject, our author gives an instance. A Venetian had cruelly treated a bird, which he had caught: the Turks learned this: they surrounded his house, dragged him out of it, and carried him before the cadi; and it was only through the intervention of the Venetian consul he was liberated.

In Constantinople, it is a common and lucrative business, to breed nightingales, and teach them to sing: these are let out, in the spring, at a high rate. Busbequius saw a man, who had linnets so tame and well taught, that when a person held a piece of money in his hand, at an open window, they would fly to him, and endeavour to seize it: if the man held it fast, they would perch on his finger, and remain on it, even though he should go through the whole house: as soon as they got the piece of money, they flew back to their master, who remained in the street, and directed them to him by the sound of a little bell; to him they delivered the money, and received, as a reward, a few grains of hemp seed.

Our author seems so fond of every thing that relates to the habits of animals, that he lingers long on the subject, and, more than once, returns to it; so that, in his Letters, and especially in his third, there is much more, besides what we have selected. He next adverts to the opinions entertained by the Turks, respecting female chastity. On this subject they are so rigid, that they keep their women shut up in the house, scarcely permitting them to see the sun. When they do come into pub-

lic, they are so much covered and muffled up, that they seem spectres, rather than living creatures. They, indeed, can see the men, through their veils, but the men cannot see them; for it is a received opinion, among the Turks, that no woman, in the least recommended by youth or beauty, can be seen by a man, without the purity of his mind being corrupted. Their own brothers may see them, but not their husbands' brothers. Men who are very rich, or in high station, make this condition, when they marry, that their wives shall never cross the door of their apartment, and that no man or woman shall be admitted to see them, except their father and mother at a certain time of the year; and if the women are sprung from a noble family, or bring a large portion, their husbands, in return, promise that they will have no concubines, but confine themselves to their wives; otherwise it is lawful for a Turk to have several wives, besides his proper one; and no difference is made, in treatment or law, between the children. Their concubines are either bought, or acquired, as captives, in war; and, when they are tired of them, they can either sell them or turn them away. The wife is distinguished from the concubine by the portion she brings; on the strength of this, she rules over all the others, and over the whole household. The husband determines with whom he will pass the night: his selection he signifies to his wife, and she orders the favoured woman to attend him. On Friday, however, each week, the husband must sleep with his wife. Divorces are common, and easily procured for various causes: the divorced wife receives back her portion, except when her conduct has been very bad. It is not so easy for a woman to divorce her husband: when she wishes to do so, she goes before a judge, and expresses her wish: the judge asks the reason: in some cases, no answer is given, but the women merely pull off their slipper, and place it on the ground inverted.

The richer Turks have private baths in their own houses, in which they, and their women, frequently bathe; the poorer classes use the public baths, which are very common, for the Turks abhor an unclean skin as much as they do impurity of mind: "nec alvum excrementis exonerant quin aquam secum portent, quâ partes obscenas lavent."

In one of the interviews with Rustan, the Turk asked him, why he did not embrace the Mahometan religion, promising him, if he did, great honours and rewards. Busbequius replied that he was resolved to adhere to the faith in which he was educated, and which his master professed. "Very well," said Rustan, "but what is your opinion of the soul?" To this, Busbequius replied that he believed it was immortal: after thinking awhile, "So it is," the Turk observed; "I am firmly persuaded, that all will partake eternal happiness, who have

spent an innocent and useful life, whatever may have been their religion." This opinion, our author adds, was deemed heretical by the Turks, and Rustan, indeed, was suspected of not being orthodox on several other points. As it is an essential article in the creed of the orthodox Mahometans, that no Christian can be saved, they regard it as their duty to endeavour, by all means, to convert them to their faith.

Busbequius had some conversation with Rustan respecting the difference between the religion of the Turks and the Persians: the latter began by inquiring whether the war between France and Spain was still raging: on being told it was, he expressed his surprise that two nations of the same religion should be at war. On this, our author observed, it is not more surprising than that you and the Persians should be at war. "That is quite a different matter," replied Rustan, "for I would have you know, that we have a greater aversion to the Persians than to the Christians, and regard them as greater infidels."

While Busbequius was at Constantinople, the king of the Colchians arrived there; and he took every opportunity of gaining information respecting him, his country, and the manners of the people. The country is situated near the Phasis, near the Euxine, not far from Caucasus. The king's name was Dadianus, a man of great dignity and height, but of savage manners: his train, which was numerous, and nearly all in rags, were clothed in coarse garments. In the Colchian army, the chief men are defended by large and uncouth coats of mail; their weapons are swords and spears; but the soldiers themselves have no defensive armour; their weapons are arrows, or clubs; their cavalry ride without saddles or bridles. The country they inhabit is naturally very fertile, but ill cultivated: such is its natural fertility, that even a negligent and rude culture produces, in one year, sufficient millet to serve the inhabitants during two. They make good wine from vines trained to lofty trees; these vines, thus trained, last for many ages. Honey and wax, from wild bees, abound: and the woods supply them with all kinds of animals; every part is full of pheasants and partridges. The gourds, besides being of a very rich flavour, grow to the length of three feet, and upwards, a sufficient proof of the fertility of the soil. Few of the inhabitants are acquainted with silver money; still fewer with gold: whenever any silver is brought into the country, it is set apart for the ornaments or vessels of their temples. All their trade is carried on by barter; hence, they require little or no money. The revenue is paid in kind; and the king is abundantly supplied in the same manner, with all he needs, or wishes for, to eat, to drink, to clothe himself, to pay his servants, and reward his favorites. In fact, his palace is like a public granary: from it, the poor,

and those whose crops have failed, are supplied with the necessaries of life.

It is customary, when a merchant arrives, for the captain to make the king a present: he accepts any thing that is offered; and, in return, gives a feast. The table, on this occasion, is set out in a large building, surrounded by the royal stables; the king sits, or rather reclines, at the head of it: at a short distance from him, the guests are accommodated. The food is various, principally game; wine is in profusion; and the guest who drinks most is the most acceptable. The queen with her attendants, dine in the same room, but at a separate and distant table. The behaviour at table is not distinguished for gravity or decorum.

After dinner, the king conducts his guests to the woods; there, under the shade of the trees, the common people may be seen enjoying themselves, by singing, and dancing, and drinking wine. Certain musical stringed instruments are fixed along planks; these are struck with rods; and the people accompany the sounds, thus produced, with songs, in praise of their mistresses, and of the heroes of their nation. Among the names of the latter, if Busbequius was rightly informed, that of Roland frequently occurs: whence, or how derived, he could not conjecture, unless it had come through Godfrey of Boulogne.

Indolent, and enjoying a fertile soil and a fine climate, the Colchians are not very strict in their morals. The husband offers his wife; the brother, his sister; to the stranger during his abode: married as well as unmarried women are allowed great liberty; and the men deem it their duty, as well as a pleasure, to oblige and accommodate them in every respect. Many are mothers at ten years of age. The inhabitants are notorious thieves: cunning and expertness in thieving are deemed, by them, high and honorable qualifications: he who does not possess them, is despised, and often sold for a slave. An Italian merchant, who had been in the country, told Busbequius that, while he was in one of the temples, the priest stole his sword from him; the merchant was aware of the theft; but did not notice it at the time. Soon afterwards, however, he gave the scabbard to the priest, telling him, there was the scabbard, as he already had got the sword.

When they enter their temples, they pay little respect to the images of the Virgin, Peter, Paul, or any of the other saints; but, immediately, make up to that of St. George on horse-back; this they kiss all over, not even omitting the shoes of the horse. They believe he was a great warrior, who, in a battle with an evil demon, either came off victorious, or, certainly, was not subdued.

XUM

Busbequius expresses his surprise at the custom of the princes of the East approaching one another with rich presents, at the first interviews; the King of Colchis brought, as a present to Soliman, a dish made out of a single carbuncle, which, *he was told*, shone with such lustre, as to supply, to those who carried it, the place of the sun at midnight. The king brought, likewise, twenty white falcons, a species of bird very common in Colchis.

Busbequius was visited, during his stay in Constantinople, by most European merchants who visited that city; and, from all, he derived some important and interesting information, either regarding their trade, or the countries they had travelled into: among others, an amber merchant, from Dantzic, came to see him, who dealt very largely in that article. This merchant having, at various times, brought immense quantities into Turkey, and always found a ready sale for it, was curious to ascertain what became of it, and to what use it was applied. He, at length, learnt that most of it was sent into Persia, where it was in high estimation,—all the private apartments, and sacred places, being ornamented with it. This merchant gave Busbequius some Dantzic beer, with which he seems to have been much pleased; but his Greek and Italian servants at first disdained such a vulgar beverage, till, learning that it was wholesome, they drank it in greater quantity than their master wished.

For three months, he was permitted to reside near the Turkish camp, which he describes with great minuteness and clearness: according to him, it formed a striking contrast to the camps of the Germans, and must have been very different from the Turkish camps of the present day. There was the utmost regularity and order, in the distribution of the soldiers: everywhere, profound silence and quiet: no brawling, no insolent words uttered, or actions done. Every place was kept scrupulously clean; nothing to offend the sight or smell; no drinking or gaming, for the Turks are ignorant of cards and dice. He relates a story of a soldier, who died of his wounds on the banks of the Danube; his last words were addressed to that river, beseeching it, as, in its course, it would pass by his native village, to assure his relations and friends, that he had met an honourable, and not unrevenged, death, fighting for the spread of his religion, and the glory of his country. At these words, his companions, lamenting their own fate, expressed, in strong language, how much they envied his glorious death, and how willingly they would exchange their condition for his. For the Turks believe, that the souls of none gain such easy and speedy admission into heaven, as those who die in battle. During his visits to the camp, our author examined the slaughtering place of the Janissaries, of whom there were 4,000 in the army; for

these, there were only four or five carcases of sheep hanging up, a small supply of animal food for so many men. Expressing his surprise, he was told that few eat it, and that the greatest part of their provisions was brought from Constantinople; on inquiring of what it consisted, a Janissary was pointed out to him, lying on the ground, and eating, out of a wooden dish, a mess composed of turnips, garlic, onions, carrots, cucumbers, mashed up with salt and vinegar; his drink was water. This was during one of their fasts, a period, our author adds, when in Europe, even in well regulated cities, and still more in camps, a license seems to be taken, of indulging in all kind of gluttony, riot, gaming, and debauchery. He describes, in very strong language, the conscientious and rigid manner, in which the Turks observe all their fasts; and the solemn and slow decorum with which they satisfy their hunger and thirst, even when they must be suffering from them. Nearly opposite to the house in which he lived, was a Mosque; and, near it, a place where snow, brought from the Asiatic Olympus, was sold: often did he see the Turks, in the extreme heat of summer, on quitting the Mosque, go into this tavern, and he was always struck with the deliberate manner in which they drank the cold water. They never eat or drink any thing, if they can possibly avoid it, in a standing posture, but always lying down or reclining.

The plague, which raged in Constantinople, made its appearance in Busbequius's dwelling: after some hesitation and delay, he was permitted to remove to a small island a short distance from the city. His physician, who, we have already mentioned, disbelieved in the contagion of the plague, and would take no precautions, while he was attending one of Busbequius's servants, was seized with it; nor would he admit he had caught the disease, even when all the symptoms were evident and strong upon him. The very day before he died, he told Busbequius, who came to see him, that he should soon be well again. Busbequius had heard that he had a sore on his chest, and asked him if it was so; he acknowledged it was, and shewed it to him, but said it was of no moment, having been caused from too tight a garment. That evening, as the servants were putting clean clothes on him, they observed several spots, which they said were flea-bites. But he was no longer deceived: on examining them, he pronounced them to be, not flea-bites, but symptoms of approaching dissolution: in the morning, he died. Busbequius felt his loss severely.

In his retreat, our author enjoyed himself much. He was allowed to do what he pleased, and to examine not only the island in which he was, but also the neighbouring islands: he describes them as uncommonly pleasant and fertile, especially in a variety of rare and beautiful flowers. The surrounding sea

XUM

abounded in fish, which he caught with the hook or net. He had the convenience of some Greek fishing-boats, with their crews; and he describes, in a very pleasing manner, his various fishing adventures, and their results.

When the weather did not admit of this sport, he amused himself on shore, in seeking for rare plants; and sometimes, for the sake of exercise, walked round the whole island. In these excursions, he had for a companion a Franciscan Monk, a young man, but exceedingly fat, unwieldy, and indolent. Busbequius seems to have taken a mischievous pleasure in walking this monk out of breath; nor did he stop, or slacken his pace, till his garments were wet with perspiration; he, all the while, asking, what need there was of such haste, and whether they were pursuing, or were the pursuers, or were hurrying on with some important despatches. When they arrived at the house again, the monk would throw himself on a bed, exclaiming, it was all over with him; and it was not till after frequent and earnest entreaty, that he could be persuaded to rise and come to dinner.

Busbequius, having heard that some of the inhabitants of the Tauric Chersonesus bore evident marks of a German origin, in their language, manners, features, and form, was very desirous to see some of them; this desire, he was at length enabled to gratify, two of them having come to Constantinople, on some public business. One of these was taller than the other, and resembled much, in the expression of his countenance, a Fleming or Batavian; the other was shorter, more compactly made, of a brownish complexion, and, in origin and language, a Greek. From them, Busbequius learnt, that their nation was warlike, inhabiting several villages, from which the prince of the Tartars obtained the troops he could most depend upon for skill and bravery. They gave many instances of the barbarism of their nation; but, at the same time, of their sagacity. The Turks have a common saying among them, that other nations have their wisdom written in books; but, that the Tartars have eaten their books, and, hence, have it hid in their breasts, out of which it proceeds, whenever they open their mouths. Many of their customs are rude and indelicate: they use no spoons for their soups, but lift it to their mouths in the hollow of their hands. They do not prepare the horse-flesh, of which they are very fond, by any mode of cookery; but, cutting it into slices, place it under their saddles, when they ride, and thus render it sodden and fit for their food. Their prince eats from a silver table: the first, as well as the last dish at their feast, is a horse's head; "in the same manner," adds Busbequius, "as, with us, butter is the first and last dish."

He gives a list of words in their language, resembling the

Dutch or German, premising that, before every word, they put the article *tho* or *the*. We shall select such of the words as resemble the English.

"*Broe*, bread; *plut*, blood; *stul*, stool; *hus*, house; *reghen*, rain; *bruder*, brother; *schwester*, sister; *alt*, old; *silvir*, silver; *goltz*, gold; *cor*, corn; *salt*, salt; *fisct*, fish; *stern*, star; *sune*, sun; *mine*, moon; *tag*, day; *handa*, hand; *boga*, bow; *rinck*, or *ringo*, ring; *waghen*, waggon; *apel*, apple; *schlipen*, to sleep; *commen*, to come; *singhen*, to sing; *lachen*, to laugh; *criten*, to cry; *geen*, to go. Their numerals are *ita*, *tua*, *tria*, *fyder*, *fyuf*, *seis*, *ssvene*."

Busbequius is doubtful, whether they are of Saxon or Gothic origin; if Saxons, he thinks they must have settled in the Tauric Chersonesus, in the time of Charlemagne, who scattered the Saxons every where; hence, he adds, "many towns in Transylvania, which, even to this day, are inhabited by Saxons." If they were Goths, he thinks they must, at a very remote period, have inhabited the country of the Getæ; evidently implying, that he regarded the Getæ and Goths as the same people: and he inclines to the supposition, that the Goths, at one time, inhabited the whole district between the island Gothia and Procopia. Hence, the various appellations of Goths, Westgoths, and Ostrogoths.

The Goths of the Chersonesus are particularly mentioned by two travellers before Busbequius: by William de Rubruquis, who visited Tartary in the middle of the thirteenth century; and by Josaphat Barbaro, who went as ambassador from Venice to Tanna (Azof,) in the middle of the fifteenth century. We subjoin an abstract of the information they, respectively, gave on the subject of these Goths.

According to Rubruquis, there were, in his time, forty castles between Kersona (Cherson) and Soldaia, at almost each of which a distinct language was spoken; and, among these, were many Goths, who spoke the Teutonic language. Barbaro, after mentioning Kaffa, and several other places, adds, "farther in from Kaffa, lies Gothia, the place mentioned by Busbequius; and, still farther, Alania. The Goths of these places speak a dialect of the German language, as I learned from a German servant, who accompanied me in my travels; for he conversed with them, and they understood each other tolerably well, just as a native of Friuli, in the pope's dominions, might understand a Florentine. From the vicinity, or intermixture, of the Goths and Alanians, originates the denomination of Gotitalani. The Alanians were the first inhabitants of the country: the Goths came at another period, and made a conquest of part of the country inhabited by the Alanians; and as the two nations mingled together, this mixed name came, like-

wise, into use." Forster, in his note on this passage, informs us, that Father Mohndorf met with many slaves in the gallies, at Constantinople, who were descended from the Goths, and spoke a dialect of German.

Busbequius, also, received some curious information respecting Cathay, in the northern parts of China, from a Turk. This man was of a sect which is bound by vow to visit distant regions, and to worship the Deity on the highest mountains, and in the most desert places. Under this vow, he had wandered over the greatest part of the East; and, at last, having been seized with a desire to explore Cathay, he had joined some merchants who were going thither. The route he described as difficult and dangerous, and only to be undertaken in safety by a number in company: the danger arises chiefly from the savage hordes, who inhabit the intervening districts, and plunder all passengers who are not numerous enough to protect themselves. After crossing the frontiers of Persia, the route lies through Samarcand, Borchaia, Tascan, and other places inhabited by the successors of Tamerlane's soldiers. Immense tracts next occur; some, quite desert, or filled with barbarians and inhospitable people; others, inhabited by such as are civilized and kind in their manners; but through the whole of this part of the route, there is a scarcity of provisions: hence, it is absolutely necessary for the caravan to carry its provisions along with it; this is done on the backs of camels. After travelling several months, the barriers of Cathay are reached; for the greater part of this empire is protected by lofty and rugged mountains, and cannot be entered, unless through certain narrow passes in them, all of which are strongly garrisoned. Here, the merchants are asked, What they bring? whence they come? and what is their number? The answers to these questions are communicated, in the day-time, by smoke, at night by fires, to the next watch-tower, and thence, by the same means, to a succession of watch-towers, so that, in a few hours, information reaches the king in his capital, and thus is accomplished, what, in the common mode of communication, would require an interval of several days. The determination of the king to admit all, or none, or part, or to delay their admittance, is transmitted by the same means, and in as short a space of time. When admitted, the merchants are placed under the guidance and control of certain persons, who find them quarters, and supply them, at a fixed and moderate price, with what they need, till they arrive at the capital. Here, each merchant specifies the particular articles he has brought, and makes a present from them to the king, who has also the privilege of purchasing, at a fair price, whatever other articles he chuses; the rest they sell or exchange: but they must have

finished all their business, and be ready to depart, by a certain fixed day; for the people of Cathay will not permit strangers to abide long in their country, lest their manners and morals should be changed, or corrupted, by such intercourse. The merchants are conducted to the frontiers, in the same manner, and with the same attendance, as they proceeded from them to the capital. The Turk, from whom Busbequius received this information, represented the inhabitants of Cathay as very crafty, as far advanced in the arts of life, and in political institutions, and as professing a religion quite different from the Christian, Mahomedan, or Jewish: in some ceremonies, however, not unlike the Jewish. For many ages, they have been acquainted with the art of printing: books are numerous: the paper is made from the outward parts of the cocoons of the silk worm; that it can be printed upon only on one side. In the capital are many houses, where that aromatic is sold which is called musk: it is the blood of an animal about the size of a goat. For nothing will the inhabitants give a higher price than for a lion: this animal is not found in their country, and is, by them, greatly admired.

Busbequius inquired of the Turk, whether he had brought from Cathay any root, fruit, or rare kind of precious stone? The Turk replied, nothing of the kind, except a small root, which he always carried about with him, the least particle of which, when chewed, gave him strength and warmth, whenever he was languid or cold. Busbequius tasted it, being cautioned not to put much into his mouth: his physician also, who was alive at this time, tasted, and, from the flavour, judged it to be some kind of turnip.

Another Turkish travelling monk waited on our author: he was clothed in a white robe, reaching to his feet; and his hair was long, and hanging down, as it is represented in the pictures of the apostles. Busbequius thought he saw the impostor stamped in his features. The Turks, however, venerated him as a saint and a miracle-monger. He dined with Busbequius, and behaved in a becoming manner: after dinner, he went into the court, from which he soon returned with a large stone; with this, he gave himself blows on his naked breast, such as would have knocked down an ox. He, next, placed his hand on a bar of iron red hot; and then put it into his mouth, where he kept it some time, the saliva hissing with the heat. The bar of iron was oblong, thicker at one end than at the other, four cornered, and heated to such a degree, that it could not be distinguished from burning charcoal. Having done these feats, and received a present, he made his obeisance, and departed. The servants of Busbequius were astonished at what they saw; one of them, however, who thought himself

wiser than the rest, sneered at their surprise, and asserted it was all a trick. To convince them of this, he took the bar of iron, which the Turk, on his departure, had put into the fire, and placed his hand on the heated part of it. No sooner had he done this, than he flung it from him, his hands being so much burnt, that he could not use them for several days. Busbequius supposes, that, when the Turk went into the court for the stone, he applied some ointment to his hands and mouth; and he relates, that he saw a mountebank, at Venice, take up molten lead, and wash his hands with it.

We could add considerably, to our selections, other passages of equal curiosity and interest to those we have already given; but our limits forbid it, and we trust we have given more than sufficient to convince our readers, that Gibbon's praise of Busbequius is by no means unmerited. Indeed, we are decidedly of opinion, that a translation of his four epistles would present to the English reader a book much better worthy of his purchase, perusal, and library, than nine tenths of the travels of the present day.

We shall conclude this article with one untranslated extract, in order to enable our classical readers to determine for themselves, whether Gibbon's opinion, that Busbequius's latinity is eloquent, is not as well founded as the other parts of his commendation. The extract, they will perceive, contains a spirited remonstrance to the powers of Christendom on their suffering the classical regions of Greece and Asia Minor to remain in the power of infidels and barbarians, and an eloquent contrast between the liberal and patriotic feelings of former days, and the mercenary and selfish policy of the men of his own generation.

" Oh Nympharum domos! oh sedes Musarum! oh loca literatis apta secessibus! ea mehercle (ut paulo ante dixi) lugere nunc videntur et operam cultumque Christianorum requirere. Sed multo magis ipsa Constantinopolis, vel tota potius Græcia: quæ quondam florentissima, nunc indigna premitur servitute: bonarum olim artium omnisque liberalioris doctrinæ inventrix humanitatem, quam nobis tradidit, reposcere videtur, et opem pro jure communium sacrorum adversus Scythicam barbariem implorare: sed frustra, euntibus in alia omnium Principum Christianorum animis. Neque vero graviore imperio Turcæ Græcos premunt, quam nobis dominantur vitia, luxus, crapula, desidia, libido, superbia, ambitio, avaritia, odium, invidia, æmulatio: quæ nostros animos ita depressos et sepultos tenent ut neque cœlum suspicere, neque præclarum quicquam meditari, et ad rem magnam adspirare valeant. Debuerat quidam nos pietas et officium impellere, ut afflictis sociorum rebus succurreremus. Sed si nec laudis nec honesti pulchritudo animos torpentes inflammavit; certe utilitas, cujus hodie prima ratio ducitur, movere potuit, ut loca tam præclara tantisque commoditatibus et opportunitatibus plena,

Barbaris erepta a nobis potius, quam ab illis vellemus possideri. Nunc per immensa maris spatia Indiæ petuntur et Antipodes. Quia enim facilis ibi præda opimæque exuviæ sine sanguine hominibus incallidis et simplicibus detrahuntur, pietas obtenditur, aurum quæritur. Longe aliter majores nostri: qui nequaquam sibi, tanquam si mercatores essent, ea loca duxerunt quærenda, ubi auri plurimum; sed ubi virtutis officiique exercendi major facultas offerebatur. Laboris et periculorum et longinquæ expeditionis præmium non utilitas erat, sed honor. Neque illis é bellis locupletior quisquam, sed gloria cumulatior domum revertebatur. Sed hæc tibi, ne quis sit fortasse qui nefas esse existimet, quicquam in sœculi nostri moribus desiderare. Utcumque tamen erit, acui sagittas in nostram perniciem video; metuoque futurum, ut si pro gloria nolimus, de salute tandem cogamur dimicare."

ART. V.—*Assizes et bons usages du Royaume de Jerusalem, tirés d'un Manuscrit de la Bibliothéque Vaticane, par Messire Jean d'Ibelin, Comte de Japhe, et d'Ascalon, Seigneur de Rames et de Baruth, ensemble les coutumes de Beauvoisis, par* Messire de Beaumanoir *et par* Gaspard Thaumes de la Thaumassier. *Bourges et Paris,* 1690.

The laws which regulated the different countries of Europe, during the middle ages, agree with each other in numerous instances. In order to understand these laws completely, it is necessary to trace their progress in the different nations which adopted them. It is by this laborious research, that Mr. Hallam has been able to draw a picture, as complete as it is rapid, of that interesting period of history; and the perusal of his book may give some idea of the assistance he has derived from collections of the ancient feudal laws.

Among these collections, there are few so deserving of particular attention as the "Assises de Jerusalem," known, likewise, by the name of the "Letters of St. Sepulchre," from their having been kept in a chest, in the church of St. Sepulchre; whence, on occasion of a dispute on any article of these laws, they were taken in the presence of the king, or of his delegate, of the patriarch, or, in his absence, of the prior of the Sepulchre, two canons, and the vicomte.

Under the title of Assizes of Jerusalem, are to be found collected, the laws, statutes, usages, and customs, given to the kingdom of Jerusalem, by Godfrey, Duke of Boulogne, in 1099.

XUM

The kingdom of Jerusalem was founded by the Crusaders, who were chiefly French; but of whom, however, a great number belonged to other Christian countries. From this assemblage proceeded those laws, which have relation, more or less direct, with the legislation of the principal countries of Europe. It is, however, certain, beyond dispute, that the greatest part of these laws were taken from the laws of France. In fact, we see, in Chapter 294, that in order to decide a question of hereditary right, one of the parties quoted the laws of France. "It is very hard to believe," said he, "that the laws of the kingdom of Jerusalem could be contrary to those of France." French civilians have experienced no difficulty in finding, in this code, traces of the ancient laws of their country, and in declaring, that it is nothing more than a collection of the laws then received in France.*

The first question which naturally presents itself, when we proceed to examine this remarkable code, is, Who was the compiler of the collection of laws, known under the name of "The Assises of Jerusalem?"

If we are to believe the title-page of the work, they were collected by Godfrey himself; but we know, that princes take little interest in the laws which are published in their reigns. They sanction them with their name and authority, but the formation of them is left to counsellors, either skilled in the law or not, as it may happen, who are guided therein by the knowledge which they chance to possess, and, more frequently, by the prejudices by which they are blinded. Moreover, the perusal of the first chapter makes it appear, what were the means employed for the compilation of the Assizes of Jerusalem.

"Il (Godfrey, Duke of Boulogne) ehleut par le conseil dou Patriarche de la Sainte Cité en Yglise de Jerusalem, et par le conseil des princes et des barons, et des plus sages hommes à enquerre, et a savoir des gens de diverses terres qui la estoient les usages de lors terres, et tout quant que ceaus que il ot ehleu à ce faire en portent savoir ne aprendre il mirent et firent mettre en escrit ce aporterent cet escrit au duc Godefroy, et il assembla le patriarche, et les avant dis, et leur mostra et lor fit lire pardevant eaus cet escrit, et après par lor conseil et par lor accort, il conceuilli de ceaus escris ce que bon li sembla et enfin Assises et usage que l'on deure tenir et maintenir et user au royaume de Jerusalem, par les quels il ses gens et son peuble et toutes autres manieres des gens alans et venans et demorans fussent gouvernés et menés à droit, et à raison, et del royaume.

---

* "Brodeau, on the Laws of Paris." "Delalander on those of Orleans," Art. I. p. 4. "Henrion de Pansey, de l'autorité judiciare en France," p. 64.

Some learned men* have attributed the compilation of the Assises of Jerusalem to a civilian, named Philip of Navarre. M. de Ravalière,† in his Life of De Joinville, relates, that one of the serjeants of the king's army having struck one of the knights of the company of that noble, he demanded satisfaction from the prince, thinking that he should be dishonoured if it were not granted him. Louis ordered, that the sergeant, stripped to his shirt, and barefooted, should ask pardon, on his knees, of the knight, and offer his sword to him, saying, "Coupez m'en le poing, si cela vous plait." The author observes, that the king ordered this satisfaction, according to the laws, that is to the Assizes of Jerusalem, compiled, he says, by Philip of Navarre, a famous civilian, who went into the Holy Land; and he adds, La Thaumassière, when he published them, knew no more of the true compiler than Père Labbe and Ducange. We ought to add, that M. de Ravalière cites no authority to support the fact which he relates. Perhaps it is more correct to suppose, that the Assizes of Jerusalem have had different authors, who have added to them, and modified them, at different periods. It is certain, that the successors of Godfrey have made considerable changes in this code. Thus, the compilation, which appeared about 1250, was attributed to John d'Ibelin, Count of Joppa and Ascalon. It is possible, that Philip of Navarre took part in one of the compilations, which appeared before that of which we have just spoken. However, we have no particulars of the life of this civilian; and we are ignorant, whether it is he who is spoken of in the following lines, quoted by Boulay in the second volume of his "Histoire de l'Université," where he makes mention of many men of whom Paris might, at that time (in the 12th century,) have been proud:

Oris
Altisoni jactat dictantem jura Philippum.

There can be no doubt respecting the period of the earliest publication of the "Assises de Jerusalem," since, from the first pages of the book, we learn that it was in the year 1099; they were revised in 1250, as we have just shown, and, in 1368 or 1369, they were reduced into the language in which they have come down to us.

We know of no more than two editions of the "Assises de Jerusalem;" one published at Bruges and Paris, in 1690, by

---

* "Histoire Littéraire de la France," tom. xiii. p. 95.

† "Memoire de l'Academie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres," tom. xx. p. 329.

XUM

La Thaumassière, who had procured the manuscript which formerly belonged to Brodeau, and which had been copied from that in the Vatican library. The other edition is more ancient, but it is not in the original language; it is an Italian translation, published at Venice, in 1535. La Thaumassière's edition contains no more than the first part of the Assises, called "Cours des Barons." He has not published the second part, known under the name of "Cours des Borges" (Cour des Bourgeois,) which, properly speaking, was the civil code of those times.

The Venetians having made themselves masters of Cyprus, and wishing to give it laws similar to the "Assises de Jerusalem," caused a correct copy to be made, which was the one made use of in the translation of the "Alta e bassa corté." This manuscript is at present in the Aulic Archives of Austria; and, in the course of this article, we shall have many occasions to refer to it.

The importance with which the "Assises de Jerusalem" were looked upon, in France before the Revolution, which caused an almost general change in the legislation of that country, and rooted out the last remains of the feudal laws, suggested, in 1788, to M. Agier, a learned advocate of the Parliament of Paris, who died some years ago, President of the Cours Royal of that city, the project of publishing an edition of the "Assises de Jerusalem," more complete and correct than that of La Thaumassière. For this purpose, he obtained from the republic of Venice, through the medium of the French government, a copy made from the manuscript in the Venetian library, which is more complete than any other known.* This copy was correctly executed: it is not known where it is deposited at present.

The general disposition which manifests itself in the present day, to search after, and study, old monuments of the history of the middle ages, has given rise to a design in M. Buchon, the editor of an important collection of national French chronicles, from the 13th to the 16th ages, of introducing, among the different works which compose that collection, a complete edition of the "Assises de Jerusalem." The loss of the copy made from the manuscripts at Venice, obliges M. Buchon to have another executed at Vienna, the Aulic Archives being enriched with the Venetian manuscript, the only perfect one which is at present known.

We read, also, in a prospectus, of a collection of ancient maritime laws, by M. Pardessus, counsellor to the Court of

---

*"Notices historiques, critiques, et bibliographiques, sur plusieurs livres de Jurisprudence Française, par M. Dupin." p. 4.

Cassation, and professor of law, that this able lawyer, in the collection which he announces, will publish an extract from the legislation of the Crusaders, established at Jerusalem, relative to maritime negociations, taken from that part of the "Assises," called "Cours des Borges," (Cours des Bourgeois) of the Venetian MS.*

It is with great pleasure that we announce these works, which will throw new light on feudal legislation, and on the interesting and instructive history of the middle ages.

In the edition published by La Thaumassière, the "Assises de Jerusalem" are divided into 331 chapters. The 81 first chapters treat of procedure; chapters 82 to 112 relate to (*apeaux*) gages of battle and duels. Laws on different matters are contained in chapters 113 to 137; chapters 138 to 175 treat of fiefs; chapters 176 to 181, to leases and securities. From chapters 182 to 274, the author enumerates different subjects relative to feudal times, especially the services due by vassals in war, law, and marriage. Chapters 279, and the following ones to 281, contain laws on various subjects; chapters 282 to 292 treat of the privileges of the king, and the great officers of the crown; chapter 293, and the following, to 306, relate to the contests for precedence, and the succession to the kingdom, between Hugh of Lusignan, the Count of Braine, and Maria of Beaumont. The ordinances and recent judgments are contained in chapters 309 to 313. Chapters 314, to the conclusion, treat of the services due to the king from the bishops, the nobility, gentry, and commons.

The most curious investigation of the "Assises de Jerusalem" would, undoubtedly, be that which had for its end, to trace the origin of the principal doctrines of law, which are there to be met with, and to separate those which belong to the Roman law, to the customs of Normandy, to the ancient Anglo-saxon legislation, and to the old usages of French law.

It would be extremely laborious to form a complete analysis of this description, neither is it our intention to attempt it. We shall merely extract from this heap of different mandates, some of those which belong to the sources we have just mentioned. Our purpose is to prove that the Assizes of Jerusalem constituted a grand code, which the Christians of the West carried into the Holy Land, after they had conquered it, and that the materials for this code have been drawn from the laws of all the nations of which the crusading armies were comprised.

On paying closer attention to the "Assises de Jerusalem," it

---

* "Themes, ou Bibliothèque de Jurisconsulte," tom vi., p. 386.

XUM

is surprising to observe the connection which exists between the general spirit of the ancient laws of England, Scotland, Normandy, France, Spain, Denmark, &c. &c. On this account, we regard this great feudal code as one of the most valuable monuments of the middle ages.

We will try to justify, by examples, the opinion which we have just given.

One of the most interesting features of all legislatures is that which relates to the proof of a fact alleged in justice. The following is the first principle upon this point, which we find in the "Assises de Jerusalem."

"Qui veult tost son plait atteindre, il doit faire estre en la Court tant de ses amis comme il pora, et prier les que ils soient ententis as paroles qui seront dites as plais, et bien entendre et retenir si que ils sachent bien le recorder ces egars et ces connaissances se mestier li est."

These oral depositions of witnesses appear to have originated in the ancient Scandinavian legislature, of which we find curious examples in the collections of their laws. The Normans introduced this practice first in France, and afterwards in England. as appears from many passages in the ancient laws of Normandy. In fact, in that province, a judgment pronounced by the king, in his quality of Duke of Normandy, was *recorded* by his testimony, added to that of one witness. It is on this account, that the public audiences which were given by the king and the supreme judges, to give authenticity to their decisions, were called courts of record.* Is it not more than possible, also, that it is to this custom we owe that which is, at present, followed in the city of London, where the common law is never certified in writing, before the superior courts, but only stated in a clear voice by the recorder, who, for that purpose, appears in person, at the bar of the court?

Thus, we find that we are indebted to the Scandinavians for one of our customs of the present day, which was first introduced to us at the Norman conquest. This custom, after having been one of the items of the Norman common law, passed into the code of the Crusaders, and serves to explain the origin of an English institution.

It was a principle of public feudal right, that no female, who held a fief under any lord, could marry without the consent of her suzerain. Chapter 246 of the "Assises de Jerusalem" furnishes us with a proof that this custom, which also prevailed among the barons of Scotland, *(Quoniam allachiamenta, C.* 91,) in the establishment of St. Louis, (Book I. chap. 60,) and in the

* "Houard, Anc. Lois des Francs," tom. i., p. 222.

ancient laws of Normandy, was carried into the Holy Land, together with the greater part of the other regulations relating to the law of fief.

We could multiply these observations and resemblances to a great extent, but we think it useful to examine the literary part, (if we may be allowed the expression,) of the "Assises de Jerusalem."

In comparing the text published by La Thaumassière, with other French writers of the 13th century, a *foreign* air is observable in this code. Expressions, evidently, borrowed from old contemporary languages, such as English, Spanish, Italian, &c. idioms, frequently present themselves in the *Assises*, and oblige the reader to have recourse to the glossary at the end of the volume. It may, however, be said, the style is that of the writers of romance in the 14th century.

We frequently meet with words which have not a little served to embarrass critics, who have exercised their learning on the value of expressions belonging to the judicial language of that epoch. Thus, in C. 149, p. 14, we meet with the words *hommes liges*, and the learned editor, La Thaumassière, has taken care to inform us, that this phrase is very ancient in the French language, and that it is to be found in old authors, who have latinized it, when they wrote in the idiom of the Latin of the middle ages, or who made choice of it in the vulgar tongue. Vassalage was a mark of submission, in consequence of holding a fief. Gugart, in his romance of Royal Families, under the year 1222, says

"Poi aprez envoierent guerre
Le Fils au Roy cil d' Angleterre,
Et il passer à eux, sans craintes,
Londres et autres cités maintes,
Qui en celui reaume furent
A Seigneur lige le recurent,
Par leu Foys à lui se lacierent,
Et le Roy Jouan en chassierent."

One of the principal effects of *Hommage lige* was, that the vassal lige was obliged to serve his lord in offensive and defensive warfare: it was his duty to prefer him to all, except his sovereign, against whom he could not make war upon any consideration. It was for this reason, that Ferrand, Count of Flanders, being summoned to join the king of England, in a war against the king of France, answered, "Qu' il etait homme lige du roi de France, si n' osoit ce faire ni ces hommes ne le lovoient."*

* "Chron. de Flandres," ch. 14.

King Philip, of Valois, writing to King Edward, of England, commanded him, "Vous vous êtes embatis de notre royaume de France, en portant grand dommage à nous, et à notre royaume, et à nostre peuple, meu de volonté, sans rien de raison, non regardant à cequ' homme lige doit garder à son droit seigneur car vous etes en nostre hommage et reconnoissent, si comme de raison est de feauté et promettant obeissance telle qu'on doit promettre à son Seigneur-lige." Lastly, Matthew Paris, explaining the *hommage lige* made to the Pope by John, Sans-terre, king of England, expresses himself thus:

Ego, Johannes, rex Angliæ, dominus Hiberniæ, ex hac hora et postea fidelis ero Deo et Beato Petro, et Ecclesiæ Romanæ, et domino nostri Papæ Innocentio ejusque successoribus catholice intrantibus, non ero in facto in dicto, consensu vel consilio ut vitam perdant vel membra, vel mala captione capiantur, eorum damnum si impediam, et removere faciam si potero, alioqui eis quam citius potero intimabo, vel tali personæ dicam quam eis credam pro certo dicturam consilio quod mihi crediderint per se, vel per nuntios suos seu literas secretum tenebo, et ad eorum damnum nulli pandam me sciente patrimonium B. Petri, et specialiter regnum Angliæ et regnum Hiberniæ, adjutor ero ad tenendum et defendendum contra omnes homines pro posse meo, si me adjuvet Deus et hæc Sancta Ecclesia."

In conclusion, we may remark, that the "Assises de Jerusalem," in whatever relation they are viewed, are one of the most instructive monuments of the ancient seignorial jurisprudence. This great work is anterior to those which Beaumonair, the Fontaines, and Saint Louis, bequeathed to France: on this account, no undertaking can be more truly national than that, the end of which is to publish the complete text of the Venetian manuscript to which we have before referred. Whether we regard the *Assises* as a work of legislation and practical law, or study them as an historical document, or even under a literary point of view, they are equally worthy of attention, and fitted to open new light on the state of Europe at the time of the Crusades. Mr. Mills, in his history of these religious wars, has not failed to find, in the *Assises*, knowledge which he had vainly sought for in other works. We trust, therefore, that M. Buchon will persevere in the project, which, we understand, he contemplates, of going to Vienna, to make a copy of the Venetian manuscript, where, as we have already said, it is deposited; and in publishing it in his collection of Chronicles, he will give a new value to his work, and be still more entitled to the gratitude of the learned, and of civilians of all countries.

ART. VI.—*A Journey to Paris in the year* 1698. *By* Dr. Martin Lister. *The Third Edition. London: printed for Jacob Tonson, at Gray's Inn Gate, next Gray's Inn Lane.* (1699.) 12*mo.*

Could a parallel be drawn between different nations, at periods, so as to exhibit their relative progress or retrospection, it would form an admirable auxiliary in studying the philosophy of history. By diligently observing the changes in the face of society, the gradual accession of intelligence, the melioration of manners, and the diffusion of comfort and happiness which distinguish one country; and by comparing these cheering appearances with the ignorance, the poverty, and the wretchedness which, during the same period, have made an equal progress in another; we should be necessarily led to inquire into the causes which have been productive of such opposite effects. In inquiries like these, the narratives of persons who have visited the same country, at different periods, are eminently useful, since they comprehend, not only statistical details, but those lively pictures of the spirit and manners of the people, which are so essentially requisite to be known. What a valuable acquisition to our historical collections would be a series of travels, written by intelligent foreigners, who had traversed this country at various periods? What an amusing sketch would they present of our national peculiarities, and of the changes which our national character has sustained? Unfortunately, there exist but few such productions; though of our own travellers into other lands, a more numerous list may be formed. Some few of these have been already noticed in our pages. We have given an account of the travels of the facetious Tom Coryate,* through France and other parts of the continent, at the commencement of the seventeenth century; and also of the "Voyage" of Dr. Heylin,† to the same country, some years afterwards. To these, the "Journey to Paris" of Dr. Martin Lister, which took place at the conclusion of the same century, forms a very proper appendix.

Dr. Martin Lister was born in the year 1638. Having studied, for some time, at Cambridge, he visited the continent, and, on his return, settled at York, where he first practised his profession. After a residence of some years, in that city, he removed to London, and became a member of the royal college of physicians. On the accession of Queen Anne, his reputation stood so high, that he was appointed one of her

---

* R. R., vol. iv., p. 206.
† R. R., vol. iii., p. 22.

majesty's physicians. He was the author of many highly esteemed and scientific works on natural history, as well as of numerous papers in the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society, of which learned body he was an active member.

Having, upon several occasions, experienced great benefit to his health, from the milder climate of France, Dr. Lister was induced, on the conclusion of the peace between this country and France, to accept the post of physician to Lord Portland, who was despatched, as ambassador extraordinary, to the court of Louis XIV. Of the observations made by him, during that visit, the result is given in the little volume before us, in the introduction to which he has explained his reasons for presenting it to the public. Of the wonders of Paris, and the splendours of the French court, he confesses that descriptions, superior to his own, are to be found; for that his attention had been directed neither to the ceremonies of the state or the church, nor to the situation of political affairs; and that he was "no more concerned in the embassy, than in the sailing of the ship which carried him over."

"I took more pleasure," (adds the philosophical Doctor,) "to see Monsieur Breman, in his white waistcoat, digging in the royal physic garden, and sowing his couches, than Monsieur de Saintot making room for an ambassador; and I found myself better disposed, and more apt to learn the names and physiognomy of a hundred plants, than of five or six princes. After all, I had much rather have walked a hundred paces, under the meanest hedge in Languedoc, than any the finest alley at Versailles or St. Cloud; so much I prefer fair nature and a warm sun, before the most exquisite performances of art in a cold and barren climate."

On the entrance of the embassy into Paris, Dr. Lister remarked that taste for *spectacles*, which still distinguishes the French people. He speaks of the great "curiosity of the Parisians, who are much more delighted in fine shows than the people of London."

"One thing was an evident argument of this humour, that there were some hundreds of coaches of persons of the best quality, even some bishops and lords, which I saw, who had placed themselves in a file to line the streets, and had had the patience to have so remained for some hours."

In contrasting the general aspect of Paris with that of London, Dr. Lister observes, that, "for the quantity of ground possessed by the common people, that city is more populous than any part of London."

"This difference between the two cities, also, is true; that here the palaces and convents have eat up the people's dwellings, and

crowded them excessively together; and possessed themselves of far the greatest part of the ground: whereas, in London, the contrary may be observed, that the people have destroyed the palaces, and placed themselves upon the foundations of them, and forced the nobility to live in squares or streets, in a sort of community; but this they have done very honestly, having fairly purchased them."

The growth of London, compared with that of Paris, at once shews the superior increase of wealth in our own capital, in which, year after year, the merchants and mechanics are "forcing the nobility" westward. The city palaces have, some centuries ago, yielded to these "base mechanicals," and the splendid line of noble mansions, which adorned the Strand, have yielded in their turn. In Dr. Lister's time, the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Shaftesbury still retained mansions in the city, while Lord Craven's palace was situated in Drury Lane. The English, however, are a most aristocratical people, and our nobility view the approaches of their plebeian neighbours with all the spleen of a back-woodsman, when he hears of the founding of a village within twenty miles of the place of his retreat. The French nobles, on the contrary, display so little disgust at the proximity of their poorer brethren, that marquesses and counts scruple not to reside over the shops of tailors and plumassiers.

In the ornamental arts of life, for which our countrymen in general have little taste, the French have always surpassed us. In the elegance and magnificence of their furniture, and in their style of dress, we have, for centuries, been their humble imitators; but, in many matters of more importance, we, as decidedly, are their superiors. Thus, after detailing the magnificence which struck him in the finishing and furniture of the French mansions, Dr. Lister adds, "yet, after all, many utensils and conveniences of life are wanting here, which we, in England, have." We believe that this observation is equally applicable at the present day.

"All the houses of persons of distinction are built with portecocheres, that is, wide gates to drive in a coach, and, consequently, have courts within; and, mostly, remises to set them up. There are reckoned above seven hundred of these great gates; and many of these are after the most noble patterns of ancient architecture.

"The lower windows of all houses are grated with strong bars of iron, which must be a vast expense.

"As the houses are magnificent without, so the finishing within side and furniture answer in richness and neatness; as hangings of rich tapestry, raised with gold and silver threads: crimson damask, and velvet beds, or of gold and silver tissue: cabinets and bureaus of ivory, inlaid with tortoiseshell, and gold and silver plates, in a hundred different manners: branches and candlesticks of crystal: but,

above all, most rare pictures. The gildings, carvings, and paintings of the roofs, are admirable.

" These things are in this city, and the country about, to such a variety and excess, that you can come into no private house of any man of substance, but you see something of them; and they are observed frequently to ruin themselves in these expenses. Every one that has any thing to spare, covets to have some good picture or sculpture of the best artist. The like in the ornaments of their gardens, so that it is incredible what pleasure that vast quantity of fine things gives the curious stranger. Here, as soon as ever a man gets any thing by fortune or inheritance, he lays it out in some such way as now named.

" Yet, after all, many utensils and conveniences of life are wanting here, which we have in England. This makes me remember what Monsieur Instell, a Parisian, formerly told me here, that he had made a catalogue of near threescore things of this nature, which they wanted in Paris.

" The pavement of the streets is all of square stone, of about eight or ten inches thick; that is, as deep in the ground as they are broad at top. The gutters shallow, and laid round without edges, which makes the coaches glide easily over them; every stone costs sixpence before it is laid in the pavement, so that the charge hath been very great to have so vast a city paved with them; and also, all the roads that lead to it for some leagues together.

" However, it must needs be said, the streets are very narrow, and the passengers a-foot no ways secured from the hurry and danger of coaches, which are always passing the streets with an air of haste; and a full trot, upon broad flat stones, betwixt large and resounding houses, makes a sort of music which should seem very agreeable to the Parisians."

Having indulged in some preliminary observations, Dr. Lister " descends to a more particular review of this great city," and treats—of the streets and public places—of the " houses of note "—of the men and libraries he met with—of the diet and recreations of the Parisians—of the gardens and their ornaments—and, lastly, of the air and health of Paris. We shall endeavour to present to our readers the most important part of his observations on each of these heads.

In describing the streets of Paris, the Doctor naturally adverts to the vehicles which traverse them. The coaches, he tells us, were numerous, and " very fine in gilding," but do not equal our own in " largeness, beauty, and neatness," though they surpass the English equipages in easiness. The latter quality was, no doubt, of the first importance at the period, when the Doctor wrote before the advent of Mr. M'Adam. After enjoying the luxury of the Paris coaches for four months, the Doctor " rid in the easiest chariot of my lord's, which came from England, but not a jolt but what affected a man, so as to

be tired more in one hour, in that, than in six in these." The hackney coaches and chairs were, we are told, "the most nasty and miserable voitures that can be, and yet near as dear again as in London." For quick travelling, there were "great numbers of post-chaises for a single person, and rouillions for two persons."*

"Yet, there is one more in this city which I was willing to omit, as thinking it at first sight scandalous, and a very jest, it being a wretched business in so magnificent a city; and that is the *vinegrette*, a coach on two wheels, dragged by a man, and pushed behind by a woman or boy, or both."

From the vehicles, our traveller proceeds to the passengers in the streets. Of these, the bishops and abbots, as he terms them, make the most considerable figure, the former having "very splendid equipages, and a variety of fine liveries." The lawyers, however, assisted by their wives, appear to have rivalled the churchmen.

"Amongst the living objects to be seen in the streets of Paris, the counsellors and chief officers of the courts of justice make a great figure. They and their wives have their trains carried up, so there are abundance to be seen walking about the streets in this manner. It is for this, that places of that nature sell so well. A man that has a right to qualify a wife with this honour, shall command fortune; and, the carrying a great velvet cushion to church is such another business. The place of a lawyer is valued a third part dearer for this."

After noticing the "very little noise in the city of public cries of things to be sold, or any disturbance from pamphlets or hawkers," the Doctor gives us a piece of information, as applicable to Paris at the present day, as at the period of his visit.

"It is difficult and dangerous to vend a libel here. While we were in town, a certain person gave a bundle of them to a blind man, a beggar of the hospital of the *Quinzevint*, telling he might get fivepence for every penny. He went to Notre-Dame, and cried them up in the service time, 'La vie, et miracles de l'Evesque de Rheims.' This was a trick that was played the archbishop, as it was thought by the Jesuits, with whom he has had a great contest about Molina's (the Spanish Jesuit,) doctrines. The libel went off at any rate, when the first buyers had read the title further, and found they were against the present archbishop, duke, and first peer of France."

---

* For a curious and correct account of our own public vehicles, at nearly this period, see *The Grand Concern of England Explained.* (Harleian Miscellany, vol. viii. p. 40.)

Of the lighting of the streets, we have the following account:—

"The streets are lighted alike all the winter long, as well when the moon shines, as at other times of the month; which I remember the rather, because of the impertinent usage of our people at London, to take away the lights for half of the month, as though the moon was certain to shine and light the streets; and that there could be no cloudy weather in winter. The lanterns here hang down in the very middle of all the streets, about twenty paces distance, and twenty foot high. They are made of a square of glass about two feet deep, covered with a broad plate of iron, and the rope that lets them down is secured, and locks up in an iron funnel and little truck, fastened into the wall of the house. These lanterns have candles, of four in the pound, in them, which last burning till after midnight."

The expense of these lights for five months only is said to have amounted to £50,000 sterling per annum. When Dr. Franklin was in Paris, he was kind enough to give the Parisians some advice on this subject, namely, that if they would go to bed earlier, and rise earlier, they might save their tallow. The frolic of lamp-breaking incurred very serious consequences.

"As to these lights, if any man break them, he is forthwith sent to the galleys; and there were three young gentlemen of good families, who were in prison for having done it in a frolic, could not be released thence for some months, and that not without the diligent application of good friends at court."

Having sufficiently explored the streets, Dr. Lister "begs leave, in the next place, to visit the palaces and men of letters." The *Palais Mazarin* first attracted his attention, where he was much scandalized at "the fond humour" of the Duke de Mazarin, who, "in a hot fit of devotion," bestowed garments upon all his statues, in all instances where the sculptor had omitted that act of decency; or, as our traveller expresses himself, "frocked them by a sad hand with I know not what plaister of Paris." This subject leads the Doctor to discourse concerning the habits of the ancients, and from thence of the moderns, concluding with the following piece of honest advice.

"But the best rule of health and long life is to do little to ourselves. People are not aware what inconveniences they bring upon themselves by custom, how they will plead for things long used, and make that pleasant which is very destructive to their healths; as in the case of clothing, tobacco, strong-waters, steel remedies, the drinking mineral waters, bathing, tea, coffee, chocolate, &c."

Le Nostre's cabinet is thus described by our traveller.

" Monsieur le Nostre's cabinet, or rooms, wherein he keeps his fine things, the comptroller of the king's gardens at the side of the Tuilleries, was worth seeing. He is a very ingenious old gentleman, and the ordinance and design of most of the royal and great gardens in and about Paris are of his invention, and he has lived to see them in perfection. This gentleman is eighty-nine years old, and quick and lively. He entertained me very civilly. There were in the three apartments, into which it is divided, (the uppermost of which is an octagon room with a dome,) a great collection of choice pictures, porcelains, some of which were jars of a most extraordinary size, some old Roman heads and bustos, and entire statues; a great collection of stamps very richly bound up in books; but he had lately made a draught of his best pictures to the value of 50,000 crowns, and had presented them to the king at Versailles. There was not any thing of natural history in all his cabinet.

" I was several times with him, and once he carried me into an upper closet, where he had a great collection of medals in four cabinets; the most modern amongst them were four large drawers, three of which were the medals of king William. The fourth drawer was of king William's ancestors and family, near 300, as he told me in all; he had been 40 years in making this collection, and had purchased many of them at vast rates. He has certainly the best furniture for an *Historia Metallica* that I ever saw. The French king has a particular kindness for him, and has greatly enriched him, and no man talks with more freedom with him; he is much delighted with his humour, and will sit to see his medals; and when he comes at any medal that makes against him, he will say, "*sire, voyla une, qu' est bien contre nous:*" as though the matter pleased him, and he was glad to find it to show it to the king. Monsieur le Nostre spoke much of the good humour of his master; he affirmed to me he was never seen in passion, and gave me many instances of occasions, that would have caused most men to have raged, which yet he put up with all the temper imaginable.

" In this cabinet I saw many very rare old china vessels, and amongst them a small Roman glass urn, very thick made and ponderous, of a blue sea colour, the two ears were feet divided into four claws, but the very bottom of this vessel was smooth, and very little umbilicate; and for this reason I cannot see whether it might not be cast, and not blown."

The Doctor's next visit was to the palace of the Luxembourg, and the Louvre, the most remarkable features of which he describes at some length. He also details his interviews with Baudelet, Tournefort, and other celebrated men of that day. Amongst others, he called at the apartments of M. Verney, in the royal physic garden,

" —— but missing my visit, went up with a young gentleman of my lord ambassador's retinue to see Mr. Bennis, who was in the dissecting room, working by himself upon a dead body, with its breast

open and belly gutted: there were very odd things to be seen in the room. My companion, it being morning, and his senses very quick and vigorous, was strangely surprised and offended; and retired down the stairs much faster than he came up. And, indeed, a private anatomy room, is to one not accustomed to this kind of manufacture, very irksome if not frightful: here, a basket of dissecting instruments, as knives, saws, &c.; and there, a form with a thigh and leg flayed, and the muscles parted asunder: on another form, an arm served after the same manner: here, a tray full of bits of flesh, for the more minute discovery of the veins and nerves, and every where such discouraging objects. So, as if reason and the good of mankind did not put them upon this study, it could not be endured. For instinct and nature most certainly abhors the employment."

It appears that Paris was as well supplied with *subjects* at that time, as it is at present.

"He (M. Verney,) had, at least, twenty human bodies from the gallows, the Chatelet, (where they are exposed, who are found murthered in the streets, which is a very common business at Paris,) and from the hospitals."

Of Madame Dacier, Dr. Lister gives a very favourable account.

"I visited Monsieur Dacier and his lady, two very obliging persons, and both of great worth and very learned.

"I think our profession is much beholden to him for his elegant translation of Hippocrates into French, with learned notes upon him. I wish he may live to finish what he hath so happily begun. I read over the two volumes he has printed with great delight. He seems to favour the opinion of those, who think the circulation of the blood was known to him; in which he errs undoubtedly. 'Tis manifest his anatomy was rude, dark, and of little extent; but 'tis also as manifest that he knew very well the effect of the circulation. I must needs say this for Madam Dacier, his wife, though I knew her, by her writings, before I saw her the learnedest woman in Europe, and the true daughter and disciple of Fanaquil Faber; yet her great learning did not alter her genteel air in conversation, or in the least appear in her discourse; which was easy, modest, and nothing affected.

"I visited Monsieur Morin, one of the Academie des Sciences, a man very curious in minerals; of which he shewed me some from Siam, as jaspers, onyxes, agates, loadstones, &c. He shewed me also excellent tin ore from Alsace. Also, from France, a great block of a sort of amethyst of two or three hundred weight; some parts of it (for he had several plates sawed and polished) were very fine, and had large spots and veins of a deep coloured violet. It was designed for a pavement in Marchetterie, of which he shewed me a carton drawn in the natural colours. This puts me in mind of a vast amethyst I had seen at London, brought from New Spain, and exposed to sale; it

weighed, as I remember, eleven pounds odd ounces, and was most perfectly figured both point and sides, after the manner of a Bristol diamond, or common rock crystal; but this block here was rude and without any shape.

"I cannot say much of the meeting of these gentlemen of the Academie Royal des Sciences: there are but few of them; about twelve or sixteen members, all pensioned by the ministers, in some manner or other. They endeavoured, in the war time, to have printed monthly transactions or memoirs, after the manner of ours in London; but could not carry them on above two volumes or years; for, without great correspondence, this can hardly be done. And ours is, certainly, one of the best registers that ever was thought on, to preserve a vast number of scattered observations in natural history, which otherwise would run the hazard to be lost, besides the account of learning in printed books. I heard Mr. Oldenburgh say, who began this noble register, that he held correspondence with seventy odd persons, in all parts of the world, and those he saw with others. I asked him what method he used to answer so great a variety of subjects, and such a quantity of letters as he must receive weekly; for I knew he never failed, because I had the honour of his correspondence for ten or twelve years. He told me he made one letter answer another; and that, to be always fresh, he never read a letter before he had pen, ink, and paper ready, to answer it forthwith; so that the multitude of his letters cloyed him not, or ever lay upon his hands."

The following picture of Madame de Scuderi is very striking.

"Amongst the persons of distinction and fame, I was desirous to see Mademoiselle de Scuderie, now ninety-one years of age. Her mind is yet vigorous, though her body is in ruins. I confess this visit was a perfect mortification, to see the sad decays of nature in a woman once so famous. To hear her talk, with her lips hanging about a toothless mouth, and not to be able to command her words from flying abroad at random, puts me in mind of the sibyls uttering oracles. Old women were employed on this errand, and the infant world thought nothing so wise as decayed nature, or nature quite out of order; and preferred dreams before reasonable and waking thoughts. In her closet she shewed me the skeletons of two cameleons, which she had kept near four years alive. In winter she lodged them in cotton; and, in the fiercest weather, she kept them under a ball of copper full of hot water. In her closet she shewed me an original of Madame de Maintenon, her old friend and acquaintance, which she affirmed was very like her, and, indeed, she was then very beautiful."

With the Marquis d'Hopital, Dr. Lister enjoyed more than one interview.

"The Marquis d'Hopital, one of the Academie des Sciences, whom I found not at home, returned my visit very obligingly. I had a long conversation with him about philosophy and learning; and I perceived, the wars had made them altogether strangers to what had been

doing in England. Nothing was more pleasing to him, than to hear of Mr. Isaac Newton's preferment, and that there were hopes that they might expect something more from him. He expressed a great desire to have the whole set of the Philosophical Transactions brought over, and many other books, which he named, but had not yet seen. He told me, it was not possible for them to continue the Monthly Memoirs, as they had done for two years only, because there were but very few in number of that society, and had very little correspondence. Indeed, I did inquire, once, of some of that body, why they did not take in more, since there were many deserving men in the city, as I instanced in F. Plumier. They owned he would be an honour to the body; but they avoided to make a precedent for the admission of any regulars whatsoever. I repaid the Marquess his visit. He lives in a fine house, well furnished; the garden pretty, with neat trelliage, wrought with arches and other ornaments. He expressed a great desire to see England, and converse with our mathematicians, whose works he coveted above all things, and had ordered all to be brought him over. His lady, also, is very well studied in the mathematics, and makes one of the learned ladies in Paris; of which number are Madame Dacier, the Duchess of Main, Madame Scuderie, and others, whose names I have forgot."

The Doctor's next visits were paid to the public libraries. It is well known what liberal access to those receptacles of learning is afforded, in Paris, to both foreigners and natives; and it is to be wished that the same spirit prevailed in this country, in regard to her learned institutions.

"It is now time to leave the private houses, and to visit the public libraries, and, with them, such persons as are more particularly concerned in the history of learning. Monsieur l'Abbé Drouine came to visit me at my lodgings. I returned the visit, the next day, at his apartment, in the College de Boucourt. He had four or five little rooms, well furnished with books. In the biggest he had a collection of catalogues of books, and of all such who had writ the accounts of authors; above three thousand, in all languages. He told me he had studied the history of books, with the utmost application, eighteen years, and had brought his memoirs into a good method: that he had thoughts of printing the first tome this year, which would be of the most ancient authors, Greek and Latin: that he intended to continue them throughout all the succeeding ages, down to our times; which he said he had performed in good part. He shewed me the catalogue of authors, in four very thick folios, alphabetically disposed by family names, under some such title as this,—Index Alphabeticus omnium Scriptorum cujuscumque facultatis, temporis, et linguæ. These came to about a hundred and fifty thousand. He also shewed me his alphabetical memoirs, in sheets, of the authors and books they had writ, and in great forwardness; and, lastly, the Chronological Catalogue, in which form he intends to print the whole. He is a very civil and well-tempered person, very learned and curious, and of a middle

age; fit to continue and finish such a laborious work. I was infinitely obliged to him for his frequent visits.

"Monsieur l'Abbé de Brillac, almoner to the Prince of Conti, very obligingly offered to carry me to the king's library; but I civilly declined it, for I had been told it was better to make visits by yourself: for no stranger but was very welcome at all times; not only on the days it was publicly open, as it is upon Tuesdays and Fridays."

In this library, the Doctor had the pleasure of seeing his own work, (Synopsis Conchyleorum,) but as he did not think it was a good impression, he promised to send another copy to the royal library.

"The reader will pardon me the vanity, if I tell him that this book was no inconsiderable present, even for so great a prince as the King of France: for that, besides the time it took me up, (ten years at least,) at leisure hours to dispose, methodize, and figure this part of natural history, it could not have been performed by any person else for less than £2000 sterling; of which sum, yet, a great share it stood me in, out of my private purse."

We cannot afford to accompany Dr. Lister in his perambulations through the various libraries of Paris, which he examined with great diligence, making, at the same time, an acquaintance with their learned keepers. In this manner he became known to Hardouin the Jesuit, Father Daniel Mabellon, the author of the ingenious treatise *De re Diplomatica*; Clement, Baluze, Malbranche, and other celebrated scholars.

In the museum of the library of St. Genevieve, the Doctor saw the ingenious dyes which had been invented to imitate ancient medals.

"Here also we saw the steel dyes of the Paduan brothers, by which they stamped and falsified the best ancient medals so well, that they are not to be distinguished but by putting them into those moulds; which makes them very valuable, there being 100 and more of them, and are prized at 10,000 crowns. They stampt upon old medals, whereby the cheat was greater; for, by this means, they were of the ancient metal, had the green coat, and the same ragged edges."

The various manufactories of Paris next attracted the Doctor's attention. He visited "the Pottery of St. Cloud," with which he was "marvellously well pleased"—the plate-glass houses, and the Gobelin manufactory, which "had miserably fallen to decay." At Hubins, the eye-maker, he saw drawers full of eyes, of all sizes, "admirable for their contrivance, to match with great exactness any iris whatsoever: this being a case where mis-matching is intolerable." Having concluded these scientific researches, the Doctor, towards the ter-

XUM

mination of his volume, treats of certain matters which are usually the first to engage the regards of a stranger—the "meat, drink, and diversions of the Parisians." We cannot affirm, that Dr. Martin Lister has discussed these topics with all the science and learning which Dr. Kitchener has bestowed upon them, though he writes with taste and sensibility upon the subject. The diet of the Parisians, he tells us, consists chiefly of bread, herbs, and other vegetables. In discussing the latter, he takes occasion to speak in terms of warm commendation of the "small long turnips," which are "most excellent in soups." Cabbages, he informs us, the French "delight not so much in as he expected;" upon which, the Doctor promulgates a curious theory, viz., that the northern people of Europe "much delight in cabbage," while the southern nations "are pleased with the onion kind." We believe the theory to be a very correct one: who could prevail upon the Spaniard to exchange his garlic and his onions, for the sour-crout of the Germans? Like a prudent and sensible man, Dr. Lister, at first, eyed all dishes, in which mushrooms formed an ingredient, with suspicion, and "was very shy of eating them." At last, however, finding scarcely any ragouts without them, he became pleased with them, and found them very innocent. Others of the embassy had not the same good fortune. "Some of our people, at our first coming, were very sick with cray-fish and muscle-soups, and particularly with ragouts of mushrooms, which, gave them a sudden shortness of breath, and sometimes vomitings, or went off in a dysentery." On the other viands, our traveller does not enlarge, though he speaks in warm terms of "a macreuse (a kind of sea-fowl) pie, near two foot diameter, which, being high-seasoned, did go down very well with rare burgundy." These macreuses, by a sort of brevet appointment, ranked as fish, and were eaten in Lent. The Doctor concludes this portion of his labours with an eulogium on a marmalade of orange flowers, composed of those flowers, the juice of lemons, and fine sugar, which he says, "indeed was admirable!"

A short dissertation on the wines of France follows, which concludes with a fierce attack upon coffee, tea, and chocolate, which the Doctor believes, "are permitted, by God's providence, for lessening the number of mankind, by shortening life, as a sort of silent plague."

"Those that plead for chocolate, say, it gives them a good stomach, if taken two hours before dinner. Right. Who doubts it? You say, you are much more hungry, having drank chocolate, than you had been if you had drank none; that is, your stomach is faint, craving, and feels hollow and empty, and you cannot stay long for your dinner. Things that pass thus soon out of the stomach, I suspect, are little welcome there; and nature makes great haste to get

shut of them. There are many things of this sort which impose upon us by procuring a false hunger.

"The old Romans did better with their luxury; they took their tea and chocolate after a full meal, and every man was his own cook in that case. Cæsar resolved to be free, and eat and drink heartily; that is, to excess with Tully; and for that purpose, Cicero tells his friend Atticus, that before he lay down to table, *emeticen agebat*, which I construe, he prepared for himself his chocolate and his tea, something to make a quick riddance of what they eat and drank, some way or other."

We now pass to the recreations of the Parisians.

"In the next place, we will see how the Parisians divert themselves; which consists chiefly in plays, gaming, walking, or coaching. The plays are here divided into two houses: one for the operas, and the other for the comedies. I did not see many operas, not being so good a Frenchman as to understand them when sung.

"It is to be wondered that these operas are so frequented. There are great numbers of the nobility that come daily to them, and some that can sing them all. And it was one thing, that was troublesome to strangers, to disturb the box by these voluntary songs of some parts of the opera or other; that the spectators may be said to be here, as much actors as those employed upon the very stage.

"I heard many tragedies, but without gust, for want of language: but after them, the little plays were very diverting to me, particularly those of Moliere. In this all agree, that though Moliere's plays have less of intrigue in them, yet his *character of persons* are incomparable, so true and just that nothing can be more. And for this reason, so many of them are only of two or three acts; for without an intrigue well laid, the characters would have failed him, in which was his excellency. However, this is now so much become a custom on the French stage, that you ever have one of these little pieces tacked to the tragedy, that you may please yourself according to your appetite.

"'Tis said Moliere died suddenly, in acting the *Malade Imaginaire:* which is a good instance of his well personating the play he made, and how he could really put himself into any passion he had in his head. Also of the great danger, strong and vehement passions may cause in weak constitutions, such as joy and fear, which history tells us have killed many very suddenly. He is reported to have said, going off the stage, 'Messieurs, j'ai joué le Malade Imaginaire; mais je suis veritablement fort malade;' and he died within two hours after. This account of Moliere is not in his life by Perault, but it is true: and he yet has blamed him for his folly in persecuting the art of physic, not the men, in divers of his plays.

"Moliere sent for Dr. M———, a physician in Paris, of great esteem and worth, and now in London a refugé. Dr. M. sent him word he would come to him upon two conditions; the one, that he should answer him only to such questions as he should ask him, and not otherwise discourse with him; the other, that he should oblige

himself to take the medicines he should prescribe for him. But Moliere, finding the doctor too hard for him, and not easily to be duped, refused them. His business, it seems, was to make a comical scene in exposing one of the learnedest men of his profession, as he had done the quacks. If this was his intention, Moliere had as much malice as wit, which is only to be used to correct the viciousness and folly of men, pretending to knowledge, and not the arts themselves."

Thieving appears to have been carried on at Paris in a style of superior magnificence at this period,—a pick-pocket attended by four lacqueys in livery!

"Knavery here is in perfection as with us, as dextrous cut-purses and pick-pockets. A pick-pocket came into the fair at night, extremely well clad, with four lacqueys in good liveries attending him. He was caught in the fact, and more swords were drawn in his defence than against him: but yet he was taken, and delivered into the hands of justice, which is here sudden, and no jest.

"I was surprised at the impudence of a booth, which put out the pictures of some Indian beasts with hard names; and of four that were painted, I found but too, and those very ordinary ones, viz. a leopard and a raccoon. I asked the fellow, why he deceived the people, and whether he did not fear cudgelling in the end? He answered with a singular confidence, that it was the painter's fault, that he had given the raccoon to paint to two masters, but both had mistaken the beast; but, however, (he said) though the pictures were not well designed, they did nevertheless serve to grace the booth, and bring him custom."

Dr. Lister concludes his journey "with an account of the gardens near Paris, and with some observations on the state of medical science in France," which he represents as being "in low condition and disesteem from the boundless confidence, and intruding of quacks, women, and monks." During his residence at Paris, the doctor received a message from the Prince of Conti to attend his son, and to bring with him "the late King Charles's drops." Of this royal medicine we have the following account, with which we take leave of our ingenious traveller.

"Those drops were desired of me, by other persons of quality, as the Princess de Espinoy, the Duchess of Bouillon, Monsieur Serac, &c. and having bethought myself how my master, the late King Charles, had communicated them to me, and shewed me very obligingly the process himself, by carrying me alone with him into his laboratory at Whitehall, while it was distilling. Also, Mr. Chevins another time shewed me the materials for the drops, in his apartment, newly brought in, in great quantity, that is, raw silk. I caused the drops to be made here. Also, I put Dr. Turnefort upon making of them, which he did in perfection, by distilling the finest raw silk he

could get. For my part, I was surprised at the experiment often repeated, having never tried it before. One pound of raw-silk yielded an incredible quantity of volatile salt, and, in proportion, the finest spirit I ever tasted; and that which recommends it is, that it is, when rectified, of a far more pleasant smell than that which comes from sal-ammoniac or hartshorn, and the salt refined and cohobated with any well-scented chemical oil, makes the king's salt, as it is used to be called. This my lord ambassador gave me leave to present in his name, and the doctor now supplies those which want. Silk, indeed, is nothing else but a dry jelly from the insect kind, and therefore very cordial and stomachic, no doubt. The Arabians were wise, and knowing in the *materia medica*, have put it in their *alkermes*."

ART. VII.—*The History of the Life of Thomas Ellwood; or, an Account of his Birth, Education, &c., with divers Observations on his Life and Manners, when a Youth, and how he came to be convinced of the Truth, with his many Sufferings and Services for the same: also, several other remarkable Passages and Occurrences. Written by his own Hand. London*, 1714. 8vo.

The life of Thomas Ellwood presents a remarkable example of the virtues of benevolence, perseverance, and honesty, when alloyed with a large proportion of fanaticism. Ellwood, the friend and pupil of Milton, was one of the early Quakers; and, though he was not among the first to "receive the truth in the spirit," he is one of the most distinguished ornaments, both in a literary, and a moral point of view, of their primitive history. His character is marked by all the mild and amiable traits of his sect; while it is not disfigured by the more violent indications of intolerant zeal of his contemporaries and predecessors in the spiritual faith of Fox. In him we find, as in most of his brethren, the most sacred feelings of honour, the most scrupulous adherence to their word, the most undaunted persistence in their notions of right and duty, joined with a lively and active spirit of benevolence. He, however, considered, that all he was called upon for, was to contribute his testimony in the way of suffering, and took no active measures against the steeple-houses of abomination, nor once raised his voice against the "dumb dogs" of the church in the profaned temples of the Lord. But he conscientiously adopted customs and opinions, odious to his connexions, and injurious to his worldly interest; and, in defence of his faith, submitted to every kind of indignity and injury. He endured persecution, without flinching a moment from the bold and manly, yet moderate and conciliatory, ex-

XUM

pression of his tenets—imprisonment, poverty, neglect, and calumny, all and more, assailed him in their turns, without, for a moment, driving him from the path of the honourable and upright Christian. Though possessed of very considerable talents, and no despicable portion of learning, he received the irrational doctrines of the founder of his sect, with the same ardour, and maintained them with the same absurd reasoning as the most fanatical of his sect; yet, his long course does not appear to be stained by a single act of intolerance or bigotry, while, among his own sect, he supported, to a very advanced age, the high character of a wise and virtuous elder and counsellor. He wrote the memoirs of a great part of his life himself, which, independent of the many remarkable events characteristic of the time and the history of the Quakers which it affords, is well worthy of consideration, for the sake of contemplating the features of so fair and pure a character.

Thomas Ellwood was born at Crowell, a little country town in Oxfordshire, in the year 1639. His father was the proprietor of a small estate, and, under Cromwell, was in the commission of the peace. Being, from his office, under the necessity of maintaining, by his style of living and general appearance, the state of a magistrate, he seems to have considerably dilapidated his fortunes. When he sent his eldest son to Oxford, he was there, for the honour of the bench, entered as a gentleman-commoner. To support this piece of extravagance, the father was compelled to withdraw his second and youngest son Thomas, entirely from school. At home, Thomas, the future Quaker, appears to have spent his time in the usual idle amusements of the sons of country squires, though the sprightliness of his character, and the natural superiority of his intellect, raised him above the debauchery and grossness incidental to his situation.

When the civil war broke out, Mr. Ellwood removed his family to London; for, as he favoured the parliament side of the question, he judged his country residence might prove inconveniently near one of the king's garrisons. While in London, Mr. Ellwood made an acquaintance with a Lady Springett, at that time the widow of Sir William Springett, who died in the parliament service; but, afterwards, married to Isaac Pennington, the eldest son of the alderman of that name. This accidental connexion determined the course of young Thomas Ellwood's life. For when the civil war was done, and both families, viz. that of Mr. Ellwood's and the Pennington's, had removed into the country, Mr. Ellwood took his son with him to pay his neighbours a visit at Chalfont, in Buckingham. The surprise of the visitors was exceedingly great, to find the whole aspect of the house changed. The most serious and

grave deportment was observed; the greetings were formal and peculiar; the fashionable mode of dress had been abandoned; and a garb of peculiar simplicity and sobriety reigned in their stead. The Penningtons had turned to Quakers, even down to their little daughter, Guli, Thomas Ellwood's old playmate, with whom he used to ride in a child's coach in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields! So great a change, as he himself observes, from "the debonair and courtly sort of behaviour, which we formerly found in them, to so strict a gravity, did not a little amuse us, and disappoint our expectations of a pleasant visit." Being quite at a loss to account for the metamorphosis, the young man threw himself in the way of his old playmate, afterwards the wife of the celebrated William Penn, that he might demand an explanation. The account of his discomfiture is very amusing.

"For my part I sought, and at length found means to cast myself into the company of the daughter, whom I found gathering some flowers in the garden, attended by her maid, who was also a quaker. But when I addressed myself to her after my accustomed manner, with intention to engage her in some discourse, which might introduce conversation, on the foot of our former acquaintance; though she treated me with a courteous mien; yet (as young as she was) the gravity of her look and behaviour struck such an awe upon me, that I found myself not so much master of myself, as to pursue any further converse with her. Wherefore, asking pardon for my boldness, in having intruded myself into her private walks, I withdrew, not without some disorder (as I thought at least) of mind."

Some time after this, the visit was repeated by Mr. Ellwood, his son, and daughter; and during their stay at Mr. Pennington's, a "meeting" took place, at which Mr. Ellwood and his family attended. The famous Edward Burrough and James Nailor were present. Burrough spoke, and young Ellwood says, "I drank in his words with desire; they not only answered my understanding, but warmed my heart with a *certain heat*, which I had not till then felt from the ministry of man." The business was done; when old Ellwood, and his son and daughter, were gone, Burrough, being asked what he thought of them, said: "as for the old man, he is settled on his lees, and the young woman is light and airy; but the *young man* is *reached*, and may do well, if he do not lose it." Thomas observes himself, that, "that which he said, or rather the spirit in which he spake it, took such fast hold of me, that I felt sadness and trouble come over me, though I did not distinctly understand what I was troubled for. I knew not what I ailed, but I knew that I ailed something more than ordinary; and my heart was very heavy."

It was not long before he began, by means of a servant, to

make inquiries, if there were any "meetings" in the country about his father's house. He heard of one to be held at High Wycomb, and thither he went a distance of seven miles. That his object might not be suspected, he let his greyhound run by his horse's side, that it might appear that he was going a coursing. On arriving at Wycomb, he did not know at what house the meeting was held, and was ashamed to ask. At length, accident directed him to the spot: he entered the room, and sat down among the elect in his black clothes, and with his sword by his side. After the meeting was over, he took his horse, rode off home, and succeeded in escaping the observation of his father; who, of course, if he had had any idea of his son's state, would have set himself vigorously about rescuing him from a conversion which, speaking in a wordly sense, would ensure his ruin. Ellwood thus speaks of this second meeting:

"This latter meeting was like the clinching of a nail; confirming and fastening in my mind those good principles which had sunk into me at the former. My understanding began to open, and I felt some stirrings in my breast, tending to the work of a new creation in me. The general trouble and confusion of mind, which had, for some days, lain heavy upon me, and pressed me down, without a distinct discovery of the particular cause from which it came, began now to wear off; and some glimmerings of light began to break forth in me, which let me see my inward state and condition towards God. The light (which, before, had shone in my darkness, and the darkness could not comprehend it,) began now to shine out of darkness, and, in some measure, discovered to me what it was that had before clouded me, and brought that sadness and trouble upon me. And now I saw, that, although I had been, in a great degree, preserved from the common immoralities and gross pollutions of the world, yet the spirit of the world had hitherto ruled in me, and led me into pride, flattery, and superfluity; all which was naught. I found there were many plants growing in me, which were not of the Heavenly Father's planting; and that all these (of whatsoever sort or kind they were, or how specious soever they might appear,) must be plucked up.

"Now was all my former life reaped up, and my sins, by degrees, were set in order before me; and though they looked not with so black a hue, and so deep a dye, as those of the lewdest people did, yet I found that all sin (even that which had the fairest or finest show, as well as that which was more coarse and foul,) brought guilt, and, with and for guilt, condemnation on the soul that sinned. This I felt, and was greatly bowed down under the sense thereof."

Now began the change in the outward man. The vanity and superfluity of apparel, in which, alas! he had taken too much delight, were discovered to be the fruits of pride; and these "evil doings he was required to put away and cease from, and judgment lay upon him till he did so." Wherefore, in obe-

dience to the "inward law," he took off from his apparel those "unnecessary trimmings of lace, ribands, and useless buttons, which had no real service, but were set on only for that which was, by mistake, called ornament." He, also, ceased to wear rings. The "giving of flattering titles to men," such as "My Lord," "Sir," "Master," &c., was likewise abandoned; though, "in this matter, he had been accounted a ready artist." The "respect of persons, in uncovering the head, and bowing the knee or body, in salutations," was likewise put away, "as a deceit, being used as a token of respect by persons, one to another, who bear no real respect one to another." Evil was also discovered in the forms of speech.

"Again, the *corrupt and unsound* form of speaking in the plural number to a single person (*you* to *one* instead of *thou*;) contrary to the pure, plain, and single language of truth (*thou* to one, and *you* to more than one,) which had always been used by God to men, and men to God, as well as one to another, from the oldest record of time, till corrupt men for corrupt ends, in later and corrupt times, to flatter, fawn, and work upon the corrupt nature in men, brought in that false and senseless way of speaking, *you* to *one*, which hath since corrupted the modern languages, and hath greatly debased the spirits, and depraved the manners, of men. This evil custom I had been as forward in as others; and this I was now called out of and required to cease from."

All these changes were not to be made without attracting observation and incurring ridicule. This was a fiery trial, severely felt by our hero, and, though manfully sustained for the most part, in some instances sunk under. He gives an amusing account of his escape out of an inn, by the back door, at Oxford, (whither he had been sent, by his father, on business,) in order to evade passing a knot of gossiping magistrates of his father's acquaintance, and whom he did not like to pass in the stiff fashion of the Quakers.

"When I had set up my horse, I went directly to the hall, where the sessions were held; where I had been but a very little while, before a knot of my old acquaintances, espying me, came to me. One of these was a scholar, in his gown; another a surgeon, of that city; (both my schoolfellows and fellow-boarders at Thame School;) and the third a country gentleman, with whom I had long been very familiar.

"When they were come up to me, they all saluted me after the usual manner, pulling off their hats, and bowing, and saying, "Your humble servant, Sir," expecting, no doubt, the like from me. But when they saw me stand still, not moving my cap, nor bowing my knee, in any way of congee to them, they were amazed, and looked first one upon another, then upon me, and then one upon another again, for awhile, without a word speaking.

"At length, the surgeon, (a brisk young man,) who stood nearest to me, clapping his hand, in a familiar way, upon my shoulder, and smiling on me, said, "What! Tom a Quaker!" To which I readily and cheerfully answered, "Yes, a Quaker;" and, as the words passed out of my mouth, I felt joy springing in my heart; for I rejoiced, that I had not been drawn out by them into a compliance with them, and that I had strength and boldness given me to confess myself to be one of that despised people.

"They staid not long with me, nor said any more (that I remember,) to me; but, looking somewhat confusedly upon one another, after a while, they took leave of me, going off in the same ceremonious manner as they came on.

"After they were gone, I walked awhile about the hall, and went up nearer to the court, to observe both what justices were on the bench, and what business they had before them: and I went in fear, (not of what they could or would have done unto me, but) lest I should be surprised, and drawn, unwarily, into that which I was to keep out of.

"It was not long before the court adjourned, to go to dinner; and that time I took to go to the Clerk of the Peace, at his house, whom I was well acquainted with. So soon as I came into the room where he was, he came and met me, and saluted me, after his manner; for he had a great respect for my father, and a kind regard for me; and though he was, at first, somewhat startled at my carriage and language, yet he treated me very civilly, without any reflection or show of lightness. I delivered him the recognizances which my father had sent, and, having done the business I came upon, withdrew, and went to my inn to refresh myself, and, then, to return home.

"But when I was ready to take horse, looking out into the street, I saw two or three justices standing just in the way where I was to ride. This brought a fresh concern upon me. I knew, if they saw me, they would know me; and I concluded, if they knew me, they would stop me, to inquire after my father; and I doubted how I should come off with them.

"This doubting brought weakness on me, and that weakness led to contrivance, how I might avoid this trial. I knew the city pretty well, and remembered that there was a back way, which, though somewhat about, would bring me out of the town, without passing by those justices. Yet, loth was I to go that way. Wherefore, I staid a pretty time, in hopes they would have parted company, or removed to some other place, out of my way. But when I had waited till I was uneasy for losing so much time, having entered into reasonings with flesh and blood, the weakness prevailed over me, and away I went the back way; which brought trouble and grief upon my spirits, for having shunned the cross.

"But the Lord looked on me with a tender eye; and seeing that my heart was right to him, and that what I had done was merely through weakness and fear of falling, and that I was sensible of my failing therein, and sorry for it, he was graciously pleased to pass it by, and speak peace to me again; so that, before I got home, as when I went in the morning, my heart was full of breathing prayer to the

Lord, that he would vouchsafe to be with me, and uphold and carry me through that day's exercise, so now, at my return in the evening, my heart was full of thankful acknowledgments and praises unto him, for his great goodness and favour to me, in having thus far preserved and kept me from falling into any thing that might have brought dishonour to his holy name, which I had now taken on me."

The most serious apprehensions were, however, to be expected from the indignation of his father, who could not fail to detect, very soon, the change that had been worked in the heart, as well as in the body, of his son. The following passage describes the mode in which the important information was communicated to his father, and records his son's first act of disobedience.

"On this nag I designed to ride, next day, to Isaac Pennington's; and, in order thereunto, arose betimes, and got myself ready for the journey. But because I would pay all due respects unto my father, and not go without his consent, or knowledge at the least, I sent one up to him, (for he was not yet stirring,) to acquaint him, that I had a purpose to go to Isaac Pennington's; and desired to know, if he pleased to command me any service to them. He sent me word, he would speak with me before I went, and would have me come up to him, which I did, and stood by his bed-side.

"Then, in a mild and gentle tone, he said, 'I understand, you have a mind to go to Mr. Pennington's.' I answered him, 'I have so.' 'Why,' said he, 'I wonder why you should. You were there, you know, but a few days ago; and, unless you had business with them, don't you think it will look oddly?' I said, I thought not. 'I doubt,' said he, 'you'll tire them with your company, and make them think they shall be troubled with you.' 'If,' replied I, 'I find any thing of that, I'll make the shorter stay.' 'But,' said he, 'can you propose any sort of business with them more than a mere visit?' 'Yes,' said I, 'I propose to myself not only to see them, but to have some discourse with them.' 'Why,' said he, (in a tone a little harsher) 'I hope you don't incline to be of their way.' 'Truly,' answered I, 'I like them, and their way, very well, so far as I yet understand it; and I am willing to go to them, that I may understand it better.'

"Thereupon, he began to reckon up a beadroll of faults against the Quakers; telling me, they were a rude, unmannerly people, that would not give civil respect, or honour, to their superiors; no, not to magistrates: that they held many dangerous principles; that they were an immodest, shameless people; and that one of them stript himself stark naked, and went, in that unseemly manner, about the streets, at fairs, and on market-days, in great towns.

"To all the other charges, I answered only, 'that, perhaps, they might be either misreported or misunderstood, as the best of people had sometimes been. But to the last charge of going naked, a particular answer, by way of instance, was just then brought to my mind, and put into my mouth, which I had not thought of before; and that was, the example of Isaiah, who went naked among the people for a

long time.' (Isaiah 20. iv.) 'Aye,' said my father, 'but you must consider, that he was a prophet of the Lord, and had an express command from God to go so.' 'Yes, sir,' replied I, 'I do consider that; but I consider also, that the Jews, among whom he lived, did not own him for a prophet, nor believe that he had such a command from God. And,' added I, 'how know we, but this Quaker may be a prophet too, and might be commanded to do as he did, for some reason which we understand not.'

"This put my father to a stand, so that, letting fall his charges against the Quakers, he only said, 'I would wish you not to go so soon, but take a little time to consider of it: you may visit Mr. Pennington hereafter.' 'Nay, sir,' replied I, 'pray don't hinder my going now; for I have so strong a desire to go, that I do not well know how to forbear;' and as I spake those words, I withdrew gently to the chamber door, and then, hastening down stairs, went immediately to the stable, where, finding my horse ready bridled, I forthwith mounted, and went off, lest I should receive a countermand.

"This discourse with my father had cast me somewhat back in my journey; and it being fifteen long miles thither, the ways bad, and my nag but small, it was in the afternoon that I got thither; and, understanding, by the servant that took my horse, that there was then a meeting in the house, (as there was weekly on that day, which was the fourth day of the week, though I, until then, understood it not,) I hastened in, and, knowing the rooms, went directly to the little parlour, where I found a few friends sitting together in silence, and I sat down among them, well satisfied, though without words."

When his friends saw the change in his costume, in his gesture, speech, and carriage, and likewise in his countenance, for, as he says, the exercise he had passed through, and yet was under, had imprinted a visible character of gravity upon his face, they were exceedingly "tender towards him." He parted from them with reluctance, and bent his way home, where he expected a heavy reckoning.

"Thus, labouring under various exercises on the way, I at length got home, expecting I should have but a rough reception from my father; but, when I came home, I understood my father was from home; wherefore I sat down by the fire in the kitchen, keeping my mind retired unto the Lord, with breathings of spirit to him, that I might be preserved from falling.

"After some time, I heard the coach drive in, which put me into a little fear, and a sort of shivering came over me; but, by that time he was alighted and come in, I had pretty well recovered myself; and, as soon as I saw him, I rose up, and advanced a step or two towards him, with my head covered, and said, 'Isaac Pennington, and his wife, remember their loves to thee.'

"He made a stop to hear what I said, and observing that I did not stand bare, and that I used the word *thee* to him, he, with a stern countenance and tone, that spake high displeasure, only said, 'I shall

talk with you, sir, another time;' and so, hastening from me, went into the parlour, and I saw him no more that night."

Poor Thomas had become now an affiliated Quaker; and spiritual communion, in the presence of his brethren, was necessary to his very existence. It was not long before he was again tempted to oppose the parental authority, which he did not with impunity.

"My spirit longed to be among *friends*, and to be at some meeting with them on the first day, which now drew on, this being the sixth day night. Wherefore I purposed to go to Oxford, on the morrow, (which was the seventh day of the week), having heard there was a meeting there. Accordingly, having ordered my horse to be made ready betimes, I got up in the morning, and made myself ready also. Yet, before I could go, (that I might be as observant to my father as I possibly could,) I desired my sister to go up to him in his chamber, and acquaint him, that I had a mind to go to Oxford; and desired to know if he commanded me any service there. He bid her tell me, he would not have me go until he had spoken with me; and getting up immediately, he hastened down to me, before he was quite dressed.

"As soon as he saw me standing with my hat on, his passion transporting him, he fell upon me with both his fists, and having, by that means, somewhat vented his anger, he plucked off my hat, and threw it away. Then, stepping hastily out to the stable, and seeing my borrowed nag standing ready saddled and bridled, he asked his man, whence that horse came? who telling him that he fetched it from Mr. Such an one's: 'then ride him presently back,' said my father, 'and tell Mr. ——, I desire he will never lend my son a horse again, unless he brings a note from me.'

"The poor fellow, who loved me well, would fain have made excuses, and delays; but my father was positive in his command, and so urgent, that he would not let him stay so much as to take his breakfast, (though he had five miles to ride;) nor would he himself stir from the stable, till he had seen the man mounted, and gone.

"Then coming in, he went up into his chamber, to make himself more fully ready, thinking he had me safe enough, now my horse was gone, for I took so much delight in riding, that I seldom went on foot.

"But while he was dressing himself in his chamber, I, (who understood what had been done,) changing my boots for shoes, took another hat; and acquainting my sister (who loved me very well, and whom I could confide in) whither I meant to go, went out privately, and walked away to Wiccomb, having seven long miles thither; which yet seemed little and easy to me, from the desire I had to be among friends."

He was well received by his new friends, and the uneasiness and trouble, with which the idea of disobedience had agitated his mind, gave way before the satisfaction he derived from his spiritual exercise.

XUM

" Thus it fared there with me; but at home it fared otherwise with my father. He, supposing I had betaken myself to my chamber, when he took my hat from me, made no inquiry after me, till evening came; and then, sitting by the fire, and considering that the weather was very cold, he said to my sister, who sate by him, 'Go up to your brother's chamber, and call him down; it may be he will sit there, else, in a sullen fit till he has caught cold.' 'Alas, sir,' said she, 'he is not in his chamber, nor in the house neither.' At that, my father startling, said, 'Why, where is he then?' 'I know not sir,' said she, 'where he is; but I know that when he saw you had sent away his horse, he put on shoes, and went out on foot, and I have not seen him since. And, indeed, sir,' added she, 'I don't wonder at his going away, considering how you used him.' This put my father into a great fright, doubting I was gone quite away; and so great a passion of grief seized on him, that he forbore not to weep, and to cry out aloud (so that the family heard him,) 'Oh! my son! I shall never see him more! for he is of so bold and resolute a spirit, that he will run himself into danger, and so may be thrown into some gaol or other, where he may lie and die, before I can hear of him.' 'Then bidding her light him up to his chamber, he went immediately to bed, where he lay restless and groaning, and often bemoaning himself and me, for the greatest part of the night.

" Next morning my sister sent a man (whom, for his love to me she knew she could trust,) to give me this account. And though, by him, she sent me also fresh linen for my use, in case I should go farther, or stay out longer, yet she desired me to come home as soon as I could.

" This account was very uneasy to me. I was much grieved that I had occasioned so much grief to my father. And I would have returned that evening after the meeting, but the friends would not permit it: for the meeting would in likelihood end late, the days being short, and the way was long and dirty. And, besides, John Rance told me, that he had something on his mind to speak to my father; and that if I could stay till the next day, he would go down with me; hoping, perhaps, that while my father was under this sorrow for me, he might work some good upon him. Hereupon, concluding to stay till the morrow, I dismissed the man with the things he brought; bidding him tell my sister, I intended (God willing,) to return home to morrow; and charging him not to let any body else know that he had seen me, or where he had been.

" Next morning, John Rance and I set out, and when we were come to the end of the town, we agreed that he should go before, and knock at the great gate, and I would come a little after, and go in by the back way. He did so: and when a servant came to open the gate he asked if the justice were at home, she told him yes: and, desiring him to come in and sit down in the hall, went and acquainted her master that there was one who desired to speak with him. He, supposing it was one that came for justice, went readily into the hall to him. But he was not a little surprised, when he found it was a quaker. Yet not knowing on what he came, he staid to hear his busi-

ness: but when he found it was about me, he fell somewhat sharply on him.

"In this time, I was come by the back way into the kitchen, and hearing my father's voice so loud, I began to doubt things wrought not well: but I was soon assured of that. For my father having quickly enough of a Quaker's company, left John Rance in the hall, and came into the kitchen; where he was more surprised to find me.

"The sight of my hat upon my head made him presently forget that I was that son of his whom he had so lately lamented as lost; and his passion of grief turning into anger, he could not contain himself, but running upon me, with both his hands, first violently snatched off my hat, and threw it away; then, giving me some buffets on my head, he said, 'Sirrah, get you up to your chamber.'

"I forthwith went; he following me at the heels, and now and then giving me a whirret on the ear; which (the way to my chamber lying through the hall, where John Rance was) he, poor man, might see, and be sorry for (as I doubt not but he was,) but could not help me."

This *hat-honour*, as it was called, was held to be a great point. The reason of which was, that it had, says Ellwood, "grown, in those times especially, to be a great idol. So the Lord was pleased to engage his servants in a steady testimony against it, what suffering soever was brought upon them for it." He goes on to say, that "though some, who have been called into the Lord's vineyard at latter hours, and since the heat of that day hath been much over, may be apt to account it a small thing to suffer so much upon, as some have done, not only to beating, but to fines and hard imprisonment; yet they who, in those times, were faithfully exercised in and under it, durst not despise the *day of small things*, as knowing that he who should do so, would not be thought worthy to be concerned in higher testimonies." It is very true, that it is often more difcult to shew a constant and vigilant resistance in these apparently small and inconsiderable matters, than to present a hardy fortitude in some one case of great suffering, in a great cause. The persecution which this poor young man endured, from a rash and violent parent, would have completely broken any other than a 'chosen vessel.'

"I had now lost one of my hats, and I had but one more. That, therefore, I put on; but did not keep it long; for the next time my father saw it on my head, he tore it violently from me, and laid it up with the other, I know not where. Wherefore, I put on my mountier cap, which was all I had left to wear on my head; and it was but a very little while that I had that to wear; for, as soon as my father came where I was, I lost that also. And now I was forced to go bareheaded, whenever I had occasion to go within door and without.

"This was in the eleventh month (called January,) and the weather

sharp; so that I, who had been bred up more tenderly, took so great a cold in my head, and my face and head were much swelled, and my gums had on them boils so sore, that I could neither chew meat, nor, without difficulty, swallow liquids. It held long, and I underwent much pain, without much pity, except from my sister, who did what she could to give me ease; and at length, by frequent applications of figs and stoned raisins, toasted, and laid to the boils as hot as I could bear them, they ripened fit for lancing, and soon after sunk: then I had ease.

"Now was I laid up, as a kind of prisoner, for the rest of this winter; having no means to go forth among friends, nor they liberty to come to me. Wherefore I spent the time much in my chamber, in waiting on the Lord, and in reading,—mostly in the bible.

"But whenever I had occasion to speak to my father, though I had no hat now to offend him; yet my language did as much; for I durst not say 'you,' to him; but 'thou,' or 'thee,' as the occasion required, and then would he be sure to fall on me with his fists.

"At one of these times, I remember, when he had beaten me in that manner, he commanded me (as he commonly did at such times,) to go to my chamber; which I did, and he followed me to the bottom of the stairs. Being come thither, he gave me a parting-blow; and, in a very angry tone, said, 'Sirrah, if ever I hear you say *Thou* or *thee*, to me again, I'll strike your teeth down your throat.' I was greatly grieved to hear him say so, and feeling a word rise in my heart unto him, I turned again, and calmly said unto him, 'Should it not be just if God should serve thee so, when thou sayest 'thou' or 'thee,' to him.' Though his hand was up, I saw it sink, and his countenance fall, and he turned away, and left me standing there. But I, notwithstanding, went up into my chamber and cried unto the Lord, earnestly beseeching him, that he would be pleased to open my father's eyes, that he might see whom he fought against, and for what; and that he would turn his heart."

The whole of the young man's conduct on these occasions, is as noble as that of the father is disgraceful. The son's meekness, submission, and humility, are finely combined with a firm and unshrinking adherence to that which he conceived were the dictates of his conscience. The next extract presents a most melancholy scene.

"But, after some time, a fresh storm, more fierce and sharp than any before, arose and fell upon me; the occasion whereof was this. My father having been (in his younger years, more especially while he lived in London,) a constant hearer of those who were called Puritan preachers, had stored up a pretty stock of scripture knowledge, did sometimes (not constantly nor very often,) cause his family to come together, on a first day in the evening, and expound a chapter to them, and pray. His family now, as well as his estate, was lessened; for my mother was dead, my brother gone, and my elder sister in London; and having put off his husbandry, he put off most of his servants; so

that, now, he had but one man, and one maid servant. It so fell out, that on a first day night, he bid my sister (who sate with him in the parlour,) call in the servants to prayer.

"Whether this was done as a trial upon me, or no, I know not; but a trial it proved to me: for they (loving me very well, and disliking my father's carriage to me,) made no haste to go in, but staid a second summons. This so offended him, that when, at length, they did go in, he, instead of going to prayer, examined them, why they came not in when they were first called; and the answer they gave him being such as rather heightened than abated his displeasure, he, with an angry tone, said, 'call in that fellow,' (meaning me who was left alone in the kitchen,) 'for he is the cause of all this.' They, as they were backward to go in themselves, so were not forward to call me in, fearing the effect of my father's displeasure would fall upon me; as it soon did, for I, hearing what was said, and not staying for the call, went in of myself. And as soon as I was come in, my father discharged his displeasure on me, in very sharp and bitter expressions, which drew from me (in the grief of my heart, to see him so transported with passion) these few words, 'They that can pray with a spirit, let them; for my part, I cannot.' With that, my father flew upon me with both his fists; and, not thinking that sufficient, stepped hastily to the place where his cane stood; and, catching that up, laid me on (I thought) with all his strength. And I, being bareheaded, I thought his blows must needs have broken my skull, had I not laid my arm over my head to defend it.

"His man, seeing this, and not able to contain himself, stepped in between us, and laying hold on the cane, by strength of hand, held it so fast, that though he attempted not to take it away, yet he withheld my father from striking with it, which did but enrage him the more. I disliked this in the man; and bid him let go the cane and begone, which he immediately did, and turning to be gone, had a blow on the shoulders for his pains; which yet did not much hurt him.

"But now my sister, fearing lest my father should fall upon me again, besought him to forbear: adding, 'indeed, sir, if you strike him any more, I will throw open the casement and cry murder; for I am afraid you will kill my brother.' This stopped his hand: and, after some threatening speeches, he commanded me to get to my chamber; which I did, as I always did, whenever he bid me.

"Thither, soon after, my sister followed me, to see my arm, and dress it: for it was, indeed, very much bruised and swelled, between the wrist and the elbow; and, in some places, the skin was broken and beaten off. But though it was very sore, and I felt for some time much pain in it, yet I had peace and quietness in my mind; being more grieved for my father than for myself, who I knew had hurt himself more than me."

This was the last time, Ellwood observes, that his father called his family to prayer, and the last that he ever fell, so severely at least, upon the obstinate neophyte.

XUM

Ellwood's friends, the Penningtons, soon after this interfered in his behalf, and he went to pay a long visit at their residence. His host and hostess seem to have provided him with all the necessaries of life, even to his clothes, for his father would contribute nothing to the maintenance of a young Quaker. Ellwood narrates a curious story of a difficulty, into which he was once thrown by the want of money, which we shall quote, as it is highly illustrative of the manners of the times, and of the character of the subject of this article.

"I had been at Reading, and set out from thence on the first day of the week, in the morning; intending to reach (as in point of time I well might) to Isaac Pennington's, where the meeting was to be on that day; but, when I came to Maidenhead, (a thoroughfare town on the way,) I was stopt by the watch for riding on that day.

"The watchman, laying hold on the bridle, told me I must go along with him to the constable: and, accordingly, I, making no resistance, suffered him to lead my horse to the constable's door. When we were come there, the constable told me I must go before the warden, (who was the chief officer of that town,) and bid the watchman bring me on, himself walking before.

"Being come to the warden's door, the constable knocked, and desired to speak with Mr. Warden. He, thereupon, quickly coming to the door, the constable said, 'Sir, I have brought a man here to you, whom the watch took riding through the town.' The warden was a budge old man, and I looked somewhat big too, having a good gelding under me, and a good riding coat on my back; both which my friend, Isaac Pennington, had kindly accommodated me with for that journey.

"The warden therefore, taking me to be (as the saying is) somebody, put off his hat, and made a low congee to me; but when he saw that I sate still, and neither bowed to him, nor moved my hat, he gave a start, and said, 'you said you had brought a man, but he don't behave himself like a man.'

"I sate still upon my horse, and said not a word; but kept my mind retired to the Lord, waiting to see what this would come to.

"The warden then began to examine me, asking me whence I came, and whither I was going? I told him I came from Reading, and was going to Chalfont. He asked me why I did travel on that day? I told him I did not know that it would give any offence, barely to ride or walk on that day, so long as I did not carry, or drive any carriage, or horses laden with burdens. 'Why,' said he, 'if your business was urgent, did you not take a pass from the mayor of Reading?' 'Because,' replied I, 'I did not know, nor think, I should have needed one.' 'Well,' said he, 'I will not talk with you now, because it is time to go to church, but I will examine you further anon:' And, turning to the constable, 'have him,' said he, 'to an inn, and bring him before me after dinner.'

"The naming of an inn put me in mind that such public houses were places of expense; and I knew I had no money to defray it.

Wherefore I said to the warden, 'Before thou sendest me to an inn, I think it needful to acquaint thee that I have no money.'

"At that the warden startled again; and turning quick upon me, said, 'How! no money! How can that be? You don't look like a man that has no money.' 'However I look,' said I, 'I tell thee the truth, that I have no money; and I tell it to forewarn thee, that thou mayest not bring any charge upon the town.' 'I wonder,' said he, 'what art you have got, that you can travel without money; you can do more, I assure you, than I can.'

"I making no answer, he went on, and said, 'Well, well! but if you have no money, you have a good horse under you; and we can distrain him for the charge.' 'But,' said I, 'the horse is not mine.' 'No!' said he; 'but you have a good coat to your back; and that, I hope, is your own:' 'No,' said I, 'but it is not; for I borrowed both the horse and the coat.'

"With that the warden, holding up his hand, and smiling, said 'Bless me! I never met with such a man as you are before! what! were you set out by the parish?' Then, turning to the constable, he said, 'Have him to the Greyhound, and bid the people be civil to him.' Accordingly, to the Greyhound I was led; my horse set up, and I put into a large room; and some account, I suppose, given of me to the people of the house.

"This was new work to me; and what the issue of it would be I could not foresee; but being left there alone, I sate down, and retired in spirit to the Lord (in whom, alone, my strength and safety was,) and begged support of him; even that he would be pleased to give me wisdom and words to answer the warden, when I should come to be examined again before him.

"After some time, having pen, ink, and paper about me, I set myself to write what I thought might be proper, if the occasion served, to give the warden. And while I was writing, the master of the house being come home from his worship, sent the tapster to me, to invite me to dine with him. I bid him tell his master, that I had not any money to pay for my dinner. He sent the man again to tell me, I should be welcome to dine with him, though I had no money. I desired him to tell his master, that I was very sensible of his civility and kindness, in so courteously inviting me to his table, but that I had not freedom to eat of his meat, unless I could have paid for it. So he went on with his dinner, and I with my writing.

"But before I had finished what was on my mind to write, the constable came again, bringing with him his fellow constable. This was a brisk, genteel, young man, a shopkeeper in the town, whose name was Cherry. They saluted me civilly, and told me they were come to have me before the warden. This put an end to my writing; which I put into my pocket, and went along with them.

"Being come to the warden's, he asked me again the same questions he had asked me before; to which I gave him the like answers. Then he told me the penalty I had incurred; which he said, was either to pay so much money, or lye so many hours in the stocks; and asked me which I would choose. I replied 'I shall not choose either:' and, said I, 'I have told thee, already, that I have no money; though,

if I had, I could not so far acknowledge myself an offender as to pay any. But as to lying in the stocks, I am in thy power, to do unto me what it shall please the Lord to suffer thee.'

"When he heard that, he paused awhile; and then told me, he considered that I was but a young man, and might not perhaps understand the danger I had brought myself into; and, therefore, he would not use the severity of the law upon me; but, in hopes that I would be wiser hereafter, he would pass by this offence, and discharge me.

"Then, putting on a countenance of the greatest gravity, he said to me; 'But, young man, I would have you know, that you have not only broken the law of the land, but the law of God also: and therefore you ought to ask him forgiveness; for you have highly offended him. 'That,' said I, 'I would most willingly do if I were sensible that, in this case, I had offended him by breaking any law of his.' 'Why,' said he, 'do you question that?' 'Yes, truly,' said I; 'for I do not know, that any law of God doth forbid me to ride on this day.'

"'No!' said he, 'that is strange! Where, I wonder, were you bred? You can read, can't you?' 'Yes,' said I, 'that I can.' 'Don't you read, then, the commandment, Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work.' 'Yes,' replied I, 'I have both read it often, and remember it well. But that command was given to Jews, not to Christians; and this is not that day; for that was the seventh day, but this is the first.' 'How!' said he, 'do you know the days of the week no better? You had need then be better taught.'

"Here, the younger constable (whose name was Cherry) interposing, said 'Mr. Warden, the gentleman is right as to that: for this is the first day of the week, and not the seventh.'

"This the old warden took in dudgeon; and, looking severely on the constable, said, 'What! do you take upon you to teach me? I'll have you know, I will not be taught by you.' 'As you please for that, sir,' said the constable, 'but I am sure you are mistaken in this point; for Saturday, I know, is the seventh day, and you know yesterday was Saturday.'

"This made the warden hot and testy, and put him almost out of all patience; so that I feared it would have come to a downright quarrel betwixt them; for both were confident, and neither would yield. And so earnestly were they engaged in the contest, that there was no room for me to put in a word between them.

"At length, the old man, having talked himself out of wind, stood awhile, as it were, to take breath; and then bethinking himself of me, he turned to me, and said, 'you are discharged, and may take your liberty to go about your occasions.' 'But,' said I, 'I desire my horse may be discharged too, else I know not how to go.' 'Ay, ay,' said he, 'you shall have your horse:' and, turning to the other constable, (who had not offended him,) he said, 'Go, see that his horse be delivered to him.'

"Away thereupon went I, with that constable, leaving the old warden and the young constable to compose their difference as they could. Being come to the inn, the constable called for my horse to be brought out; which done, I immediately mounted, and began to set forward. But the hostler, not knowing the condition of my pocket, said modestly to me, 'Sir, don't you forget to pay for your horse's standing?' 'No truly,' said I, 'I don't forget it; but I have no money to pay it with; and so I told the warden before.' 'Well, hold your tongue,' said the constable to the hostler; 'I'll see you paid.' Then, opening the gate, they let me out, the constable wishing me a good journey; and through the town I rode, without further molestation; though it was as much Sabbath (I thought) when I went out, as when I came in.

"A secret joy arose in me, as I rode on the way; for that I had been preserved from doing or saying any thing, which might give the adversaries of truth advantage against it or the friends of it: and praises sprang in my thankful heart to the Lord, my preserver."

After Ellwood's return to his father's house from his visit to the Penningtons, feeling the want of spiritual communion nearer home, he wrote a letter to a "friend" of the name of Low, who had an 'excellent ministerial gift,' and invited him to join a 'meeting' in his neighbourhood. This letter happened to be sent at the time that the infatuated Fifth-monarchy-men had just broken out under Venner, in a tumultuous manner, in London, and in consequence, since all dissenters were confounded by the sagacious government of the king (Charles, who was now restored,) the prisons were full of Quakers. Ellwood's letter fell into hands of the magistrates, and as his 'invitation to a meeting' appeared suspicious in their eyes, he was apprehended by a troop of horse, in his father's house. Here his first public trial commenced, and passed off without any very heavy suffering.

The magistrates shook their heads and said, 'it was dangerous to appoint meetings in such troublesome times.' They tendered the oath of allegiance to Ellwood, who, however, in common with his sect, would take no oath whatever. This placed the magistrates in a dilemma; for out of consideration to his father, who had been likewise on the bench, in the former times, they were inclined to deal leniently with the son. After a great deal of persuasion on their parts, and perseverance on his, they determined upon a middle measure between liberation and gaol. They put him under custody, in the house of a linen-draper at Oxford, where he was detained some time, and afterwards restored to his home.

He was, soon after, apprehended, at a meeting, at the house of his friend Pennington; but the magistrate, before whom the troopers took him and his friends, being a good-

XUM

natured person, and likewise very much puzzled about the form of the *mittimus*, let them off very easily.

Ellwood, finding that he had lost the little learning he had acquired at school, and feeling the want of it, began to apply himself, with great diligence, to study. He found that, solitary and unassisted, he did not make the progress he desired, and communicated his complaints, on this head, to his friend Pennington. This circumstance led to Ellwood's connection with Milton, the account of which forms the most interesting episode in his very instructive life. It occurred to Pennington, that the situation of John Milton's reader would afford his young friend, Ellwood, the means of instruction that he was in want of, and he set about to procure it for him.

"He had an intimate acquaintance with Dr. Paget, a physician of note, in London; and he with John Milton, a gentleman of great note for learning, throughout the learned world, for the accurate pieces he had written on various subjects and occasions.

"This person, having filled a public station in the former times, lived now a private and retired life, in London; and having wholly lost his sight, kept, always, a man to read to him; which, usually, was the son of some gentleman of his acquaintance, whom, in kindness, he took to improve his learning.

"Thus, by the mediation of my friend Isaac Pennington with Dr. Paget, and of Dr. Paget with John Milton, was I admitted to come to him; not as a servant to him, (which, at that time, he needed not,) nor to be in the house with him; but only to have the liberty of coming to his house, at certain hours, when I would, and to read to him what books he should appoint me; which was all the favour I desired.

"But this being a matter which would require some time to bring it about, I, in the mean while, returned to my father's house in Oxfordshire.

"I had, before, received direction, by letters, from my eldest sister, (written by my father's command,) to put off what cattle he had left about his house, and to discharge his servants, which I had done, at the time called Michaelmas, before; so that, all that winter, when I was at home, I lived like a hermit, all alone, having a pretty large house, and nobody in it but myself, at nights especially; but an elderly woman (whose father had been an old servant to the family,) came every morning, and made my bed, and did whatever else I had occasion for her to do, till I fell ill of the small-pox, and then I had her with me and the nurse. But now, understanding, by letter from my sister, that my father did not intend to return to settle there, I made off those provisions which were in the house, (that they might not be spoiled when I was gone, and because they were what I should have spent if I had tarried there.) I took the money made of them to myself, for my support at London, if the project succeeded for my going thither.

"This done, I committed the care of the house to a tenant of my father's, who lived in the town, and, taking leave of Crowell, went up to my sure friend, Isaac Pennington, again; where, understanding

that the mediation, used for my admittance to John Milton, had succeeded so well that I might come when I would, I hastened to London; and, in the first place, went to wait upon him.

"He received me courteously, as well for the sake of Dr. Paget, who introduced me, as of Isaac Pennington, who recommended me, to both of whom he bore a good respect; and, having inquired divers things of me, with respect to my former progressions in learning, he dismissed me, to provide myself of such accommodations as might be most suitable to my future studies.

I went, therefore, and took myself a lodging as near to his house (which was then in Jewin-street,) as conveniently I could; and, from thenceforward, went every day, in the afternoon, (except on the first days of the week,) and sitting by him, in his dining room, read to him such books, in the Latin tongue, as he pleased to hear me read.

"At my first sitting to read to him, observing that I used the English pronunciation, he told me, if I would have the benefit of the Latin tongue, (not only to read and understand Latin authors, but to converse with foreigners, either abroad or at home,) I must learn the foreign pronunciation. To this I consenting, he instructed me how to sound the vowels, so different from the common pronunciation used by the English, (who speak Anglice their Latin,) that (with some few other variations in sounding some consonants, in particular cases, as *C*, before *E* or *I*, like *Ch*; *Sc*, before *I*, like *Sh*; &c.) the Latin, thus spoken, seemed as different from that which was delivered as the English generally speak it, as if it was another language.

"I had, before, during my retired life at my father's, by unwearied diligence and industry, so far recovered the rules of grammar, (in which I had once been very ready,) that I could both read a Latin author, and, after a sort, hammer out his meaning. But this change of pronunciation proved a new difficulty to me. It was, now, harder to me to read, than it was, before, to understand when read. But

"Labor omnia vincit
Improbus."

Incessant pains
The end obtains.

"And so did I; which made my reading the more acceptable to my master. He, on the other hand, perceiving with what earnest desire I pursued learning, gave me not only all the encouragement, but all the help, he could; for, *having a curious ear*, he understood, by my tone, when I understood what I read, and when I did not; and, accordingly, would stop me, examine me, and open the most difficult passages to me.

Thus went I on, for about six weeks' time, reading to him in the afternoons, and exercising myself, with my own books, in my chamber, in the forenoons. I was sensible of an improvement.

"But, alas, I had fixed my studies in a wrong place. London and I could never agree, for health. My lungs (as I suppose,) were too tender to bear the sulphureous air of that city; so that I soon began to droop, and, in less than two months' time, I was fain to leave both

my studies and the city, and return into the country, to preserve life; and much ado I had to get thither."

When he recovered from his illness, he returned to London.

"I was very kindly received by my master, who had conceived so good an opinion of me, that my conversation (I found) was acceptable to him; and he seemed heartily glad of my recovery and return; and into our old method of study we fell again; I reading to him, and he explaining to me as occasion required."

This happy state of things did not long endure; for, on occasion of a supposed plot, the dissenting meetings were invaded, and all those found assembled were apprehended and imprisoned. The Dissenters, in general, were cunning enough to elude the searches of their enemies; but the Quakers, disdaining evasion or concealment, were nearly all seized, and the prison filled with Friends, the most innocent and upright class of Dissenters, who were least of all to be feared. On this occasion, Ellwood and his friends endured a long and painful imprisonment, first of all in Bridewell, and then in Newgate, from which they were removed back again to Bridewell, after some of their number had died of suffocation.

Of this imprisonment, Ellwood gives a very interesting account.

"It was (as I hinted before) a general storm which fell that day; but it lighted most, and most heavy, upon our meetings; so that most of our men-friends, were made prisoners, and the prisons generally filled. And great work had the women, to run about from prison to prison, to find their husbands, their fathers, their brothers, or their servants; for, accordingly as they had disposed themselves to several meetings, so they were dispersed to several prisons. And no less care and pains had they when they had found them, to furnish them with provisions, and other necessary accommodations.

"But an excellent order, even in those early days, was practised among the friends of that city; by which there were certain friends, of either sex, appointed to have the oversight of the prisons in every quarter; and to take care of all friends, the poor especially, that should be committed thither.

"This prison of Bridewell was under the care of two honest, grave, discreet, and motherly women; whose names were Anne Merrick, (afterwards Vivers) and Anne Travers, widows both.

"They, so soon as they understood that there were friends brought into that prison, provided some hot victuals, meat, and broth, (for the weather was cold;) and ordering their servants to bring it to them, with bread, cheese, and beer, came themselves also with it; and having placed it on a table, gave us notice, that it was provided for all those, that had not others to provide for them, or were not able to provide for themselves. And there wanted not among us a competent number of such guests.

" As for my part, though I had lived as frugally as possibly I could, that I might draw out the thread of my little stock to the utmost length, yet had I, by this time, reduced it to tenpence; which was all the money I had about me, or any where else at my command.

" This was but a small estate, to enter upon an imprisonment with: yet was I not at all discouraged at it; nor had I a murmuring thought. I had known what it was (moderately) to abound; and if I should now come to suffer want, I knew I ought to be content; and, through the grace of God, I was so. I had lived by Providence before (when, for a long time, I had no money at all;) and I had always found the Lord a good provider. I made no doubt, therefore, that He, who sent the ravens to feed Elijah, and who clothes the lilies, would find some means to sustain me, with needful food and raiment; and I had learned by experience the truth of that saying, *Natura paucis contenta;* i. e. Nature is content with few things, or a little.

" Although the sight and smell of hot food was sufficiently tempting to my empty stomach (for I had eaten little that morning, and was hungry,) yet, considering the terms of the invitation, I questioned whether I was included in it; and, after some reasonings, at length concluded, that while I had tenpence in my pocket, I should be but an injurious intruder to that mess, which was provided for such as, perhaps, had not two-pence in theirs.

" Being come to this resolution, I withdrew as far from the table as I could; and sat down in a quiet retirement of mind, till the repast was over, which was not long; for there were hands enough at it, to make light work of it.

" When evening came, the porter came up the back stairs, and opening the door, told us, if we desired to have any thing that was to be had in the house, he would bring it to us; for there was in the house a chandler's shop; at which beer, bread, butter, cheese, eggs, and bacon might be had for money. Upon which many went to him, and spake for what of these things they had a mind to.

" Among the rest went I, and (intending to spin out my tenpence as far as I could,) desired him to bring me a penny-loaf only. When he returned, we all resorted to him to receive our several provisions, which he delivered, and when he came to me, he told me he could not get a penny-loaf, but he had brought me two half-penny loaves.

" This suited me better: wherefore, returning to my place again, I sate down, and eat up one of my loaves; reserving the other for the next day.

" This was to me both dinner and supper. And so well satisfied was I with it, that I could willingly have gone to bed, if I had had one to go to: but that was not to be expected there; nor had any one any bedding brought in that night.

" Some of the company had been so considerate as to send for a pound of candles, that we might not sit all night in the dark: and having lighted divers of them, and placed them in several parts of that large room, we kept walking to keep us warm.

" After I had warmed myself pretty thoroughly, and the evening was pretty far spent, I bethought myself of a lodging; and casting

mine eye on the table, which stood in the bay-window, the frame whereof looked, I thought, some what like a bed-stead. Wherefore, willing to make sure of that, I gathered up a good armful of rushes, wherewith the floor was covered: and spreading them under that table, crept in upon them in my clothes: and keeping on my hat, laid my head upon one end of the table's frame, instead of a bolster.

"My example was followed by the rest, who, gathering up rushes, as I had done, made themselves beds in other parts of the room: and so to rest we went. I, having a quiet, easy mind, was soon asleep, and slept till about the middle of the night. And then waking, finding my legs and feet very cold, I crept out of my cabin and began to walk about apace.

"This waked and raised all the rest; who, finding themselves cold as well as I, got up and walked about with me, till we had pretty well warmed ourselves: and then we lay down again and rested till morning.

"Next day, all they who had families, or belonged to families, had bedding brought in, of one sort or other; which they disposed at the ends and sides of the room, leaving the middle void to walk in,

"But I, who had nobody to look after me, kept to my rushy pallet under the table, for four nights together, in which time I did not put off my clothes; yet, through the merciful goodness of God unto me, I rested and slept well, and enjoyed health without taking cold.

"In this time divers of our company, through the solicitations of some of their relations or acquaintance to Sir Richard Brown (who was, at that time, a great master of misrule in the city, and over Bridewell more especially,) were released; and among these, one William Mucklow, who lay in a hammock. He, having observed that I only was unprovided of lodging, came very courteously to me, and kindly offered me the use of his hammock while I should continue a prisoner.

"This was a providential accommodation to me; which I received thankfully both from the Lord and from him, and, from thenceforth, I thought I lay as well as ever I had done in my life.

"Amongst those that remained, there were several young men, who cast themselves into a club; and laying down every one an equal proportion of money, put it into the hand of our friend Anne Travers; desiring her to lay it out for them in provisions, and send them in, every day, a mess of hot meat; and they kindly invited me to come into their club with them. These saw my person, and judged of me by that; but they saw not the lightness of my purse, nor understood the lightness of my pocket. But I, who alone understood my own condition, knew I must sit down with lower commons. Wherefore, not giving them the true reason, I, as fairly as I could, excused myself from entering at present into their mess; and went on, as before, to eat by myself, and that very sparingly, as my stock would bear. And before my ten-pence was quite spent, Providence, on whom I relied, sent me in a fresh supply.

"For William Pennington (a brother of Isaac Pennington's) a friend and merchant in London (at whose house, before I came to live in the city, I was wont to lodge) having been at his brother's that day upon a visit, escaped this storm, and so was at liberty; and under-

standing, when he came back, what had been done, bethought himself of me; and upon inquiry, hearing where I was, came in love to see me.

"He, in discourse, amongst other things, asked me, how it was with me as to money? and how well I was furnished? I told him, I could not boast of much: and yet I could not say I had none (though what I then had was, indeed, next to none.) Whereupon he put twenty shillings into my hand; and desired me to accept of that for the present. I saw a divine hand in thus opening his heart and hand to me. And though I would willingly have been excused from taking so much, and would have returned one half of it, yet he pressing it all upon me, I received it with a thankful acknowledgment, as a token of love from the Lord, and from him.

"On the seventh day, he went down again (as he usually did) to his brother's house at Chalfont, and in discourse gave them an account of my imprisonment. Whereupon, at his return, on the second day of the week, my affectionate friend, Mary Pennington, sent to me by him forty shillings; which he soon after brought me; out of which I would have repaid him the twenty shillings, he had so kindly furnished me with; but he would not admit it, telling me, I might have occasion for that, and more, before I got my liberty.

"Not many days after this, I received twenty shillings from my father; who, being then at his house in Oxfordshire, and, by letter from my sister, understanding that I was a prisoner in Bridewell, sent this money to me for my support there; and, withal, a letter to my sister, for her to deliver to one called Mr. Wray (who lived near Bridewell, and was a servant to Sir Richard Brown, in some wharf of his,) requesting him to intercede with his master (who was one of the governors of Bridewell,) for my deliverance. But that letter coming to my hands, I suppressed it, and have it yet by me.

"Now was my pocket, from the lowest ebb, risen to full tide. I was at the brink of want, next door to nothing; yet my confidence did not fail nor my faith stagger: and now, on a sudden, I had plentiful supplies, shower upon shower, so that I abounded, yet was not lifted up; but in humility could say, This is the Lord's doing; and, without defrauding any of the instruments of the acknowledgments due to them, mine eye looked over and beyond them, to the Lord, who, I saw, was the author thereof and prime agent therein; and, with a thankful heart, I returned thanksgivings and praises to Him. And this great goodness of the Lord to me, I thus record, to the end that all into whose hands this may come, may be encouraged to trust in the Lord, whose mercy is over all his works, and who is indeed a God near at hand, to help in the needful time.

"Now I durst venture myself into the club, to which I had been invited; and, accordingly, (having, by this time, gained an acquaintance with them,) took an opportunity to cast myself among them; and thenceforward, so long as we continued prisoners there together, I was one of their mess.

"And, now, the chief thing I wanted was employment, which scarce any wanted but myself; for the rest of my company were, generally, tradesmen, of such trades as could set themselves to work. Of

these, divers were tailors,—some masters, some journeymen; and with these I felt most inclined to settle. But, because I was too much a novice in their art, to be trusted with their work, lest I should spoil the garment, I got work from an hosier in Cheapside, which was to make night-waistcoats, of red and yellow flannel, for women and children. And with this I entered myself among the tailors, sitting cross-legged, as they did; and so spent those leisure hours, with innocency and pleasure, which want of business would have made tedious. And, indeed, that was, in a manner, the only advantage I had by it; for my master (though a wealthy man, and one who professed not only friendship, but particular kindness to me,) dealt, I thought, but hardly with me; for (though he knew not what I had to subsist by,) he never offered me a penny for my work, till I had done working for him, and went, (after I was released,) to give him a visit; and then he would not reckon with me neither, because, (as he smilingly said,) he would not let me so far into his trade as to acquaint me with the prices of his work, but he would be sure to give me enough." And, thereupon, he gave me one crown-piece, and no more; though I had wrought long for him, and had made him many dozens of waistcoats, and bought the thread myself, which, I thought, was very poor pay. But, as Providence had ordered it, I wanted the work more than the wages, and, therefore, took what he gave me, without complaining."

After these unfortunate men had been detained in prison about two months, they were had up at the sessions, when, refusing to take any oath, the oath of allegiance being tendered, they were all sent off to Newgate. In this place, they were all inhumanly crowded into one room. Ellwood thus describes the way in which they managed to dispose themselves for sleeping:

"But, in the night, we all lodged in one room, which was large and round, having, in the middle of it, a great pillar of oaken timber, which bore up the chapel that is over it.

"To this pillar we fastened our hammocks at the one end, and to the opposite wall on the other end, quite round the room, and in three degrees, or three stories high, one over the other; so that they who lay in the upper and middle row of hammocks were obliged to go to bed first, because they were to climb into the higher, by getting into the lower. And, under the lower rank of hammocks, by the wall sides, were laid beds, upon the floor, in which the sick, and such persons as could not get into the hammocks, lay. And, indeed, though the room was large and pretty airy, yet the breath and steam that came from so many bodies, of different ages, conditions, and constitutions, packed up so close together, was enough to cause sickness amongst us, and I believe it did so; for there were many sick, and some very weak. Though we were not long there, yet, in that time, one of our fellow prisoners, who lay in one of those pallet beds, died."

The inquest on this death was the cause of their condition becoming known, and of their subsequent removal to their old

quarters. A curious testimony to the honour and truth of the Quakers was here given by the gaolers of the prison. When they desired to transfer them from Newgate to Bridewell, they merely took their word that they would go, and they went without a keeper.

"For having (as I hinted before,) made up our packs, and taken leave of our friends, whom I was to leave behind, we took up our bundles on our shoulders, and walked, two and two abreast, through the Old Bailey, into Fleet-street, and so to Old Bridewell. And, it being about the middle of the afternoon, and the streets pretty full of people, both the shopkeepers, at their doors, and passengers, in the way, would stop us, and ask us what we were, and whither we were going; and when we had told them we were prisoners, going from one prison to another (from Newgate to Bridewell,) 'What,' said they, 'without a keeper?'—'No,' said we, 'for our word, which we have given, is our keeper.' Some, thereupon, would advise us not to go to prison, but to go home. But we told them we would not do so: we could suffer for our testimony, but could not fly from it. I do not remember we had any abuse offered us, but were generally pitied by the people."

Some curious passages occur respecting the condition of Newgate at that time, but, as our quotations have been already so copious, these, and many other interesting parts of his life, we are compelled to omit. After some months' further confinement, the prisoners were called to the bar, and, without further question, discharged. On Ellwood's discharge, he became the tutor of his friend's, Isaac Pennington's, children, which office he filled till his marriage. The history of this interval is filled up by various anecdotes, and by narratives of inhuman treatment and persecution on the part of the time. We have only room for one passage, respecting our great poet.

"Some little time before I went to Aylesbury prison, I was desired by my quondam master, Milton, to take a house for him, in the neighbourhood where I dwelt, that he might get out of the city, for the safety of himself and his family; the pestilence, then growing hot in London. I took a pretty box for him in Giles Chalfont, a mile from me, of which I gave him notice, and intended to have waited on him, and seen him well settled in it, but was prevented by that imprisonment.

"But, now, being released, and returned home, I soon made a visit to him, to welcome him into the country.

After some common discourses had passed between us, he called for a manuscript of his, which, being brought, he delivered to me, bidding me to take it home with me, and read it at my leisure, and, when I had so done, return it to him, with my judgment thereupon.

"When I came home, and had set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent poem, which he entituled '*Paradise Lost*.' After I had, with the utmost attention, read it through, I made him another

visit, and returned him his book, with due acknowledgment for the favor he had done me, in communicating it to me. He asked me how I liked it, and what I thought of it, which I modestly, but freely, told him; and, after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him, 'Thou hast said much here of *Paradise Lost;* but what hast thou to say of *Paradise Found?* He made me no answer, but sate, some time, in a muse; then brake off that discourse, and fell upon another subject.

"After the sickness was over, and the city well cleansed, and become safely habitable again, he returned thither; and when, afterwards, I went to wait on him there, (which I seldom failed of doing, whenever my occasions drew me to London,) he showed me his second poem, called '*Paradise Regained,*' and, in a pleasant tone, said to me, 'This is owing to you, for you put it into my head at Chalfont; which, before, I had not thought of.'"

It was during this interval that he met with the founder of his sect, George Fox, or G. F. as he was always styled, without further explanation. G. F. was moved of the Lord to travel from county to county, to advise and encourage friends to set monthly and quarterly meetings. In this goodly work he was assisted by Ellwood. After this, he commenced his courtship, and a most characteristic one it is.

"The object of this affection was a friend, (whose name was Mary Ellis,) whom, for divers years, I had had an acquaintance with, in the way of common friendship only, and in whom I thought I then saw those fair prints of truth and solid virtue, which I afterwards found, in a sublime degree, in her; but what her condition in the world was, as to estate, I was wholly a stranger to, nor desired to know.

"I had once, a year or two before, had an opportunity to do her a small piece of service, which she wanted some assistance in; wherein I acted with all sincerity and freedom of mind, not expecting or desiring any advantage by her, or reward from her, being very well satisfied in the act itself, that I had served a friend, and helped the helpless.

"That little intercourse of common kindness between us ended, without the least thought, (I am verily persuaded, on her part—well assured on mine own,) of any other or further relation than that of free and fair friendship; nor did it, at that time, lead us into any closer conversation, or more intimate acquaintance, one with another, than had been before.

"But, some time (and that a good while,) after, I found my heart secretly drawn, and inclining towards her; yet was I not hasty in proposing, but waited to feel a satisfactory settlement of mind therein, before I made any step thereto.

"After some time, I took an opportunity to open my mind therein unto my much honoured friends, Isaac and Mary Pennington, who then stood *in parentum loco,* in the place or stead of parent, to me. They, having solemnly weighed the matter, expressed their unanimity therewith; and, indeed, their approbation thereof was no small confirmation

to me therein. Yet took I further deliberation; often retiring, in spirit, to the Lord, and crying to him for direction, before I addressed myself to her. At length, as I was sitting, all alone, waiting upon the Lord for counsel and guidance in this (in itself, and) to me, so important affair, I felt a word sweetly rise in me, as if I heard a voice, which said, 'Go, and prevail.' And faith springing in my heart with the word, I immediately arose and went, nothing doubting.

"When I was come to her lodgings (which were about a mile from me,) her maid told me that she was in her chamber, (for having been under some indisposition of body, which had obliged her to keep her chamber, she had not yet left it;) wherefore I desired the maid to acquaint her mistress that I was come to give her a visit; whereupon I was invited to go up to her, and, after some little time spent in common conversation, feeling my spirit weightily concerned, I solemnly opened my mind unto her, with respect to the particular business I came about, which I soon perceived was a great surprisal to her; for she had taken in an apprehension, (as others, also, had done,) that mine eye had been fixed elsewhere, and nearer home.

"I used not many words to her: but I felt a divine power went along with the words, and fixed the matter expressed by them so fast in her breast, that (as she afterwards acknowledged to me) she could not shut it out.

"I made, at that time, but a short visit; for, having told her I did not expect an answer from her now, but desired that she would, in the most solemn manner, weigh the proposal made, and, in due time, give me such an answer thereunto as the Lord should give her, I took my leave of her, and departed; leaving the issue to the Lord.

"I had a journey then at hand, which, I foresaw, would take me up about two weeks' time. Wherefore, the day before I was to set out, I went to visit her again, to acquaint her with my journey, and excuse my absence; not yet pressing her for an answer, but assuring her, that I felt in myself an increase of affection to her, and hoped to receive a suitable return from her in the Lord's time; to whom, in the mean time, I committed both her, myself, and the concern between us. And, indeed, I found, on my return, that I could not have left it in a better hand: for the Lord had been my advocate in my absence, and had so far answered all her objections, that, when I came to her again, *she rather acquainted me with them than urged them.*

"From that time forwards, we entertained each other with affectionate kindness, in order to marriage; which yet we did not hasten to, but went on deliberately. Neither did I use those vulgar ways of courtship, by making frequent and rich presents; not only for that my outward condition would not comport with the expense; but because I liked not to obtain, by such means, but preferred an unbribed affection."

When he returned from his journey, the business was quickly and happily concluded:—

"From that time forward, I continued my visits to my best beloved friend, until we were married; which was on the 28th day of

the eighth month (called October,) in the year 1669. We took each other to a select meeting of the ancient and grave friends of that country, holden in a friend's house, where, in those times, not only the monthly meeting for business, but the public meeting for worship, was sometimes kept. A very solemn meeting it was, and in a weighty frame of spirit we were; in which we sensibly felt the Lord with us, and joining us: the sense whereof remained with us all our lifetime; and was of good service, and very comfortable to us on all occasions."

The marriage, contracted in so sober and rational a manner, was attended by the happiness and domestic comfort that might have been anticipated. His wife appears to have possessed property; at any rate, Ellwood spent the remainder of his life in easy circumstances. When more quiet and secure times had come in with the Revolution, he seems to have devoted himself to the controversial study and explanation of the doctrines of his sect; and, in defence of his opinion, to have maintained many a well contested wordy war. He was early drawn into print, and the composition and publication of pamphlets on religious topics appear to have been the chief amusement and solace of his life. Not that he did not engage in more weighty studies, for we are indebted to him for a very excellent history of the Bible, and he moreover superintended the publication of the Life of Fox. At the end of this Life, which, as respects Ellwood's latter years, is continued by a friend, we find a voluminous list of Ellwood's writings, both those printed, and those which remain, or were left by him, in manuscript. Ellwood died at the very advanced age of seventy-four, preserving, to the last moment, his intellects, his most amiable disposition, and the respect of all who knew him. The following passage gives an interesting summary of his character:

"He lived many years (if not most of his time, after he was married,) at Hunger-Hill, in the parish of Agmondersham, alias, Amersham, in Buckinghamshire, (though his house stood in Hartfordshire, as aforesaid,) where the monthly meetings of men and women were constantly kept, for that part of the county of Bucks; wherein he was very serviceable in writing, advising, and exhorting to keep all things well, and in good order, according to truth, and the testimony thereof; and had a peculiar gift for government in the church, and ordering things in monthly and quarterly meetings; and used to come up constantly to the yearly meeting at London, and was very serviceable therein; not only by his grave counsel and advice, but also in reading and writing on occasion, especially in difficult matters. He had a singular talent in indicting and composing of things, epistles and papers, beyond many; so that I must needs say, he was an ornament to the meeting, and will be much missed therein, and many other ways. His wife died about five years before him,

being a solid weighty woman, who had a public testimony for the Lord and his truth, in meetings; and therefore the greater loss to him and friends. And for himself, he lived a private retired life, not concerning himself with much business in the world, but gave himself much to reading and writing, and lived in good repute among friends, and all sorts of people, as far as I heard of, to a pretty good age; but bore his health very well, being of a regular life and healthy constitution; only, in his latter years, was somewhat troubled, at times, with an asthma. And, at last, he was taken ill of a palsy, the 23d day of the second month, 1713, which he bore with great patience and resignation; an account of which, and his dying words, I leave to them who were with him in the time of his sickness, the eighth day of which he departed this life, the 1st of the third month, in the seventy-fourth year of his age: *having served his generation according to the will of God*, he fell asleep, and was honourably buried the second day following, being the fourth of the third month: being accompanied from his own house by a great many friends and others, to the meeting house at Jordan's, (the meeting he belonged to,) and interred in the burying-ground there, where was a very large meeting, and great appearance of friends and others, several public friends being there from London and other parts; and divers living testimonies borne to the truth he lived and died in, in a living remembrance of him, and his services in the church. A man of a comely aspect, of a free and generous disposition, of a courteous and affable temper, and pleasant conversation; a gentleman born and bred; a scholar, a true Christian, an eminent author, a good neighbour, and kind friend; whose loss is much lamented, and will be much missed at home and abroad. The Lord (if it be his will) raise up many more such pillars, elders, and overseers of his flock, (as watchmen upon Sion's walls,) for his honour, and the benefit of his church and people; saith my soul, Amen.

J. W.

London, the 30th of the
ninth month, 1713."

The writer, whom we have just quoted, refers to an interesting sketch of the closing scenes of this worthy and exemplary man, by George Bowles, which is prefixed to the volume. The following is an extract from it, and with it we close our account of this very curious and instructive work.

"When I first came to him, which was soon after I heard of his being taken ill, which was the 24th day of the second month, I found him very much disabled by the distemper, which was thought to be a palsy, which had seized him, especially on his right side, so that he could not stand alone, nor help himself, but a little with his left hand; and his speech was also very much interrupted, insomuch that it was with great difficulty, for the most part, that he expressed himself so as to be understood. Some time after I came to him, there being also other friends with him, we sate down together under a mighty exercise of spirit, waiting upon the Lord in deep silence, with our eye

to him; it pleased the Lord eminently to appear amongst us, and to fill our hearts with the refreshing streams of his divine love, and to open the mouth of one of us in prayer and supplication; and the Lord was graciously pleased abundantly to replenish our spirits to our mutual comfort, in a living sense of divine goodness; and this our dear friend expressed himself in great tenderness and brokenness of spirit, on this wise, I am sensibly comforted and refreshed in this visit; and that afternoon, he, fixing his eyes upon me, with great earnestness of spirit, expressed, as well as he could at that time, a great concern that was upon his mind for truth, and the friends of it, in divers particulars: especially in relation to our monthly and quarterly meetings, the writings of both which had been under his care for more than forty years: after which he was much eased in his spirit, and so continued to the last, so far as I perceived; often saying, when asked how he did, 'I am easy, I am quiet.' And he was often very tender in his spirit, expressing his resignation to the will of God, whether in life or death, saying, 'If the Lord hath no more work for me to do, I am content and resigned to his will; and my hearty farewell to all my brethren.' And, at another time, nearer his end, he said to us present, in much brokenness of heart, 'I am full of joy and peace, my spirit is filled with joy;' or to this effect: for, by reason that his speech was so weakened, several things could not be so well collected, which he at times spoke, in a tender sense of the Lord's goodness; the sense of which deeply affected some of us who were with him, and my heart is sorrowfully affected at this time, in a sense of the great loss which the church of Christ (in these parts especially) hath by his removal. But in this I am comforted in a living sense of the Lord's mercy and goodness towards him, in carrying him through his affliction in great patience and quietness, under which he was sweetly refreshed by the streams of divine love, and his cup was often made to overflow: and we who were present, being touched with a sense thereof, were comforted therein, being in a travail of spirit for him, and did in our measures truly sympathize with him under his affliction, and I am fully satisfied that he laid down his head in peace with the Lord, and is gathered to his everlasting rest."

ART. VIII.—*Mémoires de Messire Roger de Rabutin, Comte de Bussy, Lieutenant-General des Armées du Roi, et Mestre de Camp General de la Cavalerie Légère.* 1711.

Those who are in love with absolute monarchy—those who envy the life of a courtier, or court the favour of princes, may find useful lessons in the work before us. They may see what gratitude, what justice, is to be expected from despotic kings; for though, in fact, to us, the injuries and insults heaped upon

their most servile instruments, may appear the appropriate return, yet, to blind and abject loyalty, services of whatever nature, rendered to a sovereign, are qualified as acts of duty, and merit honours and rewards. They will see that this boasted sense of noble descent generally raises its possessor, in his own estimation, just high enough to make him the insolent tyrant of those beneath him; while he is content to crawl at the feet of those who can put him in possession of more of the means of domination;—they will see, a man of high descent, of wit, gallantry, and military courage,—a man, who was ready to incur any danger, to acquire, or to defend, the so-called honour of absolute monarchies, grovelling in tears, in every pitiable attitude of self-degradation, before another man, from whom he believed himself to have received nothing but injurious treatment. Such was the brave, the noble, and accomplished cavalier of France, in the 17th century. It is curious to observe how far a perverted public opinion contributes to the formation of this character. Reputation was to be lost, by refusing to run any gratuitous and senseless risk, if it was proposed *as a frolic* by others: reputation was to be lost, by refusing to hazard life and limb in the absurd squabbles of other and indifferent men. Here, therefore, courage was never wanting; but no reputation was to be lost among those with whom every servile humiliation, every intrigue, every sycophantic trick of mental prostration, was honourable, provided it led to *honours*, i. e. to the attainment of the means of plundering and oppressing the people, the *bas peuple*, by the total want of that dignity and courage, which sustains a noble spirit under injustice and oppression. Of this sort of courage—the courage of a conscientious citizen, there was, consequently, little or none, and the brave soldier sunk under the frowns of a tyrant, a minister, or a mistress; or the slights of the creatures who smiled and frowned at their bidding.

We have been led, perhaps, too far into these general reflections, by the melancholy contrast exhibited between the brilliant opening of the life of the hero of these memoirs—high-born, handsome, witty, brave, early entrusted with high military command, aspiring to, and expecting the most distinguished honours; with the disappointed hopes, the betrayed friendships, the unrequited services, the humiliations, the oppressions, the tedious imprisonment, and denial of justice, which form a nearly uninterrupted series of mortification and misfortune, during the whole of the maturer part of his life.

The importance of good political institutions to all classes of society, cannot, however, be too frequently pointed out; and if, from the contested succession to the throne of England, and from other circumstances, our nobility have never sunk

into this state of dependance on the crown, and into the consequent necessity of supporting its pretensions, and its splendour, by draining and trampling on the people; if our insular position, and the commercial spirit to which it gave rise, have, in their turn, controlled their power, let us not shut our eyes against the true nature and end of arbitrary government, when not checked by some counteracting powers.

Roger de Rabutin, Comte de Bussy, was born in the year 1618, of one of the most ancient families of France. He was, at first, destined to become a knight of Malta; but, on the death of his four brothers successively, his career was changed, and his father, having raised a regiment, in 1634, to assist Louis XIII., "à reduire dans leur devoir les Huguenots de Languedoc," gave him a company. It is no part of our purpose to follow him through the details of military operations, of which his memoirs, in great measure, consist. They are, to those who have lived to see the gigantic operations of our days, sufficiently trivial and tedious. We believe, we shall be doing a kindness to those who might be repelled by the aspect of the book, in selecting some of the very curious and characteristic anecdotes which are scattered through it. Among these, amours and duels are, during the early part of his life, the most remarkable and amusing. We must, however, extract one adventure, which savours neither of love nor chivalry.

"At the end of this campaign, my father fell ill at Amiens, and believing himself at the point of death, he sent for me, to give me some excellent advice as to my future conduct. It was all directed to three points:—the first, the fear of God; the second, the preservation of honour rather than life; the third, the service of the king. He strongly urged me to live on good terms with my mother, and told me, that we should find exact accounts of all his affairs, and that there was only one thing which he had not in writing, which was, a deposit of three thousand pistoles he had intrusted to Guenaut, a physician and friend of his; that he had no note of this, but that Guenaut was an honest man, and would not deny it: after this, he gave me his blessing. He did not die, however, and, in a few days, recovered his strength sufficiently to go to Paris in his carriage, whither he took me with him."

His father leaves him at Paris, as his representative in a family affair.

"I did not, however, leave Paris as soon as it was concluded, as my father desired me. I was detained by a little dissipation; and, as I was soon in want of money, necessity, the mother of invention, suggested to me what my father had told me at Amiens; and, without reflecting on the consequences of his resentment, I wrote a note to

Guenaut, informing him that my father had left me at Paris on business, and had desired me to take money of him when I wanted it, as he had three thousand pistoles of his in his hands. Guenaut, who did not imagine that my father could have entrusted me with a secret only known to themselves, except for the reason alleged, made no difficulty of sending me the money; but, as I did not husband it, I soon drew three hundred pistoles. This excited his suspicions, and he wrote to my father to know what his intentions were."

Bussy was, of course, discovered; and, after being in disgrace for three months, was restored to favour, and sent by his father into Nivernois, to collect his regiment.

In 1638, his father, in disgust at fortune, and at some injustice he had received from Cardinal Richelieu, "le supplioit très humblement," to let him resign the command of his regiment to his son, who was accordingly made Mestre de Camp d'Infanterie.

His first duel contains some very curious illustrations of the singular mixture of courtesy and ferocity, produced by the code of honour then in force.

"After I had been some time at Paris, as I was one day coming out of the Comédie à l'Hotel de Bourgogne with one of my friends, a young Gascon gentleman of family, named Busc, son to a captain of the regiment de Navarre, took me aside, and asked me whether it was true, that the Count de Tianges, my father's cousin-germain, had said, that he was a drunkard, and his younger brother a madman. I said, that I saw so little of the Count de Tianges, that I really could not tell what he said. He replied, that he was my uncle, and that as he could not demand an explanation from him, in consequence of his never stirring out of his province, he applied to me. 'Oh,' said I, 'if you wish me to answer for him, I will tell you at once, that whoever puts words of that sort into his mouth, lies.' 'It is my brother,' said he, 'who is quite a boy.' 'You must whip him, then,' said I: 'however, he lies like a man;' and at these words we both drew our swords. He had only one friend with him, and I had four, and others, who heard my name, soon joined us, and placed themselves near me, sword in hand. I begged them to let me alone, and advanced upon Busc, who retreated so quickly, the whole length of the street, that I could scarcely overtake him. This gave me a bad opinion of him: he was very brave, however; but he was alarmed at the number of my friends, as he did not know that I should not avail myself of their help. At last, having driven him more than a hundred paces, I retired, insulting him aloud, and sent Rigni, a captain of my regiment, to ask his address. He told him; but as the name of the street was an extraordinary one, Rigni forgot it, so that (I having changed my lodging) we were two days seeking each other in vain. On the third, a gentleman, whom I did not know, and whose name I do not recollect, called on me, and told me, that having heard I had a quarrel with Busc, and was in search of him, he came to offer to

inform me where he was to be found, if I would accept his services; and that, as he knew us both only by reputation, he wished to serve me. I thanked him warmly for this mark of his friendship; but begged him to consider that I had already four friends with me; that it would be a battle if I accepted the honour he was so good as to design me, but that I was under the same obligation to him as if I availed myself of his services. He appeared satisfied with my reasons. 'And since, sir,' said he, 'I cannot be on your side, you will not take it ill that I offer my services to M. de Busc, and tell him where he may find you.' I liked this gentleman's conduct: we embraced, and in a short time, I saw Busc pass my lodgings in a carriage with four men, among whom was my adventurer. I followed them on horseback, with my friends, as far as Bourg-la-Reine, where we were all choosing a place to fight in, when we saw a cavalier coming towards us full gallop, and shouting as far as he could be heard, 'Stop, gentlemen, stop!' It was l'Aigue, who, having heard of the quarrel, came to serve Busc. As he had now a man more than I, we all agreed to send one of my friends to Paris to look for one, and, in the meanwhile, to go to a tavern at Bourg-la-Reine, and have a collation. My friend, not knowing where to find one, as nobody is at home after dinner unless he is ill, placed himself on the Pont-Neuf, and before he had been there a quarter of an hour, he saw one of the king's body guard, whom he did not know. He accosted him, and told him the difficulty I was in for want of a friend to assist me in deciding an affair, and that, from his appearance, he judged that he would not refuse such an office, nor such a man. The mousquetaire thanked him for his good opinion, and got up behind him. As it was late when they left Paris, they lost their way, and took a wrong road; so that, night coming on, without any tidings of my friend, we resolved to return into the town, where we should be less liable to be arrested than at Bourg-la-Reine. At this moment, as Busc and I were alone together, he proposed to me to get rid of my friends, that he would do the same, and that we would meet on the morrow at the Barrières du Louvre; 'because,' said he, 'it is very improbable that we shall have decided our combat first, and we shall not be satisfied if we were separated.' I assented, and we agreed to meet the next day, at eight in the morning, with only a laquey each.

"We met accordingly, and went into the road to Vanvre, and, as the sun was in Busc's eyes, standing along the road, he placed himself with his back to a ditch which divided the road from a field, so that I was obliged to turn, too, and to place myself with my back to a bank on the other side of the road. At the second thrust I pierced him in the lungs, and, as I pressed forward upon him, I wished to put an end to the business, and forgot the bank, so that I fell backwards. Busc, who felt himself badly wounded, rushed upon me, calling out to me to ask for my life, and, at the same time, trying to plunge his sword into my body, but I eluded the stroke, and the sword only grazed my ribs, and entered the ground. I was so afraid that he would repeat it, that I seized the sword by the blade: he snatched it from me, cutting my fingers and my thumb, and presenting it to my

throat, he made me give up my own. We both rose: he fell down on the other side, vomiting a quantity of blood; and, thinking him dead, I took his sword and my own, and went into the Hotel de Condé. Prince Henry de Bourbon was not there then, but Isabelle de Montmorenci, his wife, and Isabelle de Bourbon, his daughter, afterwards Duchess de Longueville, received me with great attention and caresses. As for Busc, his servant went to inform one of his friends, of the state he was in. This gentleman conveyed him to the house of Henry de Lorraine, Count d'Harcourt, who sent his compliments to me, and a sort of apology for receiving a man into his house who had fought me, but that he thought me sufficiently generous to afford him a retreat myself. I received this compliment with many thanks, and sent back Busc's sword, with an account of the whole transaction. I never saw him after; for he lived only six months after receiving that wound."

His *debut* as a man of gallantry, at the age of sixteen, displays a great hardness of heart, and disregard for the happiness and reputation of others. The satisfaction with which he mentions that an innocent bourgeoise girl bore the suspicions excited by his absence from quarters at night, during his amour with a widow of quality, is one among innumerable proofs of the justice and honour which generally characterize the conduct of men towards those who, by nature and education, are disqualified from inspiring fear.

"There was at that time, at Guise, a young lady of quality, a very handsome brunette, and five or six very pretty girls, belonging to the town; if I had known any thing of life, at that time, I should have attached myself at once to the widow, for a thousand reasons; but my extreme youth made me afraid of her, so that I preferred gallanting one of the young ladies. It is true, that her bashfulness and mine were so great, (for we were very young and very foolish) that I at length got tired of the affair, and ventured to raise my eyes to the widow of quality. She was not quite so shamefaced as the little *bourgeoise*, and it was well for me that she was not, for I had so ridiculous an idea of the respect due to women; I was so persuaded that, before one could obtain the love of a lady of quality, one must sigh, weep, supplicate, and write; that as I had done nothing of all this, I thought myself undeserving of any favour."

The lady takes care to remove these impressions.

"The delight I felt at my conquest, was beyond conception, for not only was my mistress very handsome, but it appeared to me, that I must have some extraordinary merit to oblige a woman of condition to take such steps as she had taken for me. I had not loved her much till then, but finding her mind no less agreeable than her person, love, contrary to custom, came after possession. The first impression that I had given of my attachment to the little *bourgeoise* saved the widow

for some time, and when it was perceived that I passed the night out of my own house, *it was placed to the account of the young lady;* nevertheless, some people had doubts of this, and knew not what to think."

The Count de Quincé, governor of the town, to come at this important fact, gives an alarm in the night, hoping to draw Bussy from his hiding place. This scheme, however, does not succeed.

"Nevertheless, my enjoyments were embittered, for I received so many marks of devoted attention, and extraordinary love, from my mistress, *that it excited in my mind some reflections to her disadvantage.* I thought that as I was of such great importance to her, she ought not to be of much to me; and, forgetting her beauty, her wit, and her rank, her extreme passion for me, which ought to have increased mine, diminished it. When things come to this pass between two lovers, they give each other great pain, and had better part, by mutual consent; but that never happens, because the one who loves the most, always hopes to revive the passion of the other. When the marks of a violent passion do not give the most intense pleasure to him who receives them, they give the most intense pain; they are great obligations, or heavy burthens."

This is all common enough, and, perhaps, inevitable; but the manner of his desertion of this unhappy woman is unusually hard.

"Winter quarters now arrived, and my regiment being ordered to go into garrison, in Champagne, my mistress was in despair; she wanted to follow me; and when I represented to her the injury she would do herself, she told me she had rather injure her reputation than die of grief; I told her, I was going to my father's house: she proposed to attend me as a page; I told her that would certainly be discovered, and that it would end in her relations sending her to a convent. All these arguments did not put an end to her design of following me, when, *happily for me*, she was seized with a fever: I was, however, touched at this, and having let my regiment go, I staid behind at Guise for eight days, to see what would become of her: she fell into a state of delirium, and, on the ninth day, *as the physicians despaired of her life, I set out for Champagne.* A fortnight after, I received a letter from her, by one of her lacqueys, which I kept above two years, but which I burnt at last, because I could not read it without being too much affected. In my life I never saw any thing at once so tender and so well written; she told me, among other things, that, believing herself to be dying, she had disinherited her brother, to give the property to me; that she extremely wished I had actually received this proof of her love, since it would have also been a proof of her death, which, next to my love, she desired more passionately than any thing in the world. I wept much, on reading her letter: I told

her what grief I felt at her grief, but I did not delude her with false hopes; and unless I had told her brutally that I loved her no longer, it was impossible to flatter her less than I did."

His next adventure is of a less tragical cast. The lady was of the material fitted for the sort of intercourse from which both parties seek nothing beyond amusement; they met upon equal terms.

"At length I arrived with two regiments at Moulins, whither a young Countess came, as she said, to see a sister of hers who was a nun; but, in fact, to amuse herself. As good fortune would have it, she lodged in the front part of the house of which I occupied the back, for, if she had been at a little distance, I should, probably, never have known her. Two days elapsed before I condescended to see her, though we were in the same house; at length Beauvoir Dunflun, my relation and friend, who had been with me three weeks, and who knew the lady, reproached me for my incivility in suffering a woman of her quality to be so near me without paying her a visit. I told him, by way of excuse, that I wished to go very shortly into Burgundy; that, from the description he gave of the lady, I might fall in love with her, and that I should be glad to avoid engaging myself in a passion when I had other things to do. 'No, no,' said Beauvoir, 'you will not fall in love, I answer for it; and, at all events, a passion of a day will be cured by an absence of four and twenty hours.' I went to see her, therefore, on my friend's word, and told her, laughing, what had deterred me from paying her a visit till then: she replied, that I had nothing to fear; and when I was about to leave her room, 'I must confess to you, Sir,' said she, 'that, before I saw you, I imagined you were a savage, whom it was impossible to tame, but I am undeceived now, and I have no doubt that you, on the other hand, find that I am not so dangerous as you imagined.' 'You are so much so, Madam,' replied I, 'that there's an end to my journey into Burgundy.'"

After a little coolness, caused by the misrepresentations of a rival, he makes his peace in the following manner:

"The next day, the Countess being ready to step into her carriage, Beauvoir and I went to take leave of her. I said, in handing her in, that, if she would allow us, my cousin and I would escort her a league or two from Moulins, for fear she might meet some of our soldiers, who might rob her. 'You will do me a great kindness, Sir,' said she, 'if you will take that trouble.' She had no sooner uttered these words, than Beauvoir and I jumped into the carriage, in the place of two gentlemen of hers, who got upon horses I had ready for that purpose."

He finds the Countess so placable that he forgets to take leave of her, and proceeds to the end of her first day's journey. The description which follows, of their *reception* at the house

of a country cousin of the Countess's, is in the happiest style of French vivacity. The picture of the interior of a French château, of the lower order, is hardly credible in England, and in the nineteenth century.

" The next day, as she was ready to get into her carriage, I told her that I wished to accompany her one league farther; she consented; and, as we both of us thought of nothing but of affecting to forget to part, I went on to the second resting place. It was at the house of one of her cousins, whom we did not see, because he had a quartan ague, and the shivering fit seized him, happily for us, just as we arrived. Our good luck would have been complete, if his wife had had the ague too; for we could not have fared worse than we did, and we should have had our liberty. We arrived, about an hour after night-fall, in a deep snow: we were received in a room below the level of the court-yard, the walls of which, I am persuaded, are damp in the dog-days; the pavement was up in several places, so that one could only cross it by leaps. Whilst the servants went to fell the trees, by which we were to warm ourselves, we were seated in chairs without cushions, or covers, before a chimney-piece without a fire. We preserved a cold and melancholy silence; for, after certain common places which are in use on such occasions, we knew not what to say to this woman, nor she to us; she was not such a fool as not to be ashamed of the ridiculous reception she gave us, and we were too ill received to have any pity for her. I was dying to go and warm myself at the kitchen fire, which I heard crackling, for, in spite of the ardour of my love, I was freezing by my mistress's side, but I thought it would be uncivil to leave her, and not to share her sufferings both from cold and ennui. Beauvoir, who was as cold as I, and not restrained by the same considerations, went out under the pretence of hastening the people who were gone to fetch wood, and went to give his orders before the kitchen fire; in about a quarter of an hour, we had the happiness of seeing two peasants enter, bringing on their shoulders a waggon load of wood covered with snow, which they laid on the hearth; then came the kitchen maid, with a bundle of straw so wet that it could not light, and nearly stifled us with smoke. At last, she was obliged to empty the palliasses of the beds, and all that we gained by that was to melt the snow on the wood, and make a kind of lake, which flowed round our feet, and drove us to the middle of the room. The Countess and I were so diverted at this, that we looked at each other, and burst out a laughing. At this moment, one of her lacqueys came to tell me that an Augustin friar, just come from Moulins, was at the door, and that he had letters to give me from the Lieutenant Colonel of my regiment. I rose to go and speak to him; and as soon as I got to the door I recognized Beauvoir, who had made a hood of the collar of a great black cloak he wore, and had tied his hair behind. I affected not to perceive the disguise, and telling him to draw near the fire-place, and that we would talk of business after supper, I introduced him to the mistress of the house, who, it may be supposed, had not the least idea who he was, since even the Countess did not recognize him. As soon as he was seated,

he began to talk of the various accidents of life, subject, as he said, to a thousand inconveniencies, among which he particularly insisted on extremes of heat and cold; but that even these were not greater than the misery of being badly lodged; that if he had ever been induced, by any circumstance, to murmur against Providence, it would have been by that; but that he had been enabled to bear it, by his great resignation to the will of God. The lady of the house listened to all this, as devoutly as if it had been a sermon, and told him that the monks of his order often visited her, and her husband, and did them the honor to like them. The Countess thought it very droll that this man, whom she thought a real Augustin friar, should happen to discuss a matter which was then so peculiarly interesting; and I had the greatest difficulty in the world to help laughing out at seeing these women so deceived, and at the thought that the Augustin friar was a Huguenot. At length supper was brought, and when the ladies enquired for Beauvoir, a lacquey, who had orders, answered that he was ill, and had gone to bed, and would take nothing.

"The supper was nowise inferior to the fire: the soups were hot water; all the meat at table was alive when we arrived; the bread was new, and half baked; the wine sour, and muddy; the table-cloth not damp, but wet; so that the heat of the dishes made it steam. This thick cloud completely dimmed the feeble light given by two little candles. Another annoyance was that the spoons, which were really silver, were of the thickness of foil: as I am always unlucky, the one which fell to my lot was half broken, so that, in taking it from my mouth, it caught my lower lip, and nearly tore it. It is true that, for our comfort, the mistress of the house overwhelmed us with silly apologies. The infinite series of inconveniences seemed to depress the Countess a little; so, to enliven her, I whispered who the Augustin friar was. She could not restrain a violent burst of laughter as she looked at him; and the reverend father and I, who were dying to exchange some jokes, were delighted to find a reason for throwing off all constraint. We, therefore, discovered Beauvoir's masquerade to the country lady, and, under pretext of this joke, we gave ourselves up to laughing at our entertainment. The lady was very glad, thinking this diverted our attention, and made us forget her horrid fire and cursed supper; however, we were not people to be so easily put off.

"That nothing might be wanting to make this repast thoroughly detestable, it was very long; and, if there had been any thing we could eat, we might have digested the first course before the second was brought. At length we came to the end of it, not without impatience, for, though we laughed till our eyes ran over, we were so cold that we wept with pain as well as with joy. On leaving the table, I told the Countess it was late, and that I advised her to retire, in order that she might set out at day-break, as I had heard the next day's journey was long and difficult. The lady of the house, who, like most provincials, thought she should not appear hospitable if she did not try to make us set out late, contradicted me, as civilly as she could, about the journey, and added, that her cousin would be ill if she went to bed

so soon after supper, and that she had not had time to digest it. 'Oh, as for her digestion, Madam,' said I, 'you need be under no uneasiness, I assure you; your cousin has not so bad a stomach as you imagine.' 'But, Sir,' said she, in the most *niais* manner possible, 'you will do us the honour to take a poor breakfast before you set out?' 'My God, madam,' said I, 'are you not satisfied with the supper you have given us? You would really cram your guests.' She replied, that I was too obliging, and that since her cousin chose to retire, she would inquire whether there was a fire in her room. The Countess replied, that that need not hinder her going, and that she could not suffer from the change. In fact, the wood was not kindled in the sitting room, and the only appearance of a fire was a great smoke which began to suffocate us. Our hostess, therefore, led the way to the Countess's chamber, but we were much surprised at finding that we had to cross a large court a foot deep in snow; however, to get out of the execrable room in which we had suffered so much, we thought nothing difficult; on the contrary, we found the advantage of being accustomed to hardships, for we did not feel the change in this long passage through the court. The Countess having at length reached her chamber, where the fire was not better than the one in the sitting-room, we prepared to set out for ours. I must express myself so, for it was another long journey across the court. The lady insisted on conducting us, so we let her do her own way. As soon as she had left us, we went back to the Countess's room, to laugh with her, at our ease, at all that had passed, and, having seen her put to bed, we retired. I shall not attempt to describe her chamber; I shall only say, that though it was extraordinarily dirty and ruinous, it was a palace compared to ours. The place in which we were put was used as a cooper's work-shop, and the cooper was dislodged for our accommodation. When our heads were on the pillow, the bed-clothes scarcely came below our knees, so that we were forced to tie the corners of a wretched feather bed, which, laid upon some straw, was our only bedding, to the sheets and coverlid, to keep our legs covered, so that, in the morning, we were more tired than if we had been riding post. It might be imagined we were up early, yet we found the Countess ready to get into her carriage. 'Till now,' said she, 'I would have let you return to Moulins, if you had wished it, but now you are too near my house not to come on.' I did not need much pressing, as may be imagined, and, in the evening, we arrived at her house. Her husband was not there; he was gone on a journey of three or four weeks, so that Beauvoir and I resolved to stay a fortnight with her; this was not without inconvenience, for we had neither change of linen, nor valets to wait on us. The Countess, who would not allow me to feel the least annoyance in her house, gave me one of her pages to dress me, and shirts and collars of her husband's. We had the best entertainment possible, with the greatest magnificence and cleanliness. There was a greater quantity of plate than in any other country house I ever saw; the table and bed linen were incomparably fine; the furniture was old fashioned, but in such good condition that its age was only perceptible from the richness of the stuffs, which were

such as are no longer made. I slept under a dais, and might, if I would, have eaten with a *cadenas*:* in short, this house, and the one we had just left, were the antipodes, and I told the Countess she had made us stop at her cousin's, on purpose to astonish us the more with the grandeur of her own."

One way in which the Countess displays her *grandeur* and her hospitality, is remarkable.

"I slept in a large room, and, as soon as I was in bed, the page went out and locked the door. The house was built like those which are said to be haunted, so that I, who fear ghosts without believing in them, always thrust my head under the bed-clothes as soon as I lay down. One night, when I was, as usual, buried in the bed, I heard a great noise at my door, which opened, and I heard some one walk across the room, and undraw the curtains of my bed. I looked up, and saw six women whom I did not know, some with lighted torches, and others with basins filled with meats and sweatmeats which they set upon a table. I thought of the stories that are told to children of feasts, served thus by unknown people, who came down the chimney. While I was thinking of this, I saw three young ladies whom I knew, enter, followed by the Countess in an elegant undress. She came and sat on my bedside, and having ordered the basins to be handed to us, we ate as if we had not supped; after we had done, we left them to the young ladies, among whom was a kind of governess, who had eaten with us, and who never left us. I made her and the Countess lie down on my bed, on the right and left of me; I had the curtains drawn that the poor girls might eat at their ease, and this way we chatted for two hours."

After exchanging promises of eternal love, and of constant correspondence, which were broken in six months, they separated "with less grief," as he says, "than an absence, which might be interminable, deserved." The sequel must not be omitted.

"Four years after, the Countess came to Paris. Bussy, from curiosity, he says, rather than any remains of love, asks one of his friends to introduce him to her, 'not,' says he, 'that I had any doubt of her remembering me, but I wished to be discreet.' She, indeed, pushed discretion as far as it could go, for when Le Bosquet said, as I advanced to salute her, 'M. de Bussy, Madam.' 'What Bussy?' said she, looking at me. 'Bussy Rabutin,' replied he, with simplicity. 'No, no, Madam,' said I; 'he is jesting, I am Bussy Moulins.' She blushed, and excused herself for not knowing me, on the plea, that four years made a great alteration in people. 'True, Madam,' replied

* A golden box, containing the gold knife, fork, and spoon, laid for kings and princes.

I, 'and some alter so much even in six months that one cannot recognize them.'"

Bussy was sent to the Bastile, on account of some alleged disorders committed by his regiment at Moulins, which he denies, and attributes his disgrace solely to the "original sin" of some offence given by his father to Desnoyers, then secretary of state. After an imprisonment of three months, his father, and afterwards his mother, go to petition Richelieu for his release. He says:—

"I cannot help here remarking the absolute power of the cardinal, who had put things on such a footing, that, in the distribution of favours, the king usually went for nothing. He had so perfectly succeeded in gaining over, or in intimidating, the people who were around the young monarch, that they concealed from him whatever the cardinal desired, and he never knew of a battle which la Motte-Hodancourt lost in Catalonia, because Richelieu wished to make him a Marshal of France, (in which he succeeded,) and the knowledge of this disaster might have hindered his promotion.'"

"This," says he, at the conclusion of this affair, "is the history of my imprisonment in 1641, which I endured five months, solely through the hatred of a minister, who, while he affected to be devout and even charitable, never forgave." Disgusted with his ill fortune, he now resolved to quit the service, and, to use his own noble turn of expression, to "chercher de la subsistance dans un mariage."

"My father," says he, "was desirous of seeing me established, but he wished me to form one of those marriages, in which a rich widow falls desperately in love with a handsome young fellow: he wanted somebody to take me with my expectations, and to ask him for nothing. He was constantly talking to me of Chabot's good fortune, whom the Duchess de Rohan had married for his good air and his fine dancing; and I saw that he was rather angry with me that, being, as I was, tolerably good looking, no Infanta had as yet carried me off."

Unfortunately for his father's schemes, he falls in love with a pretty cousin. The young lady, however, withdraws from the contest with parental authority with becoming philosophy; and Bussy is contracted by his father to Gabrielle de Toulongeon. Of his marriage, he speaks thus: "Some time after this, I married. It was at Alonne, near Autun, on the 28th of April, 1643. I lived there near a year, without hearing any thing of my cousin; after which, I found her at Paris, married as well as myself, and handsomer than ever." These were two excellent reasons for renewing their intercourse upon a footing

somewhat less sentimental than before. Of his wife, he says not one word, not even of that '*subsistance*,' which, we are left to conclude, he did her the honour to derive from her, and which, in the absence of all other alleged inducements to a step so hateful to him, as he professes marriage to have been, we are surprised not to find mentioned. During the next two years, he was 'un espèce de Provincial,' when he buys the place of Lieutenant de la Compagnie de Chevaux legers d' Ordonnance to Henry de Bourbon, father of the great Condé, for twelve thousand crowns. He was appointed Lieutenant du Roi, in Nivernois; for which he had, to his great surprise, to pay 7500 livres. "This little tax," he says, "arose out of the thrifty disposition of Cardinal Mazarin." We here find, incidentally, that one celebrated and omnipotent minister had been removed from the stage, and succeeded by another scarcely less powerful, yet this event does not call forth so much as a bare mention of it. Public men, or public affairs, seem, indeed, to have been regarded by the noble suitors for places and pensions with interest, only in as far as they might affect their attainment of those most desirable ends. After taking possession of his post, he joins the army at Philisburg. We shall not follow him through the details of the campaign; but shall only select from it such incidents as are illustrative of the state of manners, or of the characters of celebrated men.

The following bon mot of Marshal de Grammont must not be omitted.

"As the armies marched in several columns, our's halted at the gates of the little town of Holac, and we dined in the suburbs. Marshal de Grammont having kept me to dinner with him, and several of the officers of the army, we were rather jovial when the Counts de Holac came to pay their respects to the Marshal. They all spoke French badly enough to be able to bore us excessively with their compliments; and, moreover, there were a great number of them, brothers, all counts after the German fashion, and they came in, one after another, at long intervals. The Marshal, tired of so many introductions, turned to me with his glass in his hand, and said, with that air of natural pleasantry which he had, 'Well, come, M. de Bussy, I'll give you the health of the Counts of Holac, if there be a hundred of them.' The Marshal's annoyance made us burst out a laughing, and all the Holacs returned thanks with low bows, as if they felt themselves greatly obliged to him."

The following account of a duel, contains circumstances not less curious than the former one we quoted, but marked by a still more extraordinary character of insolence and brutality.

"One day, as the army was passing through one of the large

deserted villages of Flanders, the Chevalier d' Isigny, ensign of the Gendarmes d'Enghien, and I, being at the head of my light horse, and being half dead with thirst, we saw a well at which some foot soldiers who had their officers with them, were drawing water. We rode up to it, and as I did not choose to wait, I asked the men in a civil manner to give me the bucket. Their officer, who was a brutal fellow, answered, without looking at me, that I was on horseback, and that they were in a greater haste than I. I turned to three or four of my light horsemen, and told them to bring me the bucket, which they did; and after I had drank, I gave it to the Chevalier d' Isigny, who handed it to the light horsemen, who were coming up every minute; so that the officer of foot was obliged to go off without drinking, and as he grumbled a little at going, the Chevalier said to me, laughing, 'Do you hear, Bussy? that fine fellow is threatening us, he is very angry.' I made no answer, nor the officer either, and we rejoined our cavalry, thinking of any thing in the world rather than that. On our march we saw this officer again, who apparently had been inquiring who we were. I recognized him first, and pointing him out to the Chevalier, I said in joke, 'There is your man of the well, come to ask who we are; if he ask either of us to draw our swords, the other must go out with him.' 'Of course,' replied the Chevalier; and we thought no more of it. The next day, which was the sixth after our adventure, when we reached Bergues, the Chevalier d'Isigny came to my tent, to tell me that the officer we had laughed at, had sent one of his brother officers to call him out; that the one was an ensign of the infantry regiment Mazarin, and the other, his second, a lieutenant; that he had measured their swords, and that we were to fight with short swords, like that I wore. We went to the place of meeting; where, putting off our doublets, I soon wounded the man with whom I fought, in the arm. I disarmed him, and went to separate the others. As we were putting on our doublets, the Chevalier's antagonist, turning to me, said, 'It was not my fault, I assure you, sir, that we did not terminate our affair first.' 'And, by God,' replied the Chevalier, 'it was much less my fault than yours, my fine fellow; for I could not advance so fast as you retreated.' The officer made no reply to this, because two or three of our friends, who knew of our quarrel, came up, and, besides, he had other intentions. In fact, the next morning, he sent a note to the Chevalier, reminding him of the affront he had received from him the preceding evening, and desiring to fight him without seconds, on that account. The Chevalier took a brace of pistols, and went to meet him; they loaded them before each other, and when the Chevalier put his finger on the trigger, his glove, which was very large, pressed it, and the pistol went off in the air. The ensign told him to give up his sword, which he rudely refused. The ensign fired, and broke the Chevalier's thigh; and, on his falling, the other told him that if he was not satisfied *he would reload the two pistols, and lie down by him, and they would both fire again.* The Chevalier told him he was satisfied, and only asked him to tell me to come directly, and bring him a confessor, and a surgeon: I ran there with both. He con-

fessed, and I had him carried to Bergues, where his leg was cut off. He told me of his second meeting, of the bravery and honour of his antagonist, and a quarter of an hour after he died. It was a great pity, for he was a very brave gentleman, and threw away his life from having ventured to trifle with the feelings of a man of courage, because he was not of his own rank."

One which follows is not much better. Probably not even in Ireland is any thing like it to be found now.

The anecdote of the provost marshal, which follows, might have furnished a hint to the author of *Quentin Durward.*

"During the three days the army remained at Bergues, after it was taken, a soldier, who was condemned to be hanged by Montiffaut, Provost of the army, being on the ladder, De Levy, Count Brion, first equerry to the Duke of Orleans, passed by, and begged Montiffaut to suspend the execution, until he could gallop on to beg a pardon for the man, from his royal highness. Montiffaut promised he would: notwithstanding which, he hanged him as soon as the count was gone. Brion returned in half an hour; and, when he reproached Montiffaut with his breach of promise, the other only replied that the spectators began to get tired."

Two years after their marriage, he lost his wife, at which, he says, he was extremely afflicted. "She loved me tenderly," says he; "she had great virtue, and considerable beauty and wit." She left him three daughters, the eldest two years old.

Several of Bussy's letters are to be found among the celebrated correspondence of his cousin, Madame de Sevigné. Whether those which are to be found in these volumes, are among the number, we do not now remember. They are characterized by the graceful ease, the delightful playfulness, which distinguish the letters of this gifted family, almost every member of which was celebrated for the charm which the language borrowed from their pens. There are two or three specimens of this inimitable grace "beyond the reach of art," in these memoirs, which we read for ever with undiminished pleasure and admiration, and with utter despair of transferring it to another language. We must, therefore, leave them to such of our readers as think it worth while to hunt them out.

The amusements of a party of these warriors and gentlemen, during the siege of Lerida, are illustrated in rather a remarkable manner by the following scene; nor is the conclusion of it unworthy of the opening. If we were inclined to be national, we should say, the whole is very French; but we are more inclined to impute such disgusting defects of sympathy to vicious institutions, and to believe that they will produce such fruits, in whatever soil they may be planted.

XUM

" The Chevalier de la Valière, maréchal de camp for the day at Marshal de Grammont's trench, sent, early in the morning, to ask me to dine with him, to meet Barbantane, Lieutenant of the Gendarmes d'Enghien, and Jumeaux, Maréchal de Bataille, two of my best friends. I accepted the invitation, and went at seven o'clock to the opening of the marshal's trench, which was in the walls of an old ruined church. As soon as I arrived, breakfast was served: we had the prince's (Condé) violins; while they were playing, Barbantane, who did not know what to do for amusement, pulled up the covering of a tomb, and found within it a body entire, and wrapped in the grave clothes. He brought it to us, and La Breteche, ensign of the Gendarmes d'Enghien, taking it by one hand, and he by the other, they made it dance between them. I was shocked at this, and I told them so repeatedly, that I thought this an absurd diversion, that they at length replaced the body in the grave. Dinner time being arrived, we sat down to table with the gaiety usual at such meetings, and repeated a thousand songs which we taught De la Valière, who had not been in France for three years,—in short, we were very merry. At the end of dinner, the Marquis de la Trousse, who was to relieve the Chevalier, came in, to see what he was to do the following night, and finding us at table, said to La Valière, 'Go on, comrade, don't let me interrupt you.' The chevalier, who was brave, and was not so drunk as not to know very well that he ought to shew La Trousse what he had done, and what he thought he (La Trousse) ought to do, left us, as he said, for a moment, but he did not keep his word; for, a moment afterwards, one of his people came in, calling out, that his master was killed. The fact was, La Trousse commonly affected to expose himself unnecessarily, and to walk at the top of the trench rather than in it: the chevalier, who did not chuse to be outdone, followed his example, and so received a musquet-ball in the head. We went on with our dinner as if nothing had happened, (so true it is, that war hardens men's hearts, and destroys all feelings of humanity). Jumeaux did not forget his own interest, and leaving us to finish our debauch, he went to ask the prince to give him the government of Fleix, vacant by the death of the chevalier, which he obtained."

The accidents which befel the members of this sprightly party, gave occasion to the report, that the body with which they had so strangely amused themselves, was that of a saint; but Bussy, with great *naiveté*, says, that " this was not true; for that there was *nulle dévotion à cette église*, and that moreover, the chastisement, if it were one, fell upon the wrong persons, since Barbantane and La Breteche escaped, while La Valière was killed, Jumeaux died soon after, and he himself fell ill."

There are certain feelings and decencies which cannot be outraged, without risking the loss of all sympathy, and the disregard of all principle. It was worthy of men who could find pleasure in so disgusting a spectacle, to make merry at the table of their friend just as his brains were blown out, and to

rise from it to solicit the place left vacant by his death. But we do not believe that war, corrupting as it is, is the sole cause of this ferocious levity; for that, we must again recur to the institutions which crush the serious virtues of the citizens of a free state.

Bussy got a fall from his horse, and, according to the sanitary code then in force, is bled, and put into a sheep's skin, hot from the body of its late occupant, by which he was, of course, cured, and able to mount his horse again in four days.

In the following trait of a private soldier, we recognize somewhat of the character of the hero—calm, firm, unobtrusive bravery.

"A light-horseman of the prince's company, named Dupré, to whom I had given leave to water his horse, had part of his foot carried off by a cannon ball; without betraying the least emotion, he came and had it dressed at the *épaulement*, and went to finish his guard, where the prince found him, and ordered him to go to his quarters. He did me the honour, immediately, to tell me of the man's firmness, and desired me to remind him to provide for him in some way; which he did not fail to do."

Bussy's project for a second marriage is in a style yet more noble than the first. His uncle, the Grand Prieur, proposes to him a widow, "who had millions." "I," says he, with great *naiveté*, "who was on the look out for money, because I knew it contributed greatly to the attainment *des grands honneurs*, easily believed all that was told me on this subject." A negotiator is accordingly employed, who arranges an interview, (in the strict sense of the word, for they were not to be introduced,) in order that it might be ascertained, that there was no repugnance on either side. The ambassador reports, that the lady is satisfied, but that her relations wish her to marry *un homme de robe*, and that M. Bussy must employ a little gentle force. Upon this hint, he arranges an *enlèvement*; but after he has actually carried off the lady, he finds, to his consternation, that he had been misinformed—hoaxed, in short, and that his captive was by no means a willing one. He accordingly releases her: she thinks it necessary for her honour to institute proceedings against him, and instead of possessing himself of his "widow with millions," he has to pay handsomely for his enterprize. The whole adventure is highly characteristic of the lawless state of the country, but there are two passages, which afford such evidence of the insecurity of person and property, that we cannot forbear quoting them.

The lady's father, naturally enough, wishes to obtain some redress for so gross an outrage. This Bussy calls persecution, and applies to the Prince de Condé for protection. "As soon,"

XUM

says he, " as he had read my letter, and heard from my courier the details of the affair, he wrote to the lady's father, in *a style which bespoke not only the prince of the blood, but the victorious general;* so that his letter silenced my adversaries."

Some time after this, the prince sends him into Burgundy.

" I set out," says he, " determined to set fire to Rubel, the house of a brother of Madame de Miramion, who, contrary to all the promises she had given the prince, had renewed her persecution of me since my departure from Paris. Nevertheless, when I arrived at Rubel with my company, I changed my determination; and though, by revenging myself on my persecutors, I should have gained favour at Court, *where any injuries one might do to the officers of the parliament were a recommendation,* I did not chuse to do it. On the contrary, I put a guard into the house, and forbid him to take anything, either from the seigneur or the people."

This magnanimity, he complains, did not win the lady's heart, nor even appease her resentment, and he was at last obliged to his friends, and to the authority of the prince, for getting out of the affair with the loss of fourteen thousand livres.

At this time (1649,) fortune seems to have begun that persecution of him which she continued, with nearly unrelenting severity, up to the termination of these memoirs: he was supplanted in the favour of the Prince de Condé, for whom he appears to have had a sincere admiration and attachment, by a young cornet of his company, who laboured very effectually to ruin him with the prince. On occasion of a momentary return of kindness, he says, " This is the way of princes, and particularly in France, where they know, that after they have offered a thousand affronts and mortifications to a gentleman, the slightest caress on their part will recal his attachment, and make him forget the past." A useful sort of knowledge this, and pretty sure to be turned to account.

The war of the *Fronde* was now at its height, and Bussy, who was engaged on the prince's side, was very near being killed in the streets of Paris, from a drunken captain of the guard at the Porte St. Martin, shouting *Au Mazarin.* Disgusted at the prince's coldness and neglect, he determines to quit his service, and concludes an agreement to resign his post of lieutenant to the prince; an agreement which, however, was not fulfilled.

He begins his account of the transactions of the year 1650, by regretting that he was engaged against the king, which, he says, would not have happened if he could have got the money from Guitaut.

On the 19th of January, in that year, the Prince de Condé, the Prince de Conti, and the Duke de Longueville, were arrested and sent to Vincennes. Bussy, and others of their adherents, proposed carrying off Cardinal Mazarin's nieces, as hostages; but this had been foreseen, and guarded against, by their wily uncle. After the slights he has received from the Prince, Bussy feels himself fully at liberty to pursue his own affairs, and he concludes a second marriage with a Mademoiselle de Rouville, of whom we hear nothing, except that she was of high birth and some fortune, and that she had the honour to be cousin to Margaret of Lorraine, Duchess of Orleans, who brought her up.

Six weeks after his marriage, he accompanies some other of the prince's officers to Monrond, a castle, which the former Prince de Condé had strongly fortified.

"I recollect," says he, "that as we travelled thither post, we changed our names, and a young volunteer, whom I had with me, named Launay-Lyais, a great coxcomb, thought it would give him the air of a man of quality to change his name. While he was debating what name he should take instead of his own, Tavannes, who was always teazing him on the score of his vanity, and thought this extremely ridiculous, said, 'Why, sir, if you like the name I have taken, I will call myself Launay-Lyais, and I am sure I shall be more effectually concealed than any one of the company.' This made us all laugh heartily, but the poor volunteer was nearly mad at it."

In the beginning of the year 1651, the princes were at liberty, and after a continuation of ill treatment, on the part of the Prince de Condé, Bussy resigns his lieutenantcy to him, for ten thousand crowns down, and a promise of twenty thousand livres. After great deliberation, as to the side he ought to take, after praying to be directed in his choice, he resolves to go over to the king, and concludes with the following remark:

"This was the only time I was ever engaged against the king, and not only I protest it shall be the last, but I advise my son, and all my friends, never to attach themselves to any other than his majesty; for, besides duty, which ought to be our first law, the greatest prince, who is a subject, cannot make the fortune of more than one man of quality, at the most, and even that a limited fortune."

The war of the Fronde is too well known to render it necessary for us to follow our hero through its details. He seems to have served the king with more zeal and ability than good fortune. He was continually misrepresented and calumniated to the king; all his applications for places of honour, or profit,

were refused, and he received mortifications on every side. "Thus," said he, "passed the year 1652, with great glory and little profit; for, from October 1651, to October 1652, I got not a farthing, either of my pay or my pension," In 1653, he goes to meet Cardinal Mazarin, on his return to France, but is not satisfied with his reception.

Speaking of the cardinal's triumphant return, he says—

"From this time may be dated the great influence which he enjoyed, even after the time of his death. Civil war extinguished; the Duke of Orleans retired to Blois; the Prince de Condé out of France, and leagued with the Spaniards; all these circumstances left him elbow-room; the courtiers, and the people, looked up to a man, whose good fortune had surmounted so many obstacles; and the favour he enjoyed overflowed with greater violence, than if it had always had free course."

In this year, Bussy was successful in his applications to purchase the post of mestre-de-camp général de la cavalerie legère, for which he paid ninety thousand crowns to Count Paluau, who resigned it. In the latter part of the year, Bussy joins the army at Mondidier, under the command of Marshal de Turenne. Of this extraordinary man, he gives the following portrait, which, considering the terms they were upon, does credit to Bussy's impartiality.

"Henry de la Tour, Viscount de Turenne, was of a middling stature, with broad shoulders, which he shrugged from time to time, when he talked; one of those bad habits which are generally contracted from want of confidence and self-possession. He had thick eyebrows meeting in front, which gave an unhappy air to his countenance. He had seen so much service, that, having a good judgment and an extraordinary application to his art, he had rendered himself the greatest captain of his age. To hear him speak in a council, he appeared the most irresolute man in the world; but when he was obliged to come to a decision, nobody formed one better or more promptly. His true talent, the most valuable, in my opinion, in war, was that of retrieving affairs which were going on badly. When he was the weakest, there was no position whatever, where either from a brook, a ravine, a wood, or an eminence, he would not draw some advantage. Until the last eight years of his life, he was rather cautious than enterprizing, but seeing that rashness was in fashion, he no longer took the precautions he had done, and as he concerted his measures better than others, he won every battle he fought. His prudence was the result of temperament—his boldness, of experience. He had great enlargement of mind, and was capable of governing a state, as well as an army. He was not ignorant of belles-lettres; he knew something of the Latin poets, and a thousand beautiful passages

from the French poets: he was fond of bon mots, and a very good judge of them.

"He was modest in his dress, and in his expressions. One of his great qualities was, his contempt of riches. Never did man care so little for money as he. He commanded the French army in Germany, at a time when he might have amassed an immense fortune. Nevertheless he abstained, and this extraordinary disinterestedness, joined to the high connections he had in that country, rendered him very popular among the inhabitants.

"He was fond of women, but without attaching himself to them; he liked the pleasures of the table, but without excess; he was excellent company; he knew a thousand stories; he liked to tell them, and he told them well. The latter years of his life he was polite and beneficent: he made himself beloved equally by his officers and soldiers, and as to glory, he knew himself to be so infinitely superior above the rest of the world, that the reputation of others could not annoy him."

This distinguished commander, from the first, took no care to conceal his dislike of M. de Bussy, and this hostility seems to have been as constant as it was injurious. In 1654, Bussy follows the prince de Conti into Catalonia, and this campaign seems to have been one of the bright spots in his life.

"I had," says he, "two great military employments, which I exercised with all the authority possible; I was all powerful with the general, who was a great prince, and a man of infinite wit and sense; and, that nothing might be wanting to my good fortune, I won ten thousand crowns, clear, at play, after living in a very expensive manner."

The following is his portrait of the prince.

"Armand de Bourbon, prince of Conti, was younger brother of Louis, prince of Condé. He had a very fine head, both as to the face and the hair: it was a great pity he was deformed, for he would otherwise have been a model of a prince. He was destined for the church, but the reverses of his family having called him to arms, he contracted such a taste for them that he could not quit that career, and he studied with great success. He was of a lively, clear, gay spirit, inclined to raillery; he had an invincible courage, and, if there was another man in the world as brave as the prince de Condé, it was his brother; never was there a nobler mind, as to pecuniary interest, than his; he reckoned money at nothing; he was kind and affectionate to his friends, and, as he knew I loved him sincerely, he honoured me with a particular regard."

The year 1655 opens with his regrets at having left the service of the prince, to join Marshal Turenne.

XUM

In 1656, he records the death of his uncle, the Grand Prieur of France, which is curious.

"He was an honourable gentleman, and did not want understanding, but he was blunt, and had the sort of politeness that might be expected from a corsair. He could hardly resign himself to death, at first, and shewed it by his reluctance to confess (a weakness common to the sick, who seem to think that by deferring their confession they defer their death, as if God dared not take them in an unprepared state.) At last I made my uncle hear reason, and brought him a worthy monk of the convent of the Petits Pères, who, after confessing him, exhorted him to prepare for death. When he was gone, I went in, and asked my uncle how he liked him; '*Very well*,' said he; '*He says I have absolution.*' The state in which he was, prevented my laughing. However, he was a worthy man, and I shall always revere his memory.

In 1657, he says,

"Nevertheless, years passed away without my receiving any favour from the court; while I saw the creatures of the cardinal, who had neither showed him so much attachment as I, nor served the king so usefully, rewarded. I thought the Marshal de Turenne did me ill offices, but I was astonished that the cardinal, knowing me as he did, should suffer these to make any impression on his mind. Nor was this the only thing that injured me. The conduct of Nicholas Fouquet, superintendant of finances, had offended the cardinal, and he would not do me any service because he thought me a friend of Fouquet."

He subjoins the following character of the celebrated minister, Fouquet:

"His father, who was of a good family of Brittany, and had been *maître des Requêtes* in the reign of Louis the XIIIth, was employed by Cardinal Richelieu as a man who wished to make his fortune, *in ogni modo*, but died too young to reap the fruit of his subserviency. Nicholas Fouquet, his son, married a wife who had a large fortune, with which he bought the place of *maître des Requêtes*, and afterwards that of *procureur général* to the parliament of Paris, during the civil war of 1650. In this post, he made himself of importance to Cardinal Mazarin; and this circumstance, aided by the intrigues of the abbé, his brother, raised him to the post of superintendant of finances, at the death of the Marquess de la Vieville. The rapid advance of his fortune made him say, that it was only necessary to desire intensely, and to labour assiduously, in order to obtain success in any thing. He had great acuteness and delicacy of tact, a large share of ambition and vanity; and the favours which had been showered upon him by fortune, in the early part of his life, had engendered in him a thirst for great enterprizes. He had so

strong a turn for building, that he went on with his house at Vaux when he had scarcely enough to live on. When he was at the head of the finances, the expenses of his house, his table, and of every other department, exceeded those, not only of his predecessors, but even of any king who had hitherto reigned. Any body might be his pensioner who liked; and few of the great lords of the court were deterred by shame from being in his pay. Those who were in possession of high offices might dispose of his purse, provided they would but connect themselves closely with him. It is, therefore, not surprising that the cardinal, who saw all this, was dissatisfied with his conduct."

We pass over the long details of the campaigns which follow, only extracting the following observation on the small credit to be attached to accounts of battles.

"Historians," he says, "never doubt but a man who has been in a battle has a perfect knowledge of all the events of it; yet they ought to know that, perhaps, this very man was in the rear-guard, where he could not so much as see the enemy, and that even if he were in the advanced-guard, he could, perhaps, see only straight before him; and, at all events, that he must have uncommon coolness to see distinctly what was before his eyes, and to make a faithful report of it."

Bussy gives the most frightful pictures, and affords the most pitiable example of the envy, the treachery, and baseness of a court. Among the circumstances that were turned to his disadvantage, were the occurrences at a party of pleasure at Roissi, a country house of his friend, Vivonne's. The relation of the freaks of some of his wild companions is sufficiently amusing, but we have not space for it here. They were, however, exaggerated at court in the most extravagant manner, and construed into offences against religion and the king. After an explanation with the queen, which, he hopes, had set the affair at rest, it is revived, and he and Vivonne are sent into exile, that is, to his estate in Burgundy. He stays there four months, and then goes to Paris disguised; soon after which, he receives permission to return, and appears in public.

In 1660 died Gaston, Duke of Orleans, whom he thus describes:

"He was a handsome prince, born for pleasure; he had a most agreeable wit, knew a variety of things suited to his rank, and spoke admirably in public. The ambition of his favourites, rather than his own inclinations, had engaged him in dissensions with the kings, his brother and nephew. At length, tired of these troubles, he retired to Blois in 1653, and finished his life more regularly than he began it."

Peace was now proclaimed between France and Spain, and this, he says, was the climax of his misfortunes. During a

XUM

short retirement at Bussy, in this year, he wrote that unfortunate satire on two ladies of the court, which afterwards became the reason, or the pretext, for his long disgrace and imprisonment. The following is an instance of the lofty style in which the nobles of France were wont to address the minister.

"I called on the cardinal, who had the gout. As soon as he saw me, 'Ah!' said he, 'poor exile, here you are.' 'Yes, Sir,' said I, 'here I am, with as much zeal for your eminence's services as if I had just received the greatest favours from you."

Soon after this, he thus records the death of this extraordinary man.

"Cardinal Mazarin died on the 9th of March, 1661, in his 59th year. Never had man been born under such fortunate auspices. He was of a good family at Rome. He had an extraordinary fine face, handsome eyes and mouth, large forehead, well formed nose, and open countenance; he had a great deal of wit, and nobody told a story more agreeably; he was very insinuating, and had resistless attractions when he wished to please; he played all games requiring skill and address perfectly well. He was at first attached to the house of Colonna, afterwards to Cardinal Sacchetti; then he was captain of cavalry, and, lastly, Cardinal Antonio Barberini had him in his service, and made him take orders. Having displayed ability in some negotiations, he was employed at the peace of Casal, which he concluded in favour of France.

"Cardinal Richelieu got him the cardinal's hat; and, at his death, left him in office. Louis XIII. employed him, and had so great a value for him, that, at his death, he ordered that he should be one of the directors of the state, during the minority. Queen Anne of Austria, being regent, chose him prime minister. In this office he continued for eighteen years, during which he experienced great reverses; but it seemed as if fortune sent them only to increase his honours, by the triumphant manner in which she extricated him from them. For this reason, he took, for his device, a rock lashed by the waves, with the motto, *Quam frustra et murmure quanto.*

"He had neither hatred nor friendship, and only displayed either as his interest dictated. He was mortally offended at being compared to Cardinal Richelieu, who was, however, his master, and surpassed him in great qualities. The quantity of business he undertook wore out his constitution, which was excellent, and might have lasted forty years longer.

"A few days before his death, he appointed Armand de la Porte, grand-master of the artillery and son of the Marshal de la Meilleraye, his principal heir, on condition of his marrying Hortentia Mancini, one of his nieces, and taking the name of Mazarin. Various reasons were assigned for this choice; nor did any body do him the honour to be-

lieve that he was influenced by gratitude to Cardinal Richelieu, uncle of Armand.

"It was impossible to treat death more lightly than he did. He died, making, apparently, very little account of the next world, and trying still to govern this, by the instructions he gave, and the people he left in office.

"The king sincerely regretted the cardinal, and said, in the presence of four or five persons, that he was under such great obligation to him, for the care he had taken of his childhood, and of his education, and for his having quieted the troubles of his kingdom, that though he knew that the abandonment of his authority to another person, was injurious to him, at the age he had come to, he should have left it in the cardinal's hands for five or six years longer, if he had lived. And, in fact, the king soon shewed that it was only through gratitude that he permitted the cardinal to govern, for he displayed so much prudence, firmness, presence of mind, and intelligence, in the conduct of affairs, that however highly expectation was raised, he astonished every body.

"Besides the principal heir the cardinal appointed, (to whom he bequeathed twelve hundred thousand livres a year, and several millions in splendid moveables,) he left great wealth to Mancini, his nephew, Duke of Nevers."

During this campaign, he mentions one of those extraordinary instances of physical antipathy, which seem to be without the controul of the will, or the reason.

"On that day, the Marshales d'Albrêt and de Clérainbaut, Francis de Clermont, Marquess de Monglat, master of the king's wardrobe, and the commander de Loudrai, ambassador from Malta, afterwards Grand Prior of France, were all dining with me, when Marshal d'Albrêt began to tell a story, and just as he was in the middle of it, he suddenly turned pale, and his voice faltered. None of us attended to this, except the Marshal de Clérainbaut, because none of us knew the cause. He called to the maître d'hotel, who had just placed a young wild boar on the table, to cut off its head instantly, which being done, the Marshal d'Albrêt, who was on the point of fainting, recovered, and continued his story. This was one of those natural antipathies, which many men are subject to; some to hares, like Bernard de Noyuret, Duke d'Epernon, colonel-general of infantry; and others to pigs' heads, like the Marshal d'Albrêt. The Marshal de Clérainbaut reminded me of this afterwards, at a levée, and asked me if I thought it would be taking an unfair advantage, to fight the Marshal d'Albrêt with a pig's head in the left hand and a sword in the right. This question made the king laugh; and my answer (that knowing this weakness of the Marshal d'Albrêt, it would be as unfair a trick as to wear armour under one's clothes,) led him to carry on the discussion, which he did with that agreeable pleasantry natural to him."

XUM

From this period, to the conclusion of these Memoirs, we have an uninterrupted series of bitter complaints of the injustice he received at the hands of the king, so mingled with the most abject flattery, that his injuries and misfortunes, so far from exciting the sympathy they are well calculated to call forth, render him an object of painful pity and contempt.

Speaking of the king's coldness, he says, " I never ceased to express to him, (the Count de St. Aignan, first gentleman of the bedchamber,) the zeal I felt, not only for the service, but for the person, of the king, and to tell him, that the coldness with which he treated me would never prevent my loving him a thousand times more than my life." In this year, occurred a signal instance of the instability of the favour of princes, and of the baseness of courts, in the arrest and disgrace of the ambitious and magnificent Foquet; but we must not swell our already numerous extracts, with this subject. In the autumn of this year, having met with fresh mortifications, Bussy fell ill of vexation. We cannot refrain from recording one of the few actions, to be found in these volumes, that tend to give one an endurable notion of mankind. Marshal Fabret, who was the son of a bookseller at Metz, having risen to the rank of marshal, through his merits, and the favour of Cardinal Mazarin, was desired to repair to court on the first day of 1662, in order that he might receive the order of knigthood, and to bring with him the necessary certificates of nobility. He wrote word, that he felt all possible gratitude to the king, for the high honour he intended him, but that it was impossible for him to accept it, since he must swear that his certificates of nobility were true, and that no consideration in the world would induce him to take a false oath. Bussy had sense and feeling enough to admire this action, but, he says, most of the courtiers condemned it, some attributing it to vanity, and some to *meanness of spirit*. From those who call a sacrifice of external glitter to veracity, meanness, one may pretty well know what to expect.

Bussy's exclusion from this creation of knights was one of his bitterest mortifications, as he asserts his pretensions to have been, in every respect, superior to those of many who received that distinction.

On this occasion, he writes thus to the Count de St. Aignan:

" My birth, my place, and my services, made me think that I might hope to be created a knight. But *the king, who knows what is needful and fit for us better than we ourselves*, not having thought fit to confer that honour upon me, I have received this exclusion, from his majesty, with profound respect and resignation to his will. I humbly entreat you, sir, to acquaint him with my sentiments on this matter, and to

assure him, that those whom he most highly favours, by making them knights, have no more zeal for his service, or person, than I."

The next day, he says, the count came to tell him that he had shewed his letter to the king, and that his majesty appeared satisfied with it. "We had a long conversation," says he, "on the pertinacity of my ill fortune. He thought it strange, that, whereas I had every thing which could entitle me to the highest dignities of the state, fortune baulked me of even the slightest honors. I thanked him for his good opinion, and said, I had one quality which I prized more highly than all the rest put together, which was an ardent zeal for the king's person. *Upon this the tears came into my eyes.*" He adds, "let him treat me as he likes, I shall love him, with all my heart, as long as I live." His next application is, for the governments of Estrades and Gravelines, which is also refused. "I swallowed this cup," says he, "as I had so many others, and followed the king to Dunkirk."

In the beginning of 1663, he committed that act of imprudence, which put the last stroke to his misfortunes. After reading aloud his memorable and fatal satire, (afterwards published at Brussels, under the title of the *Gaules Amoureuses,)* to three or four persons, he had the imprudence to lend the manuscript to a lady, who was then in a convent, and whom he thought one of his best friends, for four and twenty hours. Contrary to express promise, she detained it for double that time. Some time afterwards, this lady had a quarrel with Madame de Sourdis, who, he says, "thought she should make me her enemy, by telling me of her treachery towards me. She told me, that Madame de —— had got my manuscript copied, and had shewed her the copy." Upon this he sends to desire the delinquent to meet him, at the house of another lady, where he accuses her of her breach of trust, which, after a moment's confusion, she, of course, denies. A few days after this discovery, he finds that his satire has been grossly interpolated, and, in that state, has been put into the hands of the king, who, believing it directed against some of his favourites, is in a state of great irritation against him. He professes his innocence to the minister, Tellier, and to Madame, who endeavour to remove the unfavourable impression from the king's mind, and for a while the storm appears to have blown over. At this time, he has an interview with the king, which is in the abject style of which we have already given examples. "For three weeks," says he, "I have been in the deepest affliction. Your majesty has not deigned to look at me. *I had rather that you would put me to death, sire, if you do not look at me,* and in saying this, the tears came into my eyes."

XUM

However, his adorations, his flattery, his crouching, his tears, availed him nothing. The affair of the manuscript was revived, and on the 17th of April, 1665, he was arrested, and taken to the Bastile. On his arrival, the lieutenant criminel preaches him a sort of sermon, on his past life, and on the duty of resignation. He thinks this impertinent enough, as well he may, but his answer is curious. "I am not a devotee," says he, "but neither am I an infidel; *and for more than twenty years I have worn this," shewing a rosary.*

His impatient complaints and bewailings are what might be expected from a man in his situation, unsupported by public opinion, or by the consciousness of suffering in the service of mankind. He falls ill in six weeks, from vexation and ennui; his wife, who appears to have been unwearied in her exertions to obtain his liberation, is forbidden to see him; his mistress forsakes and forgets him, and his prayers that the accusations against him may be subjected to inquiry, are treated with total neglect. One ray of benevolence and kindness breaks through this gloom. A young nun, to whom he is unknown, save by his misfortunes, writes a petition to the king in his behalf, which she sends to Bussy for his approbation, taking the utmost precaution to conceal her name. This singular act of enthusiasm is characteristic of her age, her sex, and secluded life. Bussy is, of course, surprised and touched at it, and resolves, as he says, "to give her his heart." As, however, we hear no more of her, we may hope he left her to the more appropriate reward she would not fail to derive from her own.

We are tempted to quote some of his servile and imploring petitions to this most just, most merciful, and most adored of masters, who rewarded thirty-one years of service with a rigorous imprisonment of thirteen months, during which he steadily refused to hear any thing like evidence on the crime with which the unhappy culprit was charged,—but we forbear. If any of our readers are not yet satisfied, let them look into the book. They will not lay it down without thanking God, not only that they are exempt from the dread and the horrors of arbitrary imprisonment, but that France has, at length, delivered herself from them. Let them not forget beautiful and unhappy Italy, and her patriots, the young, the noble, and the disinterested, wasting away in the dungeons of inexorable Austria, nor the victims which crowd the prisons of Spain. But we must conclude our long article. On the 17th of May, 1666, after nearly dying in the Bastile, Bussy was suffered to leave it, on the plea of his health, not, however, without a considerable probability of being re-imprisoned, as soon as he was out of danger. He recovers, however, and departs for Bussy, and here the Memoirs terminate.

ART. IX.—*Characteristic Notices of Charles II., and certain Individuals of his Court, from contemporary journals.* 1660-1668.

The character and manners of Charles II., being of a kind rarely to be found in a person of his elevated rank, and offering a singular contrast to the pompous etiquette which always surrounds a throne, have attracted an unusual degree of curiosity. At a period when it was doubted whether kings actually eat, drank, and talked like ordinary men, this inquisitive turn was productive of useful effects. The discoveries to which it led dispelled the sublime notion which people were apt to form of persons raised so high above their own level. They were thus taught to regard their chief magistrate as nothing more than one of themselves, and subject to infirmities no fewer than their own.

This knowledge enabled them to conquer the delusion which had before prevailed, and which, investing the sovereign with something like divine attributes, either prohibited public censure altogether, or rendered him invulnerable to its attacks. They are now perfectly aware, that the sovereign is not exempted from the lot of humanity; and being led to expect that a regard to his own pleasures will influence him in common with the rest of mankind, they can make suitable provisions against the operation of this sinister interest. It is at this period, however, when the intelligence is no longer wanted, that we have been furnished with the most copious stores of information relating to the practices of courts, and the privacy of kings. Individuals of their own sphere have turned informers, and exposed the vices and frivolities of the governors of men. Among these the Prussian Princess Wilhelmina, daughter of Frederick William, edified the world with the domestic history of her illustrious parents. The numerous memoirs that have lately issued from the French press, particularly those of the Duchess of Orleans, have admitted us as freely within the sanctuary of the Bourbons. Our own press has, within the last few years, supplied us, by the publication of sundry memoirs rescued from oblivion, with much authentic information, on the same subject; and though the information be now no longer wanted, yet, to the observers of human nature, these works may have a value above the gratification of a merely gossiping curiosity. They permit the reader to take a closer view of the subject they describe, than any means of access, which he formerly enjoyed, could have procured for him. He may thus contemplate human nature, under the operation of circumstances singularly favourable to the development of its baser passions.

XUM

The study of man, always interesting, is fraught, in this particular instance, with results the most beneficial. It may be of service, in our dealings with our neighbours, to know the course of human passions; but of how much greater service is it in our relations to the mighty of the land, in whose hands, principally, the welfare of the community is lodged; and who, as having the greatest trust reposed in them, ought to be the most thoroughly understood. He is no friend to society who would contribute to foster any delusion, which may prevent our forming a correct view of the characters of those, whom the community has, at any time, invested with power. The writer, who surrounds his story with graces not properly belonging to it, and palms upon the world the bright conceptions of his genius for the actual personages of the drama, is guilty of an outrage upon truth, and an injury to society. The *Memoires de Grammont* have done their part to adorn profligacy, and communicate the charm of elegance to that which was, in fact, mere heartless debauchery, and worse brutality. The author of *Waverley*, at this day, appears bent upon perpetuating and even augmenting the delusion. He has drawn a picture of Charles II. *en couleur de rose*; and discountenanced virtue by recommending vice. We contemplated a comparison in detail between the fictions of these writers, and the realities contained in the diaries of Evelyn and Pepys. But for this we have not space. We recommend the reader, who has taken his ideas of manners from the pictures above-mentioned, or of characters from Hume, to contrast his former views with those which these contemporary works will suggest. We shall content ourselves with gleaning a few characteristic notices of the most celebrated individuals of the period, without venturing too deeply into the gulf of vice and iniquity that opens to our view.

Charles II.—The character of this person is marked by peculiarities so striking, that, like his harsh ill-favoured physiognomy, it is recognized at once in every attempt at a portraiture. If, however, the additional information recently afforded us, throws no new light upon the subject, it at least enables us to inspect it more closely, and discriminate its shades more nicely. It must be remembered that the period, during which these incidental notices respecting him were registered, was the most auspicious of his life and reign. Age had not yet deprived him of the zest for enjoyment; opposition had not yet fretted his temper; loyalty was still the order of the day; and in the licentiousness of his court, men beheld only a pleasing contrast to the austerity, which had recently prevailed in the seat of government. We can easily conceive the impression his first appearance must have made upon the hearts of a people predisposed to excessive loyalty; relieved as

the gaiety and airiness of his demeanour were by the gloom and solemnity of the late republican rulers. No one ever knew so well, or practised so gracefully, those little attentions that are apt to delight, beyond measure, all who are unhacknied in the ways of courts, and to inspire them with ardent attachment to the person of the monarch. It is usually held to be a prerogative of royalty, to be raised above the necessity of shewing deference or respect to the feelings of others. In this kind of consideration for his subjects Charles was not deficient, though it was a respect which extended not to their persons, or their purses. His courtesy was the result neither of art, nor of benevolence. It flowed from a total freedom from kingly, or any other description of pride or hauteur, from an easy companionable temper, and a sensitiveness of disposition, which made him almost instinctively to feel, and, feeling, to be distressed at any constraint, or unpleasant sensations, on the part of others—a tenderness strangely contrasted with his really callous and cold-blooded heart. The lives of kings, who happen fortunately to be dead to the pleasures of ambition, are in general of an uniform insipidity, monotonous by reason of an established etiquette, and unfavourable to the sincere enjoyment of social pleasures. But this king's had been a life of jeopardy and adventures. He had known the extremities of good and bad fortune. He had seen various countries, and communicated with a great variety of characters. He had much to reflect upon and much to relate. The recollection of all this—the sour faces, and long prayers, and watchful jealousy of the Covenanters—the narrow escapes at Worcester—the privations and distresses of his exile—must have rendered his return to power not only a political triumph, but a source of personal enjoyment, altogether without a parallel in the history of princes. His naturally courteous deportment, rendered doubly gracious by the policy of cultivating popularity, as well as by the sun-shiny mood of mind in which he may be supposed to have been at a period of prosperity so unlooked for, were seen to advantage in his intercourse with those who flocked in shoals to his presence. Heart-expanding smiles, kind and familiar inquiries, good-natured nods of pretended recognition, and kisses of the hand repaid by cordial embraces, were, to all who partook of them, sure pledges of an auspicious reign. "They two got the child and me (the others not being able to crowd in) to see the king, who kissed the child very affectionately." The sight of a king at his meals has always been considered worth something; but what must have been the delight of every loyal subject then and there present, after the long privation under which the good people of England had laboured of spectacles so truly gratifying, to behold his majesty

at breakfast on ship-board, eating pease, pork, and boiled beef, with a heartiness, which shewed that his preference of those marine dainties was not feigned but sincere. How many a bosom, that morning, must have been dilated with the swelling emotions of loyalty, and how many an aspiration of unalterable devotion breathed by the by-standers, as they beheld the savoury viands disappearing down the royal throat.

His alertness, too, gave great satisfaction to those who had been led to expect in him the idle habits of self-indulgence. He walked up and down the vessel, active and stirring, with a quick step, that betokened alacrity of mind and soundness of body; chatted first with this person, and then with that; and told stories on the quarter-deck, of his adventures. At this time, his stories had an advantage, which, of course, they did not long retain, of being quite new; for it was the misfortune of Charles, as well as of his friends, that they grew old long before he grew weary of telling them. The subject of his present discourse was his escape from Worcester; and the gentle audience were disposed almost to weep at the narrative. He related, how he had travelled four days and three nights, on foot, every step up to the knees in dirt, dressed in a green coat and a pair of country breeches, with hob-nailed shoes, which lamed him so, that he was scarcely able to drag one foot after the other:—how, at one public-house, a soldier of his own regiment at Worcester made him drink the king's health; and how, at another, they made him undergo the like ceremony, in order that they might know he was not a Roundhead, which they swore he was:—finally, how, when he had at length effected his passage over into France, the people of the inn at Rouen, so beggarly was his appearance, came into the room before he left it, to be sure that he had not stolen something or other.

The merit of affability and courtesy he never lost; indeed, his graver subjects were disposed to think him but too condescending. At first, he seems to have assumed a kind of gravity, as becoming the exalted state to which he had been called. Thus, he touched people for the evil, in compliance with the humour of our wise ancestors, and evinced neither nausea, nor any inclination to mirth. Afterwards, he seems to have neglected this important business of state. Another of his duties was to wash the feet of the poor, on what was called Maundy Thursday; but he generally deputed a bishop to act for him in that honourable office. On the most solemn state occasions, he could not play the king with any thing like effect. When he delivered his speeches to parliament, he seldom or never looked off the paper from which he read; and even his style of reading was hesitating and imperfect, with a frequent school-boy-like repetition of his words. If he ever attempted an extempore oration,

it was invariably short, ill-expressed, and silly; often saying one thing and meaning another; then recollecting himself, and correcting what he had previously said, One day, a justice of peace repaired to Whitehall, on the occasion of a riot, which had for its object the pulling down those places. He reported his proceedings; and, speaking of the brothels, added, they were one of the grievances of the nation. To this the king answered, coldly, and with insipidity, "Why, why, do they go to them, then?" This was said like Charles; but not, to use the words of Sir W. Temple, on another occasion, "like a king." At church, or chapel, he could never preserve his gravity, when the sermon happened to afford subject for merriment. He would laugh outright there, as well as elsewhere; and would dally with Madame Palmer through the curtains that divided the royal box from that in which the ladies sat. If he saw an acquaintance) at play, in the park, or even in a state procession, he would nod to him with the easy familiarity of an equal; and if the gentleman happened to have his wife with him, and she were handsome, he would cast on the husband a glance of significant meaning.

If he could not preserve the formal solemnity, which the rules of etiquette dictated, in public, it was still less to be expected that he should observe them in private. Thus, after he had ordered his guards and coach to be ready to conduct him to the park, or wherever else the gay world happened to be assembled, perhaps, if the whim took possession of him, he would call for a sculler and a pair of oars, and row himself down to Somerset-House, to visit the Duchess of Richmond; and, on these occasions, if he did not find the garden door open, he would clamber over the wall. When that lady was only Mrs. Stewart, it constituted one of his prime amusements to get her, even in public, into a corner, and toy with her there, to the observation of all the company.

"Is the king below?" meaning in Mrs. Stewart's apartment, during the period of her residence at court, was the usual query of his brother and his other intimates, when they wanted to see him.

He was often met of a morning trudging home alone, and on foot, to Whitehall, on his return from some assignation, which he had been keeping on the previous night. The sentries, stationed on their various posts, used to jest upon his outgoings and in-comings to one another; and the man of business, early in his attendance at Whitehall, was often surprised to encounter his majesty, apparently a riser as early as himself.

A gay unconcern and *insouciance* distinguished his deportment on all occasions alike. At the council, he would jest instead of minding business, and play with his dog, if there

happened to be nobody to jest with, or nothing to cut a joke upon. His ordinary amusements were playing at tennis, and weighing himself afterwards, to ascertain how much he had lost in weight—sauntering in the Mall, or idling away his mornings at the toilette of his favourites—dancing whole nights, and, occasionally, getting very drunk—hearing anthems in his chapel, and keeping time to the music with his head and hand—visiting the Tower by water, to inspect the arms; and the docks, to enjoy the sight of a vessel built upon a new model, or with some improvement, perhaps, of his own suggestion—going to the play, and ogling the handsome women—and, in lack of all other amusements, gossiping with any body and every body, telling long stories of the French and Spanish courts, and, like good old Kent, "marring a curious tale in telling it."

Lady Castlemaine.—Lord Sandwich once extolling his housekeeper's cakes, observed they were so good, that they were fit to present to my Lady Castlemaine. The charms of her person appear to have been sensibly felt by her contemporaries. To look upon her, was a treat that compensated even for a dull play and bad performers. The dress, which she at any time wore, seemed always that which became her best. Standing one day in the open air, to see a procession of barges on the Thames, anon, says our observer, there came up to her one booted and spurred, with whom she talked awhile. And, by and by, the wind discomposing her tresses, she put on his hat, which, though but an ordinary one, became her mightily, as, indeed, every thing else did that she wore. It was strange to see her lord and her on the same spot, walking up and down, without taking the least notice of each other; only, at first entry, he put off his hat to her, which she acknowledged by a civil salute. On this occasion, there occurred an incident which betokened in her some goodness of heart. A scaffold, crowded with people, gave way, and it was feared some were injured. She alone, of all the great ladies, ran down into the throng, to see what harm had been sustained; and there she took under her protection a child that had received a slight hurt. The high spirit of this woman discovered itself at first only in amusing eccentricities. One night, the king being with her at Bath, the cook came to announce that supper could not be served up, because the chine of beef could not be roasted, the tide having risen and flooded the kitchen,—"Zounds!" exclaimed she, "set the house on fire, so it be roasted." The Duke of Buckingham had made a private entertainment for the king and queen, to which she was not invited. "Well, much good may it do them," said she, "and, for all that, I will be as merry as they;" and immediately she caused a great supper to be prepared. Afterwards, when her sway over the king had become despotical, and the royal slave

began to grow restive, and evince symptoms of a disposition to rebel, we are treated with bursts of insolence, ebullitions of passion, and a desperate defiance of decorum and propriety. "Many brave ladies in the park to-day; among others, Castlemaine lay impudently upon her back, in her coach, asleep, with her mouth open." Her disputes with the king, and their mutual infidelities, became, in the latter part of their intercourse, open and avowed. He would sometimes give her foul words—call her jade, that meddled with things she had no business with; a compliment she returned, by terming him a fool that allowed himself to be governed by fools. People observed to one another, how imperious this woman was; how she hectored the king into doing whatever she pleased, and that her influence over him was not that of a mistress, for she evidently scorned him, but of a tyrant. Sometimes, he taxed her with her infidelities; to which she vouchsafed no other answer than a slighting *puh!* with her mouth, or a threat, that she would print his letters, and expose him to the world. Her custom, on these occasions, was to leave the palace, and retire into lodgings; whence his majesty, in the course of a day or two, would prevail upon her, by some act of self-abasement, as going on his knees and acknowledging his fault, to return to Court. The very people in the streets would exclaim, "the king cannot leave town till my Lady Castlemaine be ready to go along with him." When her women happened to quarrel, she would cause the king to interfere, and make them friends again. The Duke of York, his amours, and the subjection in which his wife held him, appear to have been standing jests with the king. Reflecting upon his brother's matrimonial servitude, he observed once to some of his intimates, that he would go no more abroad with this Tom Otter (meaning the duke) and his wife. Tom Killigrew, who was present, said, "Sir, pray what is the best for a man, to be a Tom Otter to his wife or his *mistress?*" Indeed, the king had grown heartily weary of Castlemaine, and her caprices, long before he could assume courage to break the chains, with which she had bound him.

Queen Catherine—In the midst of all this courtship and gallantry passing under her very eye, the queen appears to have led an easy careless life, without troubling her head very much about the vagaries of her partner. He was civil to her; and, in the ordinary observances of the matrimonial life, an exemplary husband. She, in return, after her first disappointment had been digested at finding herself a mere appendage to the court, became discreet and tractable. She would bid Castlemaine not detain the king so long at her house, for the weather was

severe, and the distance from Whitehall considerable, and his majesty was already troubled with a cold. At the period when Charles was solely occupied with courting Mrs. Stewart, she would pause a moment, before entering the apartment of the latter, who was one of her maids of honour, and by some slight cough, or other signal, make them aware of her approach. She had once, it is said, broken in upon them somewhat unseasonably. To take the air with her ladies, sit finely dressed on great occasions, dance eternally, and pay her devotions—she was a great devotee—were the ordinary amusements of Catherine of Braganza. Like the lady of Commodore Trunnion, to fancy herself about to become a mother, and amuse herself with vain hopes, was another of her recreations. The poor lady fell ill—was thought to be at the last extremity—pigeons were applied to the soles of her feet, and extreme unction administered. All the court was on tip-toe with expectations—the little Stewart's heart beat with unusual violence, and the duke's friends prayed with more than ordinary fervour, for "the queen, and all the royal family." The crisis, however, passed over. She fell into a gentle delirium, and it was observed by those around her, how the wishes of her heart were expressed in the wanderings of her distempered fancy. She would talk of having one, two—nay, three children; only she was sorry that the boy should be so ugly. "Yet, his majesty said, no, it was a very pretty boy; and, indeed, if it was so like himself, as people said, it would be pretty, &c." On awaking, she would start, and inquire, with eagerness, "how are the children?"

The following extract presents a lively idea of the court of Charles II. in its glory; and we give it in this place, because the persons, whose characters we have been discussing, are the principal figures of the piece. There is a reality in the few descriptive touches that occur, which gives this rough sketch a value that does not always belong to delineations much more elaborate. In our opinion, it is worth a chapter of De Grammont.

"July 13th, 1663. Walking in the Pall Mall, I met the queen-mother, led by my lord St. Alban's, and hearing that the king and queen are rode abroad with the ladies of honour to the park, and seeing a great crowd of gallants staying here to see her return, I also staid, walking up and down. By and by, the king and queen, who looked in this dress (a white-laced waistcoat, and a crimson short petticoat, and her hair dressed à la negligence) mighty pretty; and the king rode hand-in-hand with her. Here was also my Lady Castlemaine rode among the rest of the ladies; but the king took, methought, no notice of her; nor, when she did light, did any body

press (as she seemed to expect, and staid for it) to take her down, but was taken down by her own gentleman. She looked mighty out of humour, and had a yellow plume in her hat, (which all took notice of,) and yet is very handsome, but very melancholy: nor did any body speak to her, or she so much as smile or speak to any body. I followed them up into Whitehall, and into the queen's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another's, by one another's heads, and laughing. But it was the finest sight to me, considering their great beauty and dress, that ever I did see in all my life. But, above all, Mrs. Stewart in this dress, with her hat cocked and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent taille, is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in my life; and, if ever woman can, do exceed my Lady Castlemaine, at least in this dress: nor do I wonder if the king changes, which, I verily believe, is the reason of his coldness to my Lady Castlemaine."

Lord Sandwich.—This nobleman, of a weak, and not very high principled, but amiable character, seems to have aimed at uniting, in his person, the man of pleasure, and the man of business, and serving his majesty in both capacities alike. The miserable anxiety of a courtier's life is well exemplified in his history:—"O! how wretched is that poor man, who hangs on princes' favours!" He moved, apparently, up and down the court like one walking on slippery ground, and constantly in apprehension of a fall. Dependent entirely on the hold which he was able to keep of the king's mutable favour, a smile or a frown was life or death to his hopes. To be sent for by his majesty to my Lady Castlemaine's, to play at cards, was happiness; and he professed himself glad at any time to lose fifty pounds to be so invited. We find him always calculating the chance of this person rising, or that person falling; and considering to whom he ought to adhere, whom it was his interest to abandon; with whom he stood well or ill, and upon whose friendship he would reckon on an emergency. His kindness to Lady Castlemaine, he apprehended, had brought upon him the queen's displeasure; but then, why should he fall for the sake of one, who had neither wit, management, nor interest, to hold up any one? He had brought her over from Portugal, and had, doubtless, employed his opportunity of paying court to her to advantage. But when it turned out, that she, poor lady, instead of being able to afford countenance, stood in need of some one to countenance her, my lord thought himself no longer under any obligation to stand by her against his own interests. How anxious, too, he shews himself, to fasten an obligation upon any one whom he considered a person likely to rise at court—sorry, for example, that Sir H. Bennett had declined his present of a gold cup, because that would have

given him some claim upon his kind offices; whereas it was to be feared, that Sir H. had refused his gift in order to avoid any such claim. Then, there was the risk of having to reconcile opposite interests and friendships, and the difficulty of steering safely between parties to whom he was under equal obligation. Thus, when the faction of Bennett and of Lord Bristol were driving so furiously against the Chancellor, that his downfal began to be apprehended, Lord Sandwich found himself in a dilemma of the nature above described. He acknowledged that Clarendon had been his greatest friend; and, therefore, he would not join in any active measures against him; but keep aloof from both parties alike, and "passively carry himself even." For the rest of his character, he was always needy, because he never lived within compass; in religion, a lover of uniformity in church-service and discipline—otherwise, "wholly sceptical;" and a gambler.

The Duke of Albemarle.—This individual retained his influence at court, for whose meridian his coarse and vulgar manners and conversation might otherwise have disqualified him, solely on the ground of his services at the Restoration. It was in this style that he would talk:—De Ruyter was bearing down upon his ship, with an evident design of giving him a broadside. "Now," says he (chewing tobacco the while,) "will this fellow come, and give me two broadsides, and then he shall run." On the contrary, De Ruyter held him to it two hours, till the duke himself was forced to retreat, and be towed off, the Dutchman staying till he had refitted his vessel. One on board observed to the duke, "Sir, methinks De Ruyter hath given us more than two broadsides." "Well," rejoined the duke, "but you shall find him run by and by." And so, indeed, he did; but not till Albemarle himself had first been made to retreat. That paragon of beauty and virtue, his wife, was equally notorious for selling every office that she could lay her hands upon, as for giving nasty dirty dinners. Albemarle fell, latterly, as low in the estimation of people, as he had once stood undeservedly high; and received one or two slights from the king, which affected him more than the loss of credit. However, he consoled himself with his bottle. "He is grown a drunken sot, and drinks with nobody but Troutbecke, whom nobody else will keep company with." There was a story abroad, at the time, that these two worthies being at their cups, Albemarle expressed his wonder that "Nan Hyde should have come to be Duchess of York;" "Nay," returned Troutbecke, "ne'er wonder at that; for if you will give me another bottle, I will tell you a greater miracle." And what was that, but that "our dirty Bess (meaning his duchess) should come to be Duchess of Albemarle!"

Lord Chancellor Clarendon.—*Clarum et venerabile nomen;* but only one more example of the truth of that Scripture, which saith, "every man is but vanity, and *a great man is a lie.*" His authority in government may be considered as having been quite absolute, during the first years of his administration. But it was the king's belief, that he could not dispense with his policy and services, that alone preserved his ascendancy so long. He loved the chancellor neither as a companion, nor as a friend; and grew at length, from the latter's domineering spirit, to hate him inveterately. This overweening pride on the part of Clarendon, and his assumption of superiority, together with a contempt for the judgment of others, which he was at no pains to conceal, more than all his other failings together, recommended that minister to the hearty dislike of his contemporaries. At the council board, and elsewhere, he always intimated plainly enough what he as clearly felt, that the rest of the persons present were immeasurably below him. His manner of speaking was rather that of one informing his company of something which he knew well enough himself, but of which they were entirely ignorant, than of a cabinet minister in consultation with his colleagues. The king evidently submitted to him, as a school boy to his master. Thus, when that feather-brained nobleman, Lord Bristol, was playing off some of his stage-tricks in the house of lords, and his majesty was under some apprehensions in consequence, he is described as running up and down, and to and from, the chancellor's, like a boy. Another circumstance, that excited the sinister remarks of the malevolent, was his making the king trot every day to him, when he himself, though too ill to come to council, was well enough to go a much greater distance to visit his cousin, the chief justice. Of the thraldom under which his majesty lay, we may form some conception from the ecstacy into which the court was thrown when the great seal was, at length, returned by the hands of secretary Morrice. As soon as it was brought, Baptist May, keeper of the privy purse, fell upon his knees before the king, caught him about the legs, gave him joy, and said that this was the first day they could call him King of England, now that he was freed from this *great man.*

Some busy meddling peer, once told the king, that the chancellor had openly declared his majesty to be a "lazy person, and unfit to govern." "Why," returned Charles, "that is no news, for he hath told me so twenty times, and but the other day he told me so." Though the king replied to these, and similar intimations, which the courtiers were not backward in giving him, with his usual *sang-froid,* they did not the less rankle in his breast. The evil day at length fell upon Clarendon, and the king was at liberty to discharge his bosom of the gall,

XUM

that had been so long engendering. He then spoke of him to every body, as "that insolent fellow," who would not let him have a voice at his own council-board; and he sought his ruin with such eager avidity, that every one, who was not seen to promote the same end, was openly discountenanced and marked as an enemy. That while the chancellor was so great, there was no liberty to propose any remedy to what was amiss, nor room to bring any measure about for the good of the kingdom, was a complaint universally urged against Clarendon.

Whilst the chancellor, by his lofty bearing, thus gave general and deep-rooted offence, he does not appear to have been in another respect sufficiently careful to fortify himself against the malice of those who sought his destruction. It was the opinion even of unprejudiced persons at the time, that of the numerous charges brought against Clarendon, two, but no more, were capable of being substantiated;—one, that he had taken money for several bargains that had been made with the crown, of which one instance was particularly specified; and next, that he had uttered before the king, and others, words calculated to breed in his majesty an ill opinion of parliament—that they were factious, and so forth. The notes of Mr. Pepys, to which we owe these new lights upon the characters of Clarendon and of his contemporaries, furnish us with a curious instance of that minister's grasping propensities. The narrative is highly characteristic of all the persons concerned. Lord Sandwich, to whom Mr. Pepys was a kind of humble friend, had sent for that gentleman, to have some conversation with him:

"He did begin a most solemn profession of the same love and confidence in me that he ever had, and then told me what a misfortune was fallen upon him and me; in me, by a displeasure which my Lord Chancellor did shew to him last night against me, in the highest and most passionate manner that ever man did speak, &c. And what should the business be, but that I should be forward to have the trees in Clarendon Park marked and cut down; when, God knows! I am the most innocent man in the world in it, and did nothing of myself, but barely obeyed my Lord Treasurer's warrant for the doing thereof. And said that I did most ungentlemanly-like with him, and had justified the rogues in cutting down a tree of his; and that I had sent the veriest fanatique that is in England, on purpose to nose him. All which, I did assure my Lord, was most properly false, and nothing like it true. My Lord do seem most nearly affected; partly, I believe, for me, and partly for himself. So he advised me to wait presently upon my Lord, and clear myself in the most perfect manner I can, with all submission and assurance, that I am his creature, both in this and all other things; and that I do own, that all I have is derived through my Lord Sandwich from his lordship. So, full of horror, I went and found him busy in trials of law, in his great room; and, it being sitting day, durst not stay; but went to my Lord, and told

him so; whereupon he directed me to take him after dinner; and so away I home, leaving my lord mightily concerned for me. So I to my Lord Chancellor's, and there coming out, after dinner, I accosted him, telling him that I was the unhappy Pepys that had fallen into his high displeasure, and came to desire him to give me leave to make myself better understood to his lordship, assuring him of my duty and service. He answered me very pleasingly, that he was confident on the score of Lord Sandwich's character of me, &c. After all done, he himself called, "Come, Mr. Pepys, you and I will take a turn in the garden." So he was led down stairs, having the gout, and there walked with me, I think, above an hour, talking most friendly yet most cunningly. I think I did thoroughly appease him, till he thanked me for my desire and pains to satisfy him. He told me he would not direct me in any thing, that it might not be said the Lord Chancellor did labour to abuse the king; but I see what he means, and will make it my work to do him service in it. He did plainly say, that he would not direct me in any thing, for he would not put himself into the power of any man to say he did so and so; but plainly told me as if he would be glad I did something. Lord! to see how we poor wretches dare not do the King service, for fear of the greatness of these men."

Mr. Pepys kept his promise so faithfully, and served the chancellor so ably, and yet so *discreetly*, that he won Clarendon's high regard; which that minister testified on various occasions; and particularly by *stroking him complacently on the head*, one day after a meeting of council. What a choice piece of biography is that which we have just extracted! Were all lives and all histories written with equal truth, we should know better what to think of many more Clarendons, who have been handed down to us as the most "virtuous and upright of ministers." The whole history of Clarendon's administration, as written by David Hume, teaches not so much as this single passage of an obscure and ill-written diary.

END OF PART I. VOL. XIII.

XUM

LONDON:
Printed by D. S. Maurice, Fenchurch-street.

CONTENTS

OF

VOLUME XIII. PART II.

ART. I.—Bishop Pontoppidan's Natural History of Norway. . p. 181

II.—Robert Monteith's Theatre of Mortality. 213

III.—Beckford's Thoughts on Hunting 230

IV.—Poems of Michael Angelo Buonarroti 248

V.—Tory Life of General Monk 264

VI.—Sharp's Dissertation on the Pageants, or Dramatic Mysteries 297

VII.—Memoirs of Marshal Bassompierre 316

XUM

THE

Retrospective Review.

Vol. XIII. Part II.

Art. I.—*Pontoppidan's Natural History of Norway. Translated from the Danish Original. Illustrated with Plates, Folio. London,* 1755.

Every traveller and historian, who, quitting the broad and beaten path, turns aside for the purpose of more minute examination, must prepare himself for a cold and cautious reception, and for the chance, moreover, of being paraded before the public by the critics of his day, that it may be seen of all "how God and good men can hate so foul a liar." Readers, at all conversant with the literary histories of past and present times, will readily admit the truth of this assertion; and, in this instance alone, find themselves obliged to deny the justice of the adage, that "a prophet is not without honour save in his own country;" in the cases before us, the very reverse being too often the fact. Herodotus, whose fame received its due reward at the festivals of Elis and of Athens, was, by the readers of subsequent ages, considered little better than a fanciful romancer. Pliny, who rose to the highest honours which Trajan (who knew well how to appreciate the merit and talent displayed in his long and laborious work on the economy of nature) could bestow, has exposed himself to the smiles and sarcasms of naturalists in every succeeding age; and Pontoppidan, though idolized in Norway, has been universally hailed and quoted by the rest of the world as the Munchausen of his day, and a very wholesale dealer in gratuitous and absolute falsehood. How, then, can we hope to intercede with a shadow of success, even in a single instance, for one professing, as he does, to deal in *strange, sin-*

XUM

gular, and unexpected things? Nevertheless, we feel, under certain qualifications, inclined, here and there, to plead his cause before the enlightened literary juries of our most enlightened age. Dishonoured and discredited, as the indefatigable writers we have just mentioned have been, we should remember that, after passing through the ordeals of the prejudices of an opinionated, and the ignorance of an uninformed, world, the more liberal spirit of modern times, conscious that experience has, in some instances, testified in their favour, has felt disposed to make allowance for the darkness in which they were enveloped and the difficulties under which they laboured, in their severe course of investigation and research. At all events, it is but a debt justly due to those who sacrificed time, and wealth, and health, in days when time, and wealth, and health, were seldom lavished upon such laudable pursuits, to treat them with courtesy, and to endeavour, where we can, to clear up the mists which concealed the truth from their gaze, and wrapt up tales and traditions, which they would willingly have recorded in a plain unvarnished state, in a fantastic robe of improbability or exaggeration. Those who feel disposed to pour out the vial of their wrath on such men as Pontoppidan, will do well to reflect that he sinned occasionally (as we shall show in the succeeding pages) in no less company than the Magnus Apollo of his time, our great and deservedly respected Francis Bacon, Lord High Chancellor of England. We have, moreover, a duty beyond this, and, perhaps, a duty more important, namely, to sift the narratives and assumed discovered truths of these writers more narrowly, and try their pretensions by the test of our more accurate knowledge; in doing which, much good, direct and indirect, may ensue. When such men as Herodotus, Pliny, Bruce, and Pontoppidan, write, we are not justified in suspecting them of wilfully corrupting the truth for the pure gratification of a prurient disposition to falsehood; it is but fair to suppose that events, however marvellous, rested, at least, upon some foundations; and that their theories, however apparently absurd, were yet reflections from some pure though hidden ray of light, which our exertions may expose to view. In support of this argument, we appeal to the supposed fact recorded by Strabo, of the emission of sounds from the statue of Memnon, when exposed to the first rays of the sun. By how many a hoary-headed veteran in learning and philosophy, was this treated as an absurd fable, untenable and inexplicable by any known theory; and yet there are those, at this present day, who not only credit, but actually pretend to explain, the mystery on true scientific principles; and, as a further corroboration of the possibility at least of the writer's accuracy, we have the authority

of an author* of undoubted veracity, who was informed "by most credible witnesses, that subterranean sounds, like those of an organ, were heard towards sunrise by those who sleep upon the granite rocks on the banks of the Oroonoko:" and, as a still further support, other respectable travellers, Messrs. Jomard, Jollois, and Devilliers, heard at sunrise, in a monument of granite placed at the centre of the spot on which the palace of Karnack stands, a noise resembling that of a string breaking. Reasoning on such grounds, we would lastly remind our readers, that literature, as well as science, may and has profited by the distortions even of truth, as the follies of one age have paved the way for the philosophy of the next. Having thus far attempted something like a justification for ourselves, if not for the Bishop, and assigned some semblance of reasoning for not at once delivering him and his folio, *in toto*, over to the lowest dungeon-keep of him "who is the father of lies;" we shall briefly state, that although it is our intention, wherever and whenever we can, to lend the good Bishop a helping hand, we by no means pledge ourselves to act as his champions throughout: we are certainly disposed to do our duty fully and impartially; but, at the same time, convinced as we are, that on his skull Spurzheim would have found a pretty considerable bump of credulity, we shall consider ourselves privileged to feast our readers with some of his stories, and provide them with materials for an occasional hearty laugh, albeit at the expense of as worthy a man as ever sat upon the Bench of Bishops.

Without further digression, we shall therefore now proceed to introduce our readers to the Right Reverend Enoch Pontoppidan, Bishop of Bergen and member of the Royal Academy of Science in Copenhagen, who, on the 1st day of May, 1751, launched forth a ponderous folio on men and manners, beasts, birds, and fishes, rocks, and mountains; in a word, professing to give a full and true account of all that was curious and wonderful in the animal, vegetable, and mineral world, of the then little known, or, to speak more properly, the absolutely terra incognita of Norway. We have said, that a better man never existed; and if piety and good intention were the *sine quibus non* in the formation of a perfect historian, Bishop Pontoppidan might stand a fair chance of being placed on the highest pinnacle in the temple of fame; but, unfortunately, we, who know the world and what is required of those who live in and write for it, must, with grief and sorrow, confess that unless these sterling qualities are closely amalgamated with certain other worldly but essential ingredients, such as discretion, sober judgment,

* Humboldt.

calm and dispassionate inquiry, they will not carry their possessor safe over the shoals and quicksands to which we mortal navigators are exposed on the ocean of life; nay more, that if we trust to these alone, discarding the rest, we may not only go near to touch upon shoals ourselves, but, perchance, occasion the discomfiture, if not the absolute shipwreck, of many worthy followers, to whom we have professed to act as pilots. And much we fear these remarks will apply to the Bishop of Bergen. In the first place, "his principal motive being (as he says in his preface) to promote the glory of God by a contemplation of his works," the Deity is enlisted at all times, "in season and out of season," and upon all possible occasions, as the direct and efficient agent. Accordingly, if a scanty population settle themselves in a remote and barren peninsula, where the winds prevent the growth of trees, turf of the best description abounds because "the wise Creator foresaw that, in the course of time, it would be most necessary." If the West coast is found to be environed by a rampart consisting "of a million or more of stone columns, founded in the bottom of the sea," they are placed there, first and foremost, as "a security against any naval power of an enemy." If a sea-monster appears in the North sea, he is sent by "the all-wise Creator, several hundred miles, to serve as an instrument to drive numberless shoals of fish into the creeks, &c. to be the subsistence of many thousands of people." If a swarm of grubs "destroy the cabbage, grass, hemp, and flax, but not the corn," he concludes, that they then are acting under orders not to touch it. If a couple of hunters, left by accident on a desert island, after eating grass and leaves suddenly fall in with a "little spot all overgrown with sorrel," it was evidently a miraculous effort of vegetation; and even the accumulation of "thirty-two pounds of suet found on one ram," is cited as "a striking instance of the succulency and increase God has been pleased to bestow on Norwegian grass." Here we have unquestionable proof, that our author's zeal was not according to knowledge. We shall now proceed to an examination of his work, following the order he has prescribed, and beginning with his chapter on the air and its phenomena.

Chap. 1. *Of the Air, and its Phenomena.*

Under this head, we have, in connection with a long detailed account of climate, atmosphere, heats of summer and cold of winter, much learning and conjectural remarks upon the Aurora Borealis, which, as might be expected, serves as a fulcrum whereon the Bishop rests the lever of his whole philosophy, and which, notwithstanding the application of this whole force, he is compelled to leave pretty much as he finds it, "a very dark problem, and involved in many uncertainties."

With laudable diligence, he presents his readers with the opinions of those who had made it the subject of their lucubrations. Thus, Captain Heitman, "a great naturalist of Norway," a person, moreover, "of great erudition and experience in philosophy," observes, that in the frigid zone "the force which gives motion to the high winds is there at its utmost height, insomuch that sometimes the lower region of the air, which is filled with nitrous vapours, is whirled round; and then is formed that light in the air called the Lottetskein, or Northern light." Dr. Nicholas Boerner, one mighty in physics, is expressly of the opinion that this light "is nothing but saline sulphureous vapours, kindled in the upper air, by a change it undergoes in autumn, spring, and other times, when the sun has not power sufficient to rarify and disperse these sulphureous particles." The "celebrated Wolfius" goes a step further, pronouncing it to be a sort of atmospherical fuel "substance yet unmature for lightening," or an "imperfect tempest." Others, again, are quoted as authorities for considering it to be nothing more "than a mere refraction, or reflection, of a flame issuing from certain volcanoes," which, in favour of this truly philosophical conjecture, "are supposed to lie beyond Greenland, near the North Pole." As many rational difficulties were started, as to the difficulty of steering and taking an accurate departure, had our Discovery ships been fortunate enough to have reached this North Pole, this hint would have deserved the attention of Captain Parry, and we therefore earnestly recommend it to the consideration of that gallant and persevering officer, or any succeeding aspirant for polar pre-eminence. It is but fair, however, to add, for we would not willingly mislead, or waste the valuable time of these intrepid navigators, that the theory is by the Bishop, and some others, deemed a "position too weak to build any thing on," and that many, instead, consider this light as a reflection, or reverberation, not from the flame of fiery mountains, but "from the sun itself," when, far beyond Norwegian horizons, "it meets with some evaporating clouds at such a height as to be within the contact of the sun's beams in their ascent." This hypothesis the Bishop also admits to be somewhat doubtful, in as much as it requires certain "concurrence of causes," which we quite agree with him it would be very difficult to enlist in its support; such being the prevailing opinions of the learned world of the Pontoppidean æra. Our author then proceeds to offer a solution of his own, which, if not strictly correct, we quote with pleasure, as an earnest of our wish to befriend him when we can, and as a proof, at least, that however credulous he might be on some occasions, in a credulous and but very partially

enlightened age, his natural acuteness and penetration, when he exercised his own judgment, often led him to opinions near the truth. It is not our intention to enter into a detailed explanation of the mysteries of these "merry dancers" of the North, as they are often called: where wiser heads than ours have often failed, it would be as presumptuous as it would be obviously irrelevant, in an article like the present. Whether it is the rush of the electric fluid through the rarified air of the higher strata of the atmosphere, or whether it is that fluid rendered visible by positive and negative action in its course from the Northern to the Southern poles, we leave, therefore, for the decision of others; but, we trust, we shall not be considered stepping beyond our bounds, in merely stating, as our opinion, that in some way or other these lights are connected with electricity; and such was the conclusion to which our author arrived, though the science of electricity (then in its infancy) was comparatively little known and less understood: his suggestion is, that "the original cause of the Northern light lies in the electricity of the ethereal air," and, "consequently, that it has existed at all times and in all places, though not visible to us without a concurrence of certain concurrent circumstances and junctures," which he proceeds to enumerate; some of which, we are ready to allow, lack somewhat of sound philosophy, but, in principle, we are equally bound in candour to admit that he is not far from the truth. On one contested point, his evidence is indeed at variance with that of witnesses whose opinions are incontestibly of the greatest weight, namely, our above mentioned polar navigators, who, we believe, were never fortunate enough to hear the emission of those sounds of which Pontoppidan speaks as heard distinctly "in a glaring North light and calm weather, with an explosion in the air like the sudden breaking of ice." This assertion, however, is corroborated by others, whose veracities we should be unwilling to suspect: such as, for instance, Dr. Henderson, who passed a long and dreary winter in Iceland. His words are: "When they (the Northern lights) are particularly quick and vivid, a crackling noise is heard resembling that which accompanies the escape of the sparks from an electrical machine." Sir Charles Giescke, who had frequent opportunities, in Greenland, of observing them streaming forth with peculiar brilliancy, makes a similar remark. Gmelin, in describing their terrific effect on the borders of the icy sea, mentions animals as terror-struck, and the dogs of the hunters seized with such dread that they couch on the ground, while the meteoric streams crackle and hiss, and make a whistling sound and noise equal to that of artificial fire-works; and,

lastly, that respectable traveller, Hearne, says, that he has heard them make a rustling and crackling noise, "like the waving of a large flag in a fresh gale of wind."

Nearly allied to the corruscations of the Northern lights, is the luminous appearance occasionally observed in sea-water, in explanation of which, as in the former case, the Bishop, after stating the absurd theories of others, adds his own, which, if not true, is at least borne out by modern evidence. Captain Heitman asserts it to be occasioned by "saline particles, which, upon a motion of the sea, begin to sparkle and cause an effulgence." But the captain's theory sinks into insignificance before that of M. Urban Hierne, a Swedish naturalist, who, deriving the sea-salt from the sun, "judges this sea-light to be a kind of phosphorus formed from the luminous particles of the sun, and even of the moon, impregnated by water;" whereas the Bishop conceives it to originate in minute and almost invisible animalcula: we wish indeed he had stopped here, but, unluckily, he proceeds in uniting the *ignis fatuus* within the bounds of the same philosophy, and pronounces that old friend of our juvenile days, "Jack-a-lanthorn," to be nothing more than a scintillating maggot. "To which (that is to the moorild, or sea-fire) my present addition shall be this, the *ignes lambentes*, or lambent flames, so well known, which, by their hovering about the ship's rigging, and often settling on the masts, though without doing any damage, strike a terror into the seamen; and, likewise, those *ignes fatui*, or jack-a-lanthorns, which deceive the traveller by land, must, according to this principle, be no more than worms bred in the sulphureous oils* with which both sea and land are filled." We refer such of our readers as may wish to see the evidence of the luminous property of the ocean, as derived from insects, to a very interesting paper fully proving the fact, in vol. vii. p. 402, of the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.*

In speaking of the temperature of Norway, he mentions, "as a wonderful instance of the divine economy," which he would hesitate to commit to writing did not thousands of witnesses confirm it, that "when the winter rages with such severity in the East parts that all the fresh waters are frozen, the lakes and bays are open on the West side." As an answer to those who are inclined to question his opinion of this effect, as an immediate result from the special interference of Deity, he adds, but "this is no miracle, but purely the result of the

* This was also Lord Bacon's opinion. The sea "hath a little oiliness in the surface thereof, as appeareth in very hot days." Fol. Edit., vol. iii., p. 134.

primary natural disposition of things," giving, as his opinion, and a right good opinion too, if he did not insist upon diving with it to the centre of the earth, that the air was softened by "warm exhalations, and vapours, and mists from the sea, but whether these arise from warm springs at the bottom of the sea, continually boiling by means of its central fires, or, if this be denied, whether this ebullition be the effect of lesser subterraneous volcanoes, resembling the mountainous ones on the surface of the earth, it would not be pertinent here to determine."

Polar navigation has given us so clear an insight into the power and extent of frost, that we believe we may almost, with a grave face, communicate the Bishop's illustrations without impeachment of his veracity; premising, that the only experiments, corroborative of the facts, were performed on boiling water poured through a cullender from the main-top of one of the discovery-ships, when the thermometer was at a very low temperature, which fell on the deck in ice resembling shot. "The usual degree of cold, especially in January and February, may be sufficiently conceived from hence, that the largest rivers, with their roaring cataracts, are arrested in their course by frost, and the very spittle is no sooner out of the mouth than it is congealed, and rolls along the ground like hail. A further instance of the extreme cold, not unworthy of notice, especially as it raises the astonishment of foreigners (well it may) is, that no sooner has a horse dropped his excrements on the ice, than the balls of horse-dung move and leap on the ground!" Such is the Bishop's fact, which, we think, may be nearer the truth than his philosophy. "The cause," he adds, "of this, being the sudden change from heat to cold, which occasions a violent conflict, when the sharp and dense air penetrates forcibly into the lighter, and expels it." As a further proof of the effects of cold on human life, the melancholy fate of a corps of about 8,000 Swedes is recorded. Their progress was arrested by an intense frost on the high ridge of the Tyndal Mountain, on the borders, where they were found soon after, by a company of Norwegian sledgemen, frozen to death, "some sitting, some lying, and some in a posture of prayer." Count Segur's narrative of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow forbids us, for a moment, to doubt of the possibility of such an event; and yet, continues our pious author, such is "the economy of the Almighty towards his creatures, in wisdom, goodness, and harmony," that he may venture to affirm, "that were the Norwegians tempted by any thing to change countries with the Italians, the winter's cold would not be the motive to the exchange, for this is the last of their complaints." And, certainly, they can have no cause for

making it a ground of grievance, since the Bishop proceeds to assure us, that we are all quite wrong in supposing that cold air and cold bodies are in any direct ratio with each other. Since it is even " the cold air that occasions warmth in the bodies of men, its compressive force rendering the body more firm and compact, and fortifying it against external injuries; and thus the natural warmth is, by the closeness of the pores, repelled towards the inner vital parts, and more particularly concentrated in the stomach, so that the Northern people are known to digest smoked flesh, dried fish, and other food hard of digestion, better than any other nations." If this be true, these happy people must be in a delicious state of glowing heat when there must be a general chattering of teeth throughout the rest of the world within the arctic, under a temperature of 50 degrees below zero. Indeed, such are the comfortable and delightful feelings of these people, in consequence of their " most pure and kindly air," that in the middle of the country the inhabitants " have hardly an idea of sickness, unless it be hereditary, or contracted by intemperance;" nay more, it is actually reported, though the Bishop very properly " declines warranting the truth of it," that in the vale of Guldbrand " there are persons of such an extreme age, that, from a lassitude of longer life, they get themselves removed elsewhere, in order to die the sooner."

It is curious to observe the similarity of expedients adopted by the natives of similarly situated countries. Thus, we are told, that " when the snow is not off the ground early enough in the spring for the husbandmen to begin the work of that season, they spread over the snow a rich kind of black mould, which, in a few hours, entirely dissolves it." In the vale of Chamouni, and, probably, other secluded vallies of Switzerland, the farmers produce the same effect by throwing a coat of ashes, or dark soil, over their snow-clad fields.

In his account of the avalanches, or snee skreeds, we find a fact alluded to, which, had it rested on the authority of Bishop Pontoppidan alone, would, as a matter of course, have been considered as a traveller's tale, namely, that in cases where whole villages have been destroyed, " by the incredible violence of the wind driving on the masses of snow, houses have been seen to fall some seconds before the snow reached them." In corroboration, however, of this, we recollect the report of an eye-witness to the fall of an avalanche from the heights of the Col de Ferret, the effects of which we beheld a few weeks subsequent to the disaster. Our reporter pointed out the spot on the other side of the torrent and valley which separated him from the scene of desolation, on which a peasant stood motionless and awe-struck with the impending ruin about to over-

XUM

whelm him; when, a few moments before the descending masses reached the place, the wretched man was observed to be carried off his legs and whirled upwards in the air, as if lifted by an invisible power. In another moment, he was buried amidst fragments of rock and snow, which still, and probably for ever will, cover his remains. We feel the less scruple or alarm in thus vouching for the truth of the Bishop's account, from the support we are able to communicate from the authorities respecting the sudden and violent winds accompanying the fall of avalanches.

We refer our readers to the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, vol. iii., p. 274, for an interesting account of the Glacier of the Weigshorn, on the village of Randa, wherein it is stated, that at the instant the snow and ice struck the inferior mass of the glacier, the pastor of the village, the sacristan, and some other persons, observed a light which almost instantly disappeared, and left every thing enveloped in the darkest night; and that a frightful hurricane, occasioned by the pressure of the air, immediately succeeded, and, in an instant, produced the most tremendous devastation.

Chap. 2. *Of the Soils and Mountains of Norway.*

In discussing which, the Bishop, like many wise men of modern days, finds himself a little bewildered by the contending principles of the Huttonian and Wernerian theories; with an evident leaning in favor of primordial liquefactions within and without the crust of our globe, and properly struck with the extreme inconvenience and distress that must have been experienced by "Noah and his family," in the ark, had the waters of the deluge been boiling under the effect of central fires. He naturally asks, by what means this liquefaction was wrought at that time, and then endeavours to satisfy himself by a new hypothesis, suited to the case of Noah, and all other parties concerned, viz. that this boiling, or "coction, was not all at once, but affected only a certain part of the globe, and certain tracts of its surface." Then follows his enunciation of the various stratifications of rocks and mountains; in the process of which, he mentions, on the authority of one of the miners, whom he had himself examined, that "snakes, muscles, and other such things," are sometimes met with in the middle of blocks of marble; and that when this happens, their discovery "is usually followed by such a violent stench, as overpowers the workmen, unless they immediately turn aside from it;" which last circumstance he imputes to the long confinement of the air. Now, with respect to the "violent stench," we beg leave to decline having any thing to say to it; but, as far as relates to imbedded living subjects, we know not that we

can safely deny that the Bishop has a strong semblance of truth on his side. Perhaps, two tangible and well-attested instances will answer our purpose. In the first place, in 1822, a specimen of a toad, which was taken alive from the centre of a mass of solid stone, was sent to the College Museum, at Edinburgh; and, in 1818, at the depth of 150 yards, at Fenton's Colliery, near Wakefield, in a solid seam of coal, a lizard was discovered, five inches in length, which, for about ten minutes, continued brisk and lively, and then drooped and died; for a full account of which, see the *Philosophical Magazine*, vol. lxii., p. 377.

Before taking leave of his mountains, the Bishop begs to mention "something further to the praise of the great Creator;" inclining "the people of Norway to be gratefully contented with the habitation which God has assigned them;" and therefore, forthwith, he tells of houses "standing so high, and on the edge of such steep precipices, that ladders are fixed to climb up to them, so that when a priest is sent for, who is unpractised in the road, he risks his life, and chiefly in winter, when it is slippery. In such places a corpse must be let down with ropes, or be brought on men's backs, before it is laid in the coffin." Under this head of inconveniences he also reckons "the very difficult roads, extremely so to the day labourers, but particularly to travellers, who cannot, without terror, pass several places even in the king's road, over the sides of steep and craggy mountains, and on ways which are either shored up, or suspended by iron bolts fastened in the mountains; and though not above the breadth of a foot path, without any rails on the side, as indeed it is impossible to fix any." These, in addition to the sudden risings of rivers, to be crossed by ruinous bridges, together with that evil resulting from the mountains, in the shape of "lynxes, foxes, bears, and wolves," appear to us not exactly the points we should have selected for the laudable and pious purpose above mentioned. We allude, indeed, to these frightful roads and passes for a different purpose, that of referring our readers to one of the most extraordinary abodes of men, probably in the whole world—the pass of the Vetties Giel, in Bergen Stift, in Norway, described by the Rev. U. F. Borgesen, and read before the Wernerian Society, 31st May, 1823;* an abode which, from the danger and difficulty of the way, no clergyman, or other official person, had ever visited; to which not even the oldest peasant of the nearest district had ever ventured; in short, an abode, the very ap-

* For an account of it, see *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, vol. ix., p. 299.

proach to which, even on paper, horrifies the senses, far surpassing any of the supposed exaggerated perils described by the Bishop; and an introduction to which, we are confident, the curious reader, who may not have before heard of it, will thank us for affording him. Let him judge for himself; "You are now in the Giel—traveller, God be with you!"

We shall say no more, than prepare him for the pilgrims he may meet on his fearful way. "The dead body was set astride on a horse, the legs are tied under the horse's belly, a bag of hay well fastened round the horse's shoulders, to which the body leans forward, and is made fast; and in this manner rides the dead man over the mountains to his 'everlasting' resting place.—A fearful horseman!"

As an appropriate corollary to this account, we shall close our remarks on this chapter, by refuting an assertion of the Bishop's, though, unluckily, it, at the same time, interferes with his illustration and explanation of a passage in the Scriptures, viz. the death of Judas, "who, falling headlong, burst asunder in the midst;" the necessary consequence, as the Bishop would intimate, when men or beasts fall from any considerable height, "the air pressing with such force against the bodies thus falling, that they are not only suffocated and deprived of life long before they reach the ground, but their bellies burst, and their entrails immediately gush out." Our comment upon which is, that in the fatal ascent of Messrs. Pilatre de Rozier and Romaine, in 1784, who were precipitated from a height of three quarters of a mile, neither of the bodies were in the state described by the Bishop; and that Mr. Romaine was alive, and could articulate for a short time after he reached the ground.

Chap. 3. *Of the Waters.*

He must have travelled to very little purpose, indeed, who has not, in the course of his peregrinations, heard of (aye, and seen too) ponds, fountains, and lakes, which, on the undoubted authority of every man, woman, and child in the vicinity, were of unfathomable depth; it would, therefore, be most unreasonable to suppose that so persevering an investigator as our author should not have been equally successful. Accordingly, such is the character we find given of the sea in divers parts of Norway, with this explanatory cause annexed: "Concerning the depth of the sea, in some places no bottom can be found, as in Floge Creek, a Norway mile from Drontheim, where, after measuring it with a line of a thousand fathoms, the search proved fruitless; so that unquestionably the bottom of the sea has an opening or communication with" a certain "immeasurable abyss."

Aware that the sea-water within the Arctic contains "less salt than that near the Line," some philosophers might have been at a loss to account for "its weight being much greater than in warm countries." The Bishop, however, immediately clears up the difficulty thus: "the air near the Polar being condensed by the cold, compresses close whatever it touches, and consequently the parts of the water; and as, by this compression, they adhere closely to each other, consequently, they have force to bear up heavy burdens, which, in lighter waters, would sink."

It must be self-evident to the commonest observer, that as the sea-water, carried by "subterraneous currents," must be ever running through "deep salt mines," &c. it ought continually to grow salter. Rivers and rain might, indeed, afford a partial barrier to this conclusion; but the Bishop expounds a much safer theory, in the form of "fresh-water springs issuing out of the bottom of the sea." Of the possibility of this, of course, there may be no doubt: experimental proof, however, would set the matter for ever at rest; and the Bishop, fortunately, has one quite to the purpose. Certain fishermen having "more than once" informed him that "they often find, in the body of a skate, water entirely fresh, which must always be such, if this freshness be the result of a kind of filtration, which the water has undergone in the body of the fish; but this freshness not being common," he concludes "that the fish has drank in this fresh water from a spring breaking out in the bottom of the sea."

We recommend this fact to the immediate attention of the New Zoological Society, formed for the laudable purpose of supplying this country with the animal and vegetable productions of other zones and climates, including the naturalization of sea-fish in our fresh-water streams. Who knows, but the time may be at hand, when, in happy England, every man may sit under the shade of his own talipot leaf, bobbing in his *ci-devant* trout stream, for prime soles and home-fed turbot?

Our classical readers will recollect, that when the Romans sailed round Great Britain, they averred the sea to be "pigrum et grave remigantibus," (see *Vita Agricolæ*, c. x.) The Bishop, we find, makes precisely the same remark, and assigns the reason, which we give, with its hitherto unknown effects. "The salt water itself is, from its saltness, so fat and oily, that when a ship is on fire, it, so far from extinguishing, increases the flame." With the exception of a new discovery in America for providing fuel for steam engines, by the decomposition of water, this is the first time we have heard it asserted as a positive fact, that salt-water has this singular quality of increasing the inten-

sity of fire. No doubt, however, we shall find it fully corroborated on the return of the Enterprize steam-vessel from India.

Of Malestrom, nothing very new is recorded: with its whirling powers and central suctions we are all well acquainted, and can therefore perfectly enter into the feelings of bears and whales, which unwisely allow themselves to come within its sphere of action, and can easily believe that one of the former was heard from the shore to "roar terribly," and that the howlings and bellowings of the latter were indescribable, while they performed their involuntary circumvolutions round the vortex gaping to receive them. And yet we recollect a few years ago reading an extract from the log-book of an American vessel, in which Jonathan averred, that he had besported himself without fear or danger in this perilous cauldron; but what marvels have we not heard vouched for by our trans-atlantic neighbours? Some of our readers may be surprised to hear, that not only a relationship, but an actual identity, has been established between Malestrom and Scylla and Charybdis: but this is, nevertheless, a fact. One Mr. Joseph Ramur, an author, quoted by the Bishop, though "he can by no means agree to the opinion of that ingenious gentleman," having laboured "to shew it probable that Scylla and Charybdis, which have always been accounted to lie upon the coast of Sicily, were no other than this Moskoestrom, (or Malestrom,) whither Ulysses was actually driven in the course of his wanderings; the inundations of the water (in the Danish language, *Vanders Skyllen,*) and the inland Skarsholm having given occasion to the names of Scylla and Charybdis."

CHAP. 4. *Of the fertility of Norway in variety of Vegetables.*

Fertile it may be, but marvellous indeed it is, if we may trust to Arndt Bernsen's book on the fruitfulness of Denmark and Norway, who "pretends that some times in wet years the Norway barley degenerates into oats, whilst others imagine that good oats improve into barley." It is but fair to add the Bishop's comment thereupon, viz. that "such anomalous metamorphoses appear to him scarce credible:" and yet, notwithstanding, he lingers with a sort of lurking fancy for the fact, quoting, in its favor, M. Frederic Heffman's *Rational Physical Theology*, followed up with the experiment of "a worthy friend of his, who, to satisfy himself in this doubt, sowed a case of the finest barley, without a single grain of oats among it; yet, at the harvest, of two cases of barley, one and a half proved oats;" and so he "leaves the matter without further discussion." We have had occasion, more than once, to refer to one whom we class amongst the wisest of the old philosophers—no less an authority

than the great Lord Bacon; and upon this very point, we find him as credulous or as well-informed as the Bishop; in fact, the English philosopher is by far the most positive; for "it is certain," says Bacon, edit. folio, v. iii. p. 107, "that, in very sterile years, corn sown will grow to another kind.

> Grandia sœpe quibus mandavimus hordea sulcis
> Infelix lolium et steriles dominantur avenæ.

And, generally, it is a rule that plants that are brought forth by culture, as corn, will sooner change into other species than those that come of themselves; for that culture giveth but an adventitious nature, which is more easily put off. This work of the transmutation of plants one into another is *inter magnalia naturæ*, for the transmutation of species is, in the vulgar philosophy, pronounced impossible; and certainly it is a thing of difficulty, and requireth deep search into nature." The only cognizance we ever had of such matter, was a clenching story told by one of the inmates of Dr. Willis's asylum for lunatics, who, in reply to a bouncing assertion from a "sane" visitor, assured him that the narrator's extraordinary fact was not so singular as one annually experienced by himself, namely, the possession of a tree in his garden which one year produced gooseberries, and the next currants!

"In our preface we have given an instance of the super-excellent quality of the grass in Norway." All the grasses of this favoured climate are not, however, equally beneficial; for instance, the "gramen ossifragum Norwegium," instead of covering the bones of cows and other cattle with wholesome layers of suet, has a very different effect, neither more nor less than mollifying them to such a degree, that without the "strange remedy of administering to them the bones of other cows, which they devour with the utmost greediness, they quickly die."

We have heard our medical friends say, that phosphate of lime, as a chief component part of the ossificatory system, had been occasionally administered to patients as a remedy for a disordered state of the bones; but we doubt whether with as much success as in the case just mentioned. In the celebrated Siege of Paris, in 1589, bone bread was made, and administered in great abundance; but the result upon the consumers was in direct opposition to that of the cows: "for," observes the historian, "cette horrible invention causa la mort de quinze mille personnes."

We shall mention but one other grass, and that is the Tour, or "bewitching grass," which has the strange effect upon the beasts of the field, "so that the most mettlesome horse immediately hangs his head, and becomes so dull and tractable, as

to be managed at will;" and, further, we are truly sorry to observe, that it affords the jockeys of Norway an opportunity of vying with their brethren in England, in the practice of turf-knavery, it being "a known practice among them, when riding to a fair, to watch an opportunity of conveying some Tour grass unto the mouth of another's horse, if he chances to be so much preferable as to prejudice the sale of the latter." Oh, tell it not at Newmarket, and let it not be heard at Tattersall's!

CHAP. 7. *Of several kinds of Gems and curious Stones in Norway.*

Under this head we would briefly notice the effects of swine stone, which, though well known to give out a fetid smell when scraped, in Norway where it abounds, appears to be a nuisance of no small magnitude to travellers of delicate sensibility; for in an island in Great Mios upon Hedemark, there are whole mountains of thin stone, "which, when gallopped upon by shod horses, emit a violent stench." Respecting meteoric stones, we again expect a little of the Bishop's best philosophy, premising therefore, that its primordial element being a slimy water, mixed with matter, inspissated by fire, whence a petrifying juice, he assumes that "such a *materia lenta et viscosa* may ascend into the air,"—further, "that the lightning may have very wonderful effects in the atmosphere, must be granted;" and having thus manufactured his aërolite, he maintains, that such a solid compressed body must, by its own gravity, descend, as a natural consequence; in which conclusion we, with the rest of his scientific admirers, doubtless concur.

One other stone only shall we touch upon, "the aëtites, or eagle stones, found here, as in other parts, in the nests of eagles, who, probably, lay them there to moderate the violent heat exhaling from the breast of the dam, the eagle being a bird of extreme heat." We would submit this fact to Mr. John Davy, for insertion in the second edition of his *Observations on the Temperature of Man and other Animals*, (eagles, of course, included.)

CHAP. 8. *Of the Metals and Minerals in Norway.*

Respecting these, we must be equally brief, noticing merely on the subject of mines, (the three best of which are piously named "God's help in Distress," "Samuel's Mine," and "Old God's Blessing;") that the latter furnishes "an image of hell; and the swarm of miners bustling about in habits according to their several occupations, may well pass for so many devils!

PART II.

In the preface to Part 2, which was published sometime

subsequent to the first, he prepares his readers for divers and sundry marvels which he is about to record; at the same time, thus apologizing for any appearance of credulity, of which he might have been suspected in the foregoing pages: "I have endeavoured, as much as possible, to avoid the imputation of being over-credulous; and, upon that account, often decline giving my opinion of some relations, the credit of which I have reason to doubt. I mention this, because I foresee that, when some readers come to read the contents of the 8th chapter, concerning the mermaid, the great sea snake of several hundred feet long, and the kraken, whose uncommon size seems to exceed belief, they may suspect me of too much credulity." Possibly;—but let us proceed to enable them to judge for themselves.

Chap. 1. *Of Four-footed Beasts, or Quadrupeds.*

Relating to horses, we shall confine ourselves to those pugnacious powers which fortunately, as we have no wolves or bears, they are precluded from exhibiting in this country.—When a smart clever hackney, for instance, enters the lists with a bear or wolf, "he attacks his antagonist with his fore legs, which he uses like drumsticks to strike withal; and comes off, usually, the conqueror. Many of the people of fashion would not believe this till Stadtholder Wibe, in King Frederic the Fourth's presence, made the experiment with one of his coach horses. This creature fell upon a bear let loose against him, and laid him presently dead; but, sometimes, the bear, who has double strength, gets the advantage, and especially if the horse happens to turn about to kick with his hind legs. If he attempts this, he is ruined; for the bear instantly leaps upon him, and fixes himself on his back; in which case, he gallops off with his angry rider, till, by loss of blood, he drops down."

We incline to think English farmers would prefer a stall-fed Holderness cow to a coast-fed Norwegian; where, for lack of "other food or provender, cods' heads, and other fish bones, are mixed together, which the cows eat with a good appetite." We have before spoken of bone-feeding in a medicinal point of view, but we have them here again provided in the form of regular meals; for "it is not only fish bones that cows here eat, but, likewise, the bones of their own species, which they swallow greedily, and gnaw them with their teeth as the dogs would, of which the privy counsellor Van Osten" (for some presumed to doubt the fact) "gave proof, to the astonishment of the beholders." It is allowed, indeed, that the milk hath a very fishy smell;—and, possibly, the butter may partake of this "ancient and fish-like" flavour. When cows eat flesh, we must not be surprised if the example descends; accordingly,

we find Norwegian goats feasting on snakes "and slowworms, half an ell long," which they "eat greedily:" with a serpent, indeed, "they plague themselves a great while before they can get him down. After this, they do not find themselves well for several days," (we should be surprised if they did;) "but I don't hear they ever die." The tastes and appetites of Norwegian animals is quite extraordinary, for, "in the woods, the hares catch mice like cats, and pursue them under the snow;" and the wolf, "when his hunger becomes too great, will eat clay, if it be to be had; and this, as it is not to be digested, remains in his guts till he gets flesh, and that works it off violently, and then he is heard to howl most dismally for pain."

Many of our naturalists have, doubtless, heard that wild geese, when flying in their wedge-like form, rest their heads each upon the tail of the goose before him. Pontoppidan's deer must have taken a lesson from these wise birds, for it sometimes happens that "they have to swim over pretty broad waters, betwixt the continent and the islands; to accomplish which, they very orderly help one another, by resting their heads on each other's rumps; and when the foremost is tired, he retreats to the last," and so on.—The bear cuts a prominent figure in the Bishop's Zoology; we shall, therefore, be rather more prolix in detailing his habits. To begin with him in infancy: bears make but short work of gestation, the females carrying their young "but a month;" and it is, therefore, less to be wondered at, that she brings them forth "blind and naked, and small as mice; each is, in form, like a mere lump, which the mother continually licks, till it expands or unfolds itself according to the proverb, *Lambendo sicut ursa catulos.*" Bears, too, like the animals we have mentioned, are rather singular in their choice of food; for, though generally upon the defensive against mankind, they invariably attack pregnant women, "whose condition they know by sight or instinct, and, with all their might, will strive to get the fœtus, which is a delicious morsel to them, if it happens to be a male." Some may say, that this is truly out-heroding Herod, in a slaughter of the innocents; but the Bishop speaks upon the authority of two of his clergy, one of whom discovered this ursine propensity by accidentally leading a woman, with child, by a tame bear, which he had fastened in his yard, when "he roared and tore about him so," that they were obliged to shoot him instantly. The other, on returning home on a summer evening from his pastoral duties, found a bear "trying and taking all the pains he could to break open the door of his wife's bed-chamber, where she lay in the greatest anguish, hearing him roaring and jumping in vain up at the window."—But as there is no evil without its corresponding good, so this bearish instinct is found to conduce, wonderfully,

to the preservation of female virtue, for " if any of those shepherdesses, or giate-tous (milk maids,) who pass their summers in their sæterhuts or mountain huts, loses her virtue and becomes pregnant, she then endangers her life, as well as the child's, doubly." And, *per contra*, the truly virtuous find these suppressors of vice their very best protectors. Thus, " an old grass bear was many years known to follow a herd, like a guard, and stood often tamely by, as the maid was milking, and always drove the wolf away. He did no hurt to any, only in autumn ; when he was *almost* going to look for his den, he would take a kid or a sheep, as if *per contractum tacitum, accorderate summen wages;* but I doubt if there are many of his kind that use that discretion." However, they seem, on the whole, to be very discreet and fair-dealing sort of beasts in their way, for, adds the Bishop, they say " for certain, that in his own jurisdiction, or the place where he usually resides, he will take but one piece from a man."

Some might be unreasonable enough to decline living in a bear's neighbourhood on these terms of form and good-breeding: to such, we have only to mention the mode in which bears treat those with whom they are on no terms of ceremony, *viz.* the hunter, who, if he fails in his attempt to run his knife down the bear's throat, stands but a poor chance, for, forthwith, the " bear fleas his skin off, and pulls the hair and flesh over his head, and ears, and face, and all !" Would our limits permit, we might dilate much upon the sagacity of these wonderful animals, such as picking out the cow in herd, " which hath the bell round her neck ; which bell he'll strike so flat with his paw, that it shall never speak or vex him again;" or, when mortally wounded, how he endeavours to rob the " huntsman of his hide, which he knows he comes for, and, therefore, lays hold of a very large stone; and, if there be a deep water near him, how he plunges himself into it;" or how, when tired with swimming, (albeit very expert in the art,) " if he sees a boat by the way, he will go after it, if it be only to rest himself; and if he gets in he will sit in the stern, quite quiet and peaceable; to the great uneasiness, however, of the farmer, who does not care to let him in, if he can but ply his oars fast enough."

Wolves, like bears, unless excited, seldom manifest an inclination to molest the human species, excepting in winter, when hunger, " sharp as a sword, makes him quite a different creature, so that he will then often, and particularly upon ice, take away a horse from a sledge." And here we have an instance of the danger of incredulity, which is very properly noticed by Bishop Pontoppidan respecting a brother Bishop, who, being a great enemy to clerical sporting, and all such heinous diversions, " persuaded a clergyman of his diocese that

it did not become his function to carry a gun, when he travelled to church or on ecclesiastical affairs. But the Bishop got the better of this prejudice on being taken over the ice by this very minister, on one of his visitation journies," for, lo and behold, suddenly up comes a wolf; at sight of which he began to be dreadfully alarmed, and asked the " clergyman if he had not his gun; and from that day he was convinced, that it was both necessary and becoming." They are caught in pitfalls, " in which the wolf is sometimes found in a corner, along with other beasts, whom, out of fear, he does not touch; and it sometimes happens, that the peasants, having fallen into the same trap, are found there sitting along with him."

Lord Bacon, amongst his choice receipts, tells us, that " the guts or skin of a wolf, being applied to the belly, do cure the colick." edit. fol. vol. iii., p. 204. and the Bishop recommends a powder of dried wolf's flesh as good to create an appetite; also, that wolves' and foxes' lungs are good for consumptions: our own candid opinion is, that these remedies will be found quite as beneficial as his " burnt and powdered water-wagtails as a horse medicine;" or as pills made of fried and powdered mice, which, in our younger days, we well remember seeing administered to a school-fellow in a case of diabetes.

The goupe, or lynx, is the third among this country's hurtful creatures; and he, like the bear, treats his enemy, the dog, in a similar manner, " making use of his claws so effectually, that he fleas him alive." They are, moreover, very cunning in undermining sheep-folds, " where they help themselves very nobly :" it happened, however, that in one of these a " goupe was found out by a sly he-goat, who, perceiving his subterraneous work, watched him narrowly, and, as soon as his head came forth, butted him, and gave such home pushes, that he laid him dead in the grave of his own making."

Foxes are so proverbially sagacious, that we shall confine ourselves to a single instance, we believe not very generally known. " When he wants to get rid of his fleas, without disturbance, he takes a bunch of moss, or straw, in his mouth, and goes backwards into the water, wading, by slow degrees, deeper and deeper; by which means, the fleas have time and can retire gradually to the dry places, at last to the parts of the neck and head, which he alone keeps above water; and, to crown the work, he gathers all his enemies into the before-mentioned bunch of straw; and then drops them in the water, well washed and cleaned. This project is so cunning that mankind could not teach him better."

Of the glutton, or wolverine, (mustela gulo,) " we are told that the best time of catching him is when he, according to his custom, when gorged, presses, and squeezes himself between

two trees which stand near together. By this practice, he eases and exonerates his stomach, which has not time to digest what he has so voraciously swallowed."

Squirrels would make admirable seamen, their skill on the waters being quite on a par with their agility on land. "On a chip or a piece of wood they'll sail cross a small water, and make use of their tail for a sail; and with one foot they'll paddle, and steer themselves with the other; and thus they escape, sometimes, those that wait ashore for their landing, and find themselves mistaken, by thinking they must come with the wind." We have heard much of the astonishing instincts of beavers, but the Bishop adds one instance with which we were not before acquainted, of which he was "assured by many who had been witness. When they are employed in transporting building materials, one will suffer himself to be used as a cart, while the others, like horses, take hold of him, fastening on him by the neck, and dragging him along; for this purpose, he first throws himself on his back, with his legs up, between which they lay their already fitted and prepared timber;" the good will thus cannot be fully appreciated without knowing the whole; viz. that this act of devotion for the public service "always costs him a bare back, for it takes all the hair off." The truth of this we found corroborated in the course of our newspaper reading, a few mornings ago. We give it verbatim.

Sagacity of a rat, a thorough good story.—'At Amsterdam, in a street called the Wood Market, recently lived a man who was curious in keeping fowls. One of his hens, though in the midst of summer, had several days stopped yielding her usual produce, and yet made her usual cackling; he searched the nest, but could not find even the shell of an egg, which made him resolve to watch her closely. He accordingly, the next day, placed himself in such a situation as to be able to observe her motions minutely; when, to his great surprise, he saw her discharge her egg; but no sooner was she off the nest, than three rats made their appearance. One of them immediately laid himself on his back, whilst the others rolled the egg upon his belly, which he clasped between his legs, and held it firm; the other two laid hold of his tail, and gently dragged him out of sight. This wonderful sagacity was exhibited for several days to some curious observers.'—*Globe Newspaper.*

As a sequel, some marvellous feats of rats and mice are recorded, upon which the cautious Bishop thus comments. "*Supposita facti veritate*, I could wish to have a sufficient account or reasong iven me for this, by our modern philosophers, who will not believe or receive any thing for a truth, except it can be demonstrated *ex nexu causarum;* this, I apprehend, in such events (such as these just mentioned), though the facts be

XUM

real, cannot be expected." We quite agree with the Bishop, nothing is so provoking, nothing so utterly ruinous, to a good story, as the posing philosophic incredulity of one of these matter-of-fact sticklers after truth.

With the "really" wonderful ravages and migrations of that extraordinary animal, the lemming, (mus lemmus,) naturalists are well acquainted; and to them we can refer for a corroboration of that implicit obedience to instinct by which they are compelled, "like the hosts of God, to execute his will,"—by their numbers, organization, and voracity, destroying every thing in their course. Even the Bishop might be excused for considering them as something supernatural, of an unearthly nature, and, therefore, inclined to believe that "these lemmingerne do fall out of the air:" his further hints and conclusions upon this aërial descent are too curious to be omitted. "Wormius, Scaliger, and other great men, do not suppose this to be impossible; they imagine that the lemming, like frogs and other small creatures, may, in their embrios, be attracted to the clouds; and being then come to maturity, may drop down. To reconcile this strange account to reason, others think it more probable that the fogs, which sometimes are seen extremely thick upon the mountains, may lift them up in multitudes, and carry them away to other places." These Norwegian fogs, indeed, seem to be composed of most powerful and contractile materials, since some of their philosophers and common people believe that they are "able to take up a Finlap with his reensdeer; an opinion, to which the Bishop is evidently inclined to lean, backing up the possibility by speaking of whirlwinds, "which elevate or draw up, sometimes, a whole host of herrings out of the sea." Sundry reasons for which are added, explanatory of this extraordinary fact.

The chapter concludes with the "formular of an exorcism" against the lemmings, and other country plagues, used by that enlightened body, the Roman Catholic clergy, which we annex for the benefit and instruction of all Protestant bishops and curates, and congregations committed to their charge. "Exorcizo vos pestiferos vermes, mures, aves, seu locustas aut animalia alia, per Deum patrem omnipotentem et Jesum Christum filium ejus, et Spiritum Sanctum ab his campis, seu vineis vel aquis, nec amplius in eis habitetis, sed ad ea loca transeatis, in quibus nemini nocere possitis, et ex parte omnipotentis Dei et totius curiæ cœlestis, et Ecclesiæ Sancti Dei, vos maledicem quocunque ieritis, sitis maledicti, deficientes de die in diem in vos ipsos et decrescentes quatenus reliquiæ de vobis nullo in loco inveniantur; nisi necessariæ ad salutem et usum humanum quod præstare dignetur ille, qui venturus est judicare vivos et mortuos et seculum per ignem. Amen!!"

Chap. 2. *Of Serpents and Insects.*

Our readers may rely upon all our author chuses to impart upon the subjects of this chapter, since he assures us, that "he writes only what he knows by experience;" therefore it may be received as an undeniable article in the creed of every orthodox naturalist, "that snakes are often found in dunghills, lying upon a great number of eggs, to hatch them as birds do; and some have observed, that they made the great flat toad lie upon them, whilst they have thrown themselves round the nest to keep him close to his duty:" and, moreover, that the rector of the parish of Tymes and dean of Sunhordlehn had a small serpent "with two heads on one body and tail, so that each head had a moderate part of the body divided for it;" that the said dignitary had long preserved it, and had, indeed, only thrown it away at the request of his wife, who had an aversion to it, fearing if she saw it unawares, she might be terrified. All this is certainly very marvellous; but with that impartiality which behoves us to give evidence on all sides to elicit truth, it is but right to add, that Aristotle, Œlian, Aldrovandus, Licetus, Langoni, and many others, mention instances of serpents with double heads. On the authority of the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, (vol. iv., p. 211,) Redi, the celebrated anatomist, is said to have kept a two-headed snake for a considerable time; and, very lately, Dr. Corradori, at Ruto in Tuscany, saw a snake with two heads, which differed as to the use of their faculties, for one would eat while the other was asleep. But what are serpents with two heads to serpents (or young dragons, as the Bishop more aptly designates them) with seven heads and necks, with four legs, and pointed tails, two German ells long, which he saw with his own eyes!!! Such a monster being no every day wonder, he throws out a hint as to the propriety of classing, if not identifying it with that "emblematic Dragon with seven heads, which the Scripture takes notice of;" and further, to allude to the possibility of a fact mentioned by Olaus Magnus, that birch trees are sometimes seen green, winter and summer, from the number of "snakes that have made their nests under the roots, and so keep them warm." We, in our ignorance of amphibiology, always thought that serpents, *cum multis aliis* of that class, were cold in body and blood; but it must be allowed, that a seven-headed dragon upsets all preconceived prejudices, and is entitled to any measure of temperature sanctioned by such names as Olaus and Pontoppidan.

In speaking of the honey-dew as a disease of plants, in p. 43, he tells us that the farmers employ, as a remedy, ants boiled inwater; and that in their hillocks there is sometimes found what is called norsk virak, a substance which is but little inferior to

the oriental resins. Without pledging ourselves to the efficacy of the remedy or nature of this substance, we suggest, as a hint to farmers and chemists, how far the formic acid might be applied in cases of blight, or be occasionally collected in the various haunts of the Genus Formica.

In page 30, part 1, it is asserted, that a species of maggots fell along with the snow; and in page 45, part 2, the mystery is not unphilosophically attempted to be cleared up by an opinion of Counsellor Detharding, preceptor of physic in the university of Copenhagen, that they were the productions of those eggs which had remained from the last summer in the cracks, and on the branches, of the adjoining trees, from whence they fell with the snow. We would recommend to our curious readers to illustrate the truth of this for themselves, by selecting a small branch from any tree (we have usually found the lime tree the best) which they have noticed in the preceding year as much infected with grubs and caterpillars. It may be cut off at any time (even in the middle of winter), before the leaves appear, and placed in a hot-house or warm room exposed to the sun, when, as soon as the leaves, by this forced process, have attained a certain size, they will be found to be covered more or less with small caterpillars, particularly the grubs of the geometræ genus, so accurately described by Pontoppidan. With respect to the theory of their being snow-born, it is not a little singular that Bacon advances a similar opinion, as one of long standing; (fol. edit. v. iii. 138.) 'It hath been observed by the ancients, that there is a worm that breedeth in old snow, which should shew that snow hath in it a secret warmth, for, else, it could hardly vivify; and the reason of the dying of the worm may be the sudden exhaling of that little spirit, as soon as it cometh out of the cold which had shut it in.' But, whether lemmings drop from the sky, or blights are generated by snow, it is some satisfaction to find that both are under the controul of the church. We have presented our readers with the exorcism over the former; and, as to the latter, the Bishop informs us, that in "Stokke parish, after they had put up public prayers in the church against these pernicious worms, they were seen to gather in great heaps, and crawl to the nearest waters and drown themselves; and, from that time, there was not one found."

Chapters 3 and 4. *Of Birds.*

Our first ornithological notice shall be for the information of those sportsmen, who wish for a good day's sport on the moors, in a deep snow; for, when this is the case, the grouse take care of themselves "in this manner; they first fill their craw with as much food as it will hold; then they'll drop them-

selves down in the soft snow, and don't stay in their first hole, but undermine and burrow in the snow, some fathoms from it; and there they make a small opening for the bill; and there they lie warm and comfortable together." A benevolent trait in the habits of the duck tribe ought to increase our attachment to the web-footed tenants of our poultry yard; we should premise, however, that it relates only to the wild species. When the young ones are hatched, the drake, we are "informed, flies away; and if, by accident, they become motherless, too, it has been observed, that others of the same kind have taken care of the poor forlorn young ones, as if they were their own;—a good lesson for us human creatures." It is, perhaps, because they live amongst us unnatural creatures, that tame ducks will not adopt this excellent example. The drakes, indeed, are not by any means to be compared with the ducks, either in their character of husbands, or parents. As parents, we see they are apt to desert their families, leaving the mother in full possession of the domestic establishment; as husbands, they are equally reprehensible, (the instance quoted is the eider-duck;) for, when danger approaches, he gives his consort, it is true, due notice "by crying, hu hu," when, covering and concealing her eggs, "she comes down to her mate in the water, but he does not receive her very kindly; and if her eggs are lost, by any accident, he gives her many blows with his wings, which she must take patiently; and, after this, he entirely deserts her, and she is obliged to join the flock of her kind, under the same disgrace." When her young ones are hatched, she appears in a most amiable point of view, "for she lays herself down for them to climb on her back, and carries them away by an even flight." No doubt, it is from observing this interesting fact, that Peter Nonsmad, for so the wren is called by the farmers, took his idea of seating himself on the backs of eagles: and so "flying up with them so high, as he otherwise could not possibly soar."

We have seen that Norwegian oats occasionally convert themselves into barley: it is but fair, therefore, that birds should now and then have a similar privilege; consequently, we ought not to be surprised in hearing, that, according to some, a cuckoo the following year becomes a kite. We always knew that the great northern diver visited the land as seldom as he could; there is, however, an annual exception to this general rule, in the week before Christmas, with which we were not till now acquainted, from whence the fourth Sunday in Advent is called by the people, after his name, *Ommer Sandag*. Of another curious fact, connected with those birds, we were also ignorant, namely, that "under their wings, in their body, there are two pretty deep holes, big enough to put one's fist in, in each of which they hide an egg, and hatch their young ones there as perfect and

with less trouble than others do on shore." Of another species of this genus, which he erroneously calls a northern diver, (it being the *Colymbus Septentrionalis*, or red-throated diver,) he says, "when this bird is in a sportive humour, it makes a frightful ugly noise, just like the cries of a human creature in imminent danger and calling for relief." To the truth of this we can bear testimony, having often heard them disturb the stillness of a summer's night off the Orkneys and Northern Hebrides, the note painfully resembling the incessant wailings and screams of infant children in a state of extreme suffering.

Every tourist who has steamed his way by the coasts of Anglesey, has heard of Puffin Island, and how these birds burrow and live in rabbit-holes; but we venture to say, he has never heard how they are extracted *en masse* from their lurking places, in Norway. We will, therefore, tell them, that the most approved mode is to break in a little dog, and send him into the cracks and openings in the rocks (for they prefer these to rabbit-holes in Norway,) "when he will pull out the first he can lay hold of, by the wings, where they are together in scores, sometimes one or two hundred together; and their way is, when one is laid hold of, and drawn out, he bites fast hold of his next neighbour, and draws him with him; and all laying hold in the same manner, that they must all be drawn out and killed."

Norwegian eagles we find, also, adopting a very curious and easy mode of providing themselves with venison. "He soaks his wings in water, and then covers them with sand or gravel, with which he flies against the deer's face, and blinds him for a time; the pain of this sets him running about like a distracted creature; and frequently he tumbles down a rock, and breaks his neck; thus he becomes a prey to the eagle." Like the bears, too, they are fond of children; but prefer them in a more matured state, catching up fine boys of from two to five years of age, the poor parents beholding them "with inexpressible grief and anguish." One instance in Orkney is related of a mother's finding her child unhurt in an eagle's nest, after an aërial voyage of four miles. These are, very properly, given as "warnings to careless parents." But a *per contra* anecdote is added, with which every voracious eagle ought to be made acquainted, as a caution how he uses his claws, for it so happened, that one day, "an eagle, standing on the bank of a river, saw a large salmon, as if it were just under him; he struck, instantly, one of his talons into the root of an elm just by, and partly hanging over the other, he struck into the salmon, which was very large and in his proper element, which doubled his strength; so that he swam away, and split the eagle to his neck, making literally a spread eagle of him," a creature, "as the Bishop properly oberves, "otherwise known in heraldry."

CHAPTERS 5 and 6.—*Concerning Fish and Fishermen.*

The Bishop suggests the possibility, though he is cautious in affirming it as a positive fact, that the Sclavirn, which, in the Scriptures, are construed into quails, might have been flying-fish, according to the opinion of some very competent commentators; and he assigns several sound and excellent reasons for this new version: for instance, that they were said to have "been spread and hung up about the camp, which seems to agree best with the manner of curing fish, that is to be dried."

Under the head of turbots, those who fearlessly encounter them as a top dish, are cautious how they allow a full-fed fish of this species to come in contact with them at the bottom of their element; for "a fisherman striking at a turbot, missed his aim and fell overboard: he came upon a clear sandy bottom, where he was seen by his companions, with the huge turbot spreading himself upon him to press him down."

A whale, we are informed, is sometimes a sad gourmand, and, consequently, deservedly suffers flatulency and indigestion; for he now and then swallows such vast quantities of fish and insects, that his belly will hardly contain them, and is even ready to burst, which causes him to set up a "hideous roar;" indeed, according to some accounts, "they often lose their lives by violent distention," the immediate effect of which is a noise so loud, "that one would imagine it to be a long clap of thunder. The same unaccountable noise," the Bishop adds, "is heard when he is much affected by fright."

There is a queer sort of fish, called the sea-devil, (lophius piscatorius,) which we were aware lurked amongst rocks and weeds at the bottom; acting the part of a sort of marine ogre, enticing little fish to play round his lips for the purpose of making a meal of the unsuspecting fry; but for the precise mode of operation we are indebted to the Bishop. It is this; "he will get upon the end of a rock, and open his jaws very wide; this vast mouth the other little fish, who are striving to get the supposed floating worms," (pendant, gristly, thread-like substances, arranged round the under jaw-bone,) "take to be an opening, or crack, in the rock, so fall a prey to this fish, and are devoured unawares." This reminds us of a boatswain's mate, in a line-of-battle ship much infested with rats, who used to stretch himself on his back in the gun-room at night, with his mouth wide open, and a piece of toasted cheese on the tip of his tongue; by which ingenious device, he succeeded in snapping up a considerable number of these noxious animals.

In Chapter 7, we shall only notice one passage, which

happily falls in with the subject of traps, being the simple mode adopted by oysters for catching foxes; "for that animal, notwithstanding all his cunning, often puts his paw, or even his tongue, in the shell, and then the oyster holds him fast." We have several instances of this on the coast of Norway.

CHAP. 8. *Concerning certain Sea-Monsters, or strange and uncommon Sea-Animals.*

'O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful, wonderful; and yet again most wonderful.' So said our great poet, Shakspeare, once; and so again would he say, had he lived to read this marvellous chapter of Bishop Pontoppidan's. "Divers," he observes, "see strange forms in the deep recesses of the sea, which hardly any other eyes have beheld;" and could the sea be drained "what an infinite variety of uncommon and amazing sea-monsters would exhibit themselves, which are now entirely unknown." The Bishop, however, I think we shall be enabled to shew, saw, and has described, quite enough to satisfy any reasonable man. He grapples boldly with his subject, and forthwith introduces us to a merman, prefacing the introduction with this very satisfactory logical reasoning: "It is well known that there are sea-horses, sea-cows, sea-wolves, sea-hogs, sea-dogs," &c. and, therefore, why should not several hundred of persons of credit and reputation in the diocese of Bergen, and elsewhere, have seen sea-men and sea-maids?—Nothing can be more reasonable; aye, and full grown mer-men too, no less "than 36 feet long," taken in the Adriatic sea, in 1624.—But, as we are aware, that we are addressing some most unwarrantably incredulous readers, a few particulars shall be given to decide the point at once.

One of the best attested instances is, that of a boat's crew falling in with a fine old mer-man off the coast of Norway, "strong-limbed, broad-shouldered, hair short, black, and curly, beard black, and looked as if it had been cut!" He turned his face, and "stared at the men;" which gave the informant, one Peter Gunnersen, a good opportunity of examining him naturally.—Their curiosity being, at length, quite satisfied, fear began to steal across them; and, accordingly, they began to retire; upon which "the monster blew up his cheeks, (which, by the bye, before were somewhat "meagre and pinched,") and, "making a roaring noise," dived and disappeared. John Theodore Jablonsky states, that in India, where it seems they are or were equally common, the natives eat them, "their flesh being fat as pork;" with which species of cannibalism the mer-men are probably acquainted, as it is added they make a lamentable cry when drawn out of the water:" in Norway, however, they are not eaten; on the contrary, they are treated

with great hospitality, taken home by the fishermen, and supplied with milk. But this beverage does not appear to agree with their stomachs; "for they (the fishermen) tell us, that they roll about their eyes strangely, as if it was out of curiosity or surprise, to see what they had not seen before." They do not keep them long, seldom above twenty-four hours, "superstitiously thinking themselves bound to row out to sea, and put them down in the same place where they found them."

So much for mer-men; and evidence, even still stronger, appears in favour of sea-serpents. Indeed, the Bishop remarks, that a Norwegian, himself included, would think it as ridiculous to be asked, whether there were sea-serpents, as "whether there be such fish as eel and cod:" and a terrible reptile he is, "mouth quite black, and very large, eyes of a blue colour, looking like a couple of bright pewter plates, and a long white mane hanging down from the neck to the surface of the water," when he rears himself up, apparently "100 fathoms long," dreadfully fierce we must presume, as he sometimes "snaps men from their ship's deck." The Bishop labours hard to prove that this animal must be the true Leviathan mentioned by Job and Isaiah; but not having seen one, we decline entering into the controversy.

But, seriously speaking, however disinclined we may be to give implicit credit to all the Bishop's extraordinary details, we think there is a body of fair evidence in favor of the existence of some very large and undescribed species of sea-serpent. We are not fond of relying upon American reports; but when we recollect the number of corroborating accounts from various parts of the United States, about four or five years ago, all tending to prove the existence of some such animal, we know not how to treat them as altogether fabulous, attested as they are by other respectable witnesses. Thus, in 1808, the remains of a remarkable animal, answering, in some degree, to the description of Pontoppidan, was cast ashore on one of the Orkneys. The Memoirs of the Wernerian Society contain other interesting and similar notices. In Kotzebue's voyage, there is a description of a sea-monster in the neighbourhood of Behring's Straights, closely resembling Pontoppidan's, "immensely long, the head resembling a sea-lion, with two disproportionately large eyes, giving it a frightful appearance." In short, so much has been advanced in proof, that we feel inclined to pause ere we doubt, and to suspect that, together with "sunken wreck" and "sunless treasures," the watery kingdom may have more within its depths than man's philosophy doth dream of.

Last on the list, though far from least, it is unanimously affirmed by the Norwegian fishermen, that such an animal as

the kraken does exist.* In certain situations, where they knew the depth to exceed 80 or 100 fathoms, it often happens that they find only 20 or 30; and from the abundance of fish, they judge "that the kraken is at the bottom." Should the depth suddenly decrease, they hasten from the spot, and lie upon "their oars; and in a few minutes after, they see the enormous monster come up to the surface of the water, shewing himself sufficiently, though his whole body does not appear, which, in all likelihood, no human eye ever beheld; its back, or upper part, about an English mile and a half in circumference, looks, at first, like a number of small islands, surrounded with something that floats and fluctuates like sea-weeds; at last, several bright points, or horns, appear high and large, as the masts of middling-sized vessels. After the monster has been on the surface of the water a short time, it begins slowly to sink again, causing dangerous eddies and whirlpools." In 1680, a kraken (perhaps a young and careless one!) came ashore in the parish of Alstahong, stuck fast, "and hung so unfortunately, that he could not work himself out, but perished and putrified on the spot. The carcase, which was a long while decaying, and filled great part of the narrow channel, made it almost impassable by its intolerable stench." Such are the leading features of the kraken case; in concluding which, our author says, "If I was an admirer of uncertain reports and fabulous stories, I might here add much more concerning this and other Norwegian sea-monsters, whose existence I will not take upon me to deny, but do not chuse, by a mixture of uncertain relations, to make such accounts appear doubtful, as I myself believe to be true and well attested."

The work concludes with an account of the Norwegian nation, character of people, &c. But having been so much occupied with more extraordinary subjects, than a tolerably straight forward history of men and manners, we shall pass over the closing chapters in very few words; informing our readers merely, that the Norwegians discovered America much about the same time that Madoc and Co. took their departure from Aberffraw, in Anglesey; that there is reason to suppose that the

---

* Mitton's account of that "Sea-beast, Leviathan," is evidently taken from Olaus Magnus, who died 1544. But so far back as the time of Pliny, the existence of some huge marine monster was suspected: "altior que navium velis diluviem quandam eructans:" and, in a very curious Danish work, called the *Kongs Skugg-seo, or Speculum regale*, written in the 12th century, (an analysis of which we hope to present to our readers in a future number,) a singular sea-monster, called the Hafgufu, is described in terms very much resembling Pontoppidan's account of the kraken.

Norwegians, like the rest of the world, are a deteriorated and dwindled race; in proof of which the tooth of one Starkadi, a hero of former days, is said to have been used for a bell clapper. Finally, that they are, in spite of "beards, often full of icicles and bosoms filled with snow," warm-hearted excellent fellows, save and excepting a little tendency to be noisy and pugnacious over their cups. Which "quarrelsome spirit" the Chancellor, Jens Bielke, strove to crush, making an order that every man "should deliver up his knife to proper officers as soon as dinner was over and before they had drank to excess, which wholesome regulation the Bishop laments was occasionally neutralized by some "being so wicked as to provide themselves with two;" but these are peccadillos we are unwilling to dwell upon, and therefore take leave of the good Bishop, and his book, and his Norwegians; earnestly requesting our readers, in consideration of all the three, to remember the old and very true saying, "Humanum est errare."

It is rather singular, that a writer, like Pontoppidan, whose great object in life seems to have been the investigation of whatever was interesting or curious in the country, should have omitted mentioning the glaciers, which existed in his own diocese. Our article, we are aware, is long; but we think we shall be conferring a favour on our readers, by giving a slight sketch of a portion of Norwegian scenery, probably entirely unknown to the Bishop, and which, to the best of our knowledge, had never been visited by an English traveller before the summer of 1821; when Mr. Penrhyn, accompanied by another English gentleman, deviated from their route from Christiana to Bergen, to visit the glaciers of Justdal, situated amidst the wildest scenery of the most unfrequented passes of the Norwegian Alps. On the 21st August, they left Leerdalsoven, a village on the Sogue Fiord, sailing in a direction due north, until they reached Roneen, a distance of about twenty-eight miles, a small village situated at the mouth of the Justdal River, which river served as their guide through a succession of the finest mountain scenery, not deserting them until they arrived at the glaciers, from which its source is derived. At Roneen they procured a guide; and, hiring horses, pursued their route along the banks of the Justdal River, until they reached another village, called Leirmoo, where they slept. As they advanced on the following morning the road grew worse: but the scenery increased in wildness. At the village of Mockmye, they procured fresh horses, and after seven miles further of mountain scenery, still increasing in magnificence, they arrived at the parish church and Rectory of Justdal. The rest of the journey, seven miles further, they performed on foot to Michvaer, a village at the foot of the first glacier, to which it gives

its name, where they slept. On the following day, after visiting the glacier of Michvaer, they rode ten miles to see some of the other principal glaciers of Lodals Kaapa, along roads and path-ways, which might have vied in badness and danger with some of the avenues to the Vetties Giel. At the extremity of the valley of Justdal, their host of Michvaer had established a sort of out-post, where, in a few huts, they found his wife making butter and cheese, from a dairy of nine cows. The river here divided itself into many channels, which were crossed on horseback, the water up to the saddle bow. In front, a mountain rose, closing the valley, from whose sides the various glaciers descended, which, high above the snowy tops of Lodals Kaapa, were lost in the clouds. The total number of glaciers descending from this point of Norwegian Alps, composing part of the extensive chain which divides Eastern from Western Norway, is twenty-five. The part of this chain, called Long Fjell, is that between Sogue Fiord and Rowdals Fiord. The height of these mountains, as compared with those of Switzerland, is very insignificant; that of Lodals Kaapa, from which the glaciers of Justdal descend, being only 6550 German feet above the sea. Yet from their being so much further to the North, and the line of perpetual snow, which in the Swiss Alps is about 7800 feet above the sea, varying here from 5000, its greatest, to 3300, its least elevation, we find here the same phenomena as in Switzerland.

Major Carpelan, an enterprising and scientific Swedish officer, who has visited and carefully surveyed the glaciers of Justdal, estimates their extent at from forty to fifty square miles. Of the twenty-five, which descend from Lodals Kaapa, four only descend into Justdal. In these the travellers were struck with one peculiarity, distinguishing them from those of Switzerland; that, whereas these last have, for many years, been encroaching on the villages, those in the vale of Justdal have been receding: as was evident not only from the testimony of the peasants, but the appearance of rocks, the morēne, or loose stones, which had been brought down by the glaciers, and left at their recession. The first glacier which they attempted to scale, that of Michvaer, was extremely difficult of access, being not only very steep and slippery, but abounding in formidable chasms. They were drawn up by ropes, by the peasants.

The character and appearance of this, and the other glacier they visited, was, that of great waves, more resembling the mer de glace, than the peaked character of those of Boissons and Taconnay, in Switzerland. The surface of the ice was covered with much mud and many large stones, which were constantly forced up through the fissures. After walking about three

English miles on one of the glaciers, it appeared to extend about two more in the same direction, and then branched off in various directions up the defiles of the mountain. There are other glaciers in Norway, particularly those of Fresvig and Foljefouden; these they did not visit, but were informed that the principal glacier, in the valley of Boudhus, descends from 3000 feet above the sea to 1400; with a morene, consisting of mud and loose stones, from 6 to 800 feet broad. This latter circumstance is remarkable, as, if not identifying them with, at least, affording a striking resemblance to many of the ice-bergs in the Polar Seas.

ART. II.—*An Theater of Mortality: or, the Illustrious Inscriptions Extant upon the several Monuments, Erected over the dead bodies, (of the sometime Honourable Persons) buried within the Gray friars Church-Yard; and other Churches and Burial-Places within the City of Edinburgh and Suburbs. Collected and Englished by* R. Monteith, M.A.

Deut. 32. 29. O that they were wise, that they understood this. That they would consider their Latter End.

Sors tua mortalis; ne sit mortale quod optes.
——— Nil non mortale tenemus,
Pectoris exceptis Ingeniique bonis. OVID.

Edinburgh, Printed by the Heirs and Successors of Andrew Anderson, Printer to the Queens most Excellent Majesty, City and Colledge, Anno Dom. M.DCC.IV.

An Theater of Mortality: or a further collection of Funeral Inscriptions, over Scotland; gathered from Edinburgh, Dundee, Aberdeen, Stirling, Linlithgow, St. Andrew's, Glasgow, Hadington, Kircaldy, Montrose, Couper, Inverness, Kinghorn, Kirkcudbright, Dumferling, Dumbritton, Dunbar, Elgine, Nairn, Fortrose, Dunkeld, Spynie, Urquhart, Tranent, Alloa, Falkirk, Kilsyth, Hamilton, Melross, and several other places elsewhere; all Englished by the Publisher: whereto are subjoined Inscriptions upon the Passion and Death of our Blessed Saviour, and upon the Death of Marie, Queen of Scots, King James VI., and King Charles I.; with Foreign Epitaphs, Ancient and Modern, Christian and Heathenish, Acrostichal, Mesostichal, Teleostichal, Chronological, Dialogical, Rhythmical, Jocose, Enigmatical; some in most Elegant Prose; severals upon the Ruines of Greece, Troy, and Rome, and upon the Death of sundry Creatures. By Robert Monteith.

Marmora *Mæonii* vincunt Monumenta Libelli:
Vivitur Ingenio; Cetera *Mortis* erunt.

Edinburgh, Printed by the Heirs and Successors of Andrew Anderson, Printers to the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty. Anno Dom. M.DCC.XIII.

We had (would we could say we have!) a friend who entertained a few notions which appeared to us to be more distinguished for whimsicality than sound sense, and which he frequently pressed on our notice with a pertinacity more than equal to that absurdity, and sometimes not quite consistent with his usual placidity of temper and benevolence of disposition. Among his favourite dogmas was one in relation to church-yards, which, we dare say, is new to many of our readers. He maintained, that these receptacles of mortality were faithful indices of national feeling; and he illustrated this strange position by a reference to the funereal bouquets and notorious frivolity of the French—to the universality (though often attended with homeliness) of the sepulchral monuments, and the honest hearty friendships of the English—to the plain massy grave-stones, and deep-seated unostentatious affections of the Scots—and to the slovenly burial-places and unsteady vivacity of the Irish. We are satisfied that we cannot do justice to our friend's theory, nor is it of much importance that we should, for, in truth, it always appeared to us as extravagant as the religious doctrines of Tristram Shandy's father, and the belligerent whims of his uncle Toby. We don't chuse, however, to employ a harsher epithet in reference to it than that of fanciful—indeed we cannot, if we would. The joyous moments which we spent with our beloved friend, when we were accustomed to pour upon his arguments all the ridicule and abuse with which our memories and our vocabularies furnished us, would rise up in judgment against the least unkindly act to his ashes. Alas! these moments now rank among the few reminiscences of our existence which teem with pleasurable recollections; and, while they recal to our minds, in all "the joy of grief," the amiable being of whom a simple tablet, bearing his name in union with our own, is all that earth now exhibits, they also remind us that we too must soon be indebted to a surviving friend for the slight memorial of a monumental inscription!

Our feelings, we trust, are not deemed obtrusive, by our readers; on the contrary, we hope to find a friendly response in their bosoms confirming and participating our own emotions. And our hopes can scarcely be disappointed, for we strike a chord which has vibrated more or less powerfully in the human

breast, since the annals of mankind recorded their feelings and actions. Witness the sacred sepulchres of the Jews, the hieroglyphical pillars and pyramids of the Egyptians, the elegant inscriptions of the Greeks and Romans, and, in one word, the monuments which have designated the house of death and its inhabitants in all ages and nations. We should like to follow up the subject which has occurred thus incidentally to our observation, by laying before our readers a short account of the burial-places and epitaphs of the people of various countries in ancient as well as in modern times, but the present is not the most fitting opportunity for our purpose. We turn, therefore, at once to an analysis of the volumes before us, and take our leave of the extensive subject we have glanced at, in the words of a celebrated antiquary, (Hartwell)—"Touching the variety of epitaphs, it is such a large field to walk through, as it is not for so weak limbs (as I have) to run over it in many days, for some are in prose, and some are in verse; some are long, and some are short; some are Latin, and some are English; some are grave, and some are ridiculous; of all which sorts, as also of divers and sundry others, if a man should at this present discourse, we should spend a great deal more time than is allowed us for this business."

The two volumes which have led to these remarks are among the rarities for which the bibliopoles of the north, where alone they are known, demand a high price—a couple of sovereigns being the lowest sum for which these worthies will allow a covetous purchaser to transfer the coarse morceaus to his bookcase. We cannot, in conscience, say that they are worthy of such a price, rare as they unquestionably are;—for the greatest merit which we can ascribe to them is, that they contain epitaphs no where else to be found. Of these we shall lay pretty numerous specimens before our readers, and in doing so we can assure them that we transfer to our pages the best portion of the works. There is little, indeed, to interest us in many of the inscriptions which we do not quote, the characters to whom they relate being unknown in history, and the inscriptions themselves being indicative only of the vanity or weakness of surviving relatives.

We would fain say something of the author, or rather "Collector and Englisher, Robert Monteith, M. A.," but in good sooth we know very little about him, and even that little, we are left to gather chiefly from notices scattered among his writings. It is generally understood that he was bred for the church, and that, like many other clerical students in Scotland, he commenced his career as a teacher or schoolmaster, and from want of influence or of talent was obliged to continue his labours in this humble sphere. His name has descended

to posterity in connection with the volumes before us, with two other works; the one, his *True and Genuine art of Pointing*, 1704; the other, his *English Version of Buchanan's Fratres Fraterrimi*, 1708. From the circumstance of those four works having been published nearly about the same time, (1704) and from these being the only works which he published, we should be inclined to conclude that Mr. Monteith did not long survive their publication. Connected with one of these works, the *True and Genuine Art of Pointing, (i. e. Punctuation,)* we are enabled to present our readers with a very curious *Advertisement* inserted near the end of a rare production, *Leith's True Almanack by John Mann. Edinburgh printed by George Mossman*, 1704; a duodecimo volume.

"If any person have old Evidents, to be Transcribed, in a plain and Fair Hand, Or any Manuscripts to be Written in a Fine Distinct Letter, duely Pointed, as for the Press; Or, if any Persons desire, to be Taught, or to Retrieve, in their Chambers, Latine and Greek, with all their Roots and Etymologies: Let them repair to Mr. Robert Monteith Minister, at his house in Lady Napier's Land, within the Foot of Patrick Steils Close, on the South side of the Street below the Cross of Edinburgh; And he will meet with them, and Agree upon reasonable Terms."

This advertisement is as nearly as possible a fac-simile of the original, and our readers, therefore, may receive it as a specimen of Mr. Monteith's *True and Genuine Art of Pointing*, and of the best description of advertising literature at the beginning of the last century.

But, alas! Mr. Monteith's knowledge of "Pointing," and his readiness to "agree on reasonable terms," did not procure him employment; and he was accordingly afflicted with the biting distemper, which has pretty uniformly attended authors, in all times—*poverty*. He was disappointed, too, in his expectations of emolument and fame from his *Theater of Mortality*, 1704, and was even obliged to retain it in MS. several years before he prevailed on the rulers of Edinburgh to publish it at the expense of the town. All this, and much more, which we forbear to notice, we learn from the author's *Poetical address to the Lords of Session*, 1702, a copy of which, from the original MS. in a volume of Tracts collected by the celebrated Lord Fountainhall, and now preserved in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, we lay before our readers. This curious address which is now published for the first time, is not, we fear, the only specimen of mendicatory doggerel which poor Monteith indited to relieve his wants.

"To the Right Honorable My Lord President, and Remanent Lords, Senatours of the Colledge of Justice.

"Most Noble Patrones,

Oct. 29. With your kind donative, I plow'd the main
1702. O're shelves and sands in weather most serene
Neptune and Æolus both were so kind,
One smooth'd the waves, the other calm'd the wind;
Our floating pine did through the surges, glide
As with a constant and perpetual tide,
Nov. 9. Arryv'd at London, soon I did repaire,
Unto St. Pauls that Temple great and fair,
Where comely walls to North, environ'd by,
With Booksellers of great integrity,
To all of them, I shew'd my pretty book,
Whereon, with pleasure, persons all did look,
Admiring the contexture, and my toill,
Like never seen before, upon their soill,
To print the same, they twenty pounds did crave,
Ah! such a soume where could I think to leave!
Yet, by my Lines, upon our Sovraign Lady, [Queen Anne.
I was in hopes, to get that soume made ready,
But could find none, who would my Lines advance,
To her fair hands, that on them she might glance,
Nor access could I have, unto great *Sarah*, [Dutchess of Marl-
These plunged me, in depths, of fellest *Marah*; borough.
So, after near four months, I did retire,
And for my countrey, through the floods, enquire;
Who, as above, their favour gave at hand;
'Lass, not so happy while upon the Land!
On my Return, I sickness had: But now,
I am in health; with gratitude, as due.
My Lords, Excuse my *inculpata mora*,
I am your Lordships' servant, *quavis hora*;
I'll ne're be wanting, to advance your Fame
While, among men, a Being I acclaime;
Yea, after Death, (this promise here I give)
Ye, by my verses, shall immortal live.

"Monteith."*

---

* For the rare advertisement, and equally or more rare poetical address, we have quoted, as well as the foregoing circumstances respecting their author, we are indebted to Mr. David Laing, bookseller, Edinburgh, a gentleman intimately acquainted with Scottish literature, and exceedingly obliging in the communication of his knowledge to others.

Without offering one word of comment on this melancholy address, we proceed to an examination of the volumes more particularly under our notice, which, so far as we know, contain the only collection of epitaphs published in Scotland prior to the Union. Of their merits, we cannot speak very highly, but we enable our readers to judge for themselves. The first volume is devoted to the Inscriptions in the church-yards of Edinburgh; and though their "collector and Englisher" was favoured with an exclusive privilege to print and publish, at the expense of the town of Edinburgh, nay more, with the revision of a *Leith Bailie* and an *Edinburgh Deacon*, he seems to have performed his task in a slovenly manner. The warrant by which he was created the monopolist of the sepulchral lore of Edinburgh is worthy of preservation, not merely as a specimen of a very unusual assumption of power on the part of a Borough Magistracy, but as evidence of the great interest which was felt by the rulers of the "gude town," in a publication which the bibliopoles of London scouted, and which the author had very little reason to regard with pleasurable expectations for several years.

"Edinburgh. September. 6. 1704.

THE WHICH DAY, the Lord Provost, Baillies, Council, and Deacons of Crafts, Ordinar and Extraordinar, being conveened in council, APPOINTS Mr. Hugh Lin, Baillie of Leith, and James Hamilton Deacon of the Chirurgeons in Edinburgh, to revise Mr. Robert Monteith's Book, containing a Collection of the Epitaphs, in the Gray-friars Church Yard, and cause Print the samen, upon the Town's Expenses. And further, RECOMMENDS to the said Mr Robert Monteith, to Collect and Transcribe the whole other Inscriptions, within the several Churches of the Good Town, and suburbs and Print the same, in the said Book, at the sight foresaid. And DISCHARGES all their Printers and other persons, within the Good Town and it's Priviledges, to Print or Sell the samen for the space of Twelve Years; Under the Penalty of Confiscation, of what printted, contrare to this present Act: To be applyed for the Use of the said Mr. Robert. Extracted by GEORGE HOME."

We wish we had room for the dedication, which immediately follows this warrant, and which is addressed, as might have been expected, to the "Right Honourable the Lord Provost, Baillies, &c. of Edinburgh," because, amidst some amusing flattery, it contains various sensible observations and advices, and among other announcements, rather a comfortable one for the inhabitants of a wet climate—that in the author's work, the Lord Provost, &c. may "travel the burial place, or dormitory, dry-footed, in the most rainy day." But this precious dedication, as well as the address to the reader and the advertisement which follow, and which are quite characteristic of their author, we must omit.

We begin our extracts, as right loyal collectors, with an inscription (it is not an epitaph, though in a professed collection of epitaphs,) relating to a King of pedants and the most pedantic of Kings—James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England, and his wife Anne of Denmark,—and which it would be well for all Princes to adopt as a maxim of government. The truth is, though Mr. Robert Monteith, M.A., seems not to have guessed it, that the inscription was placed on one of the gates of Edinburgh (the *Netherbow port*, as it was called) when it was erected in 1606; and though the rude verse was, no doubt, intended as a compliment to the reigning Princes James and his Queen, it displays more good sense and liberality than is usually found in such compositions—Mr. Monteith has "englished" this inscription so abominably, that we must also quote the original.

"*The Illustrious Inscription, over the Nether-Bow, on the In-side, relating to the Effigies of King James, the 6th. of ever glorious Memory, sometime standing there, and Demolished the time of the Usurpation.*

JACOBUS REX. (Anag.) ARIS EXCUBO.
Non sic Excubiæ, nec circumstantia pila,
————Ut tutatur Amor.

Noe Sentinells, nor Javelins are so true;
As Subjects's Love: King's En'mies to subdue:
JACOBUS 6, REX. ANNA REGINA. 1606."

Our next quotation is the epitaph, long since obliterated, of a man of considerable notoriety in Scottish history, the Rev. Alexander Henderson. What is stated to have been inscribed on the "West side" of the monument is the only portion of the original epitaph which was in English, but we shall content ourselves with Mr. Monteith's translation of the Latin on the East, South, and North sides, and for brevity's sake omit the Latin itself.

"Mr. Alexander Henderson's Monument, in the form of an Obelisk.

EAST-SIDE.

"To the sacred Memory of Mr. Alexander Henderson, Chaplane to the King, Minister at Edinburgh and Primar of the Colledge there; who was a Schollar at St, Andrews Colledge, and a bountiful Enlarger, and Patron thereof:
Who was a most diligent defender of the Freedom and Discipline of the Kirk, against the Prelats rageing by fraud and tyranny; a suppressor of superstition, as well as of the under growing Sectaries; The maintainer and most constant Asserter of Religion, and the purest worship of God: upon which, when he had laid out himself, with all

care and thoughtfulness, and had endured daily labours, both in his own Countrey, and in the neighbouring Kingdom of England, profitable to the Kirk, and glorious to himself, he gave up the Ghost 19 August 1646, and of his age 63.

SOUTH-SIDE.

" No negligent Spectator may
Look on this Tomb at all;
This Tomb of Greatest Henderson,
And duty we may call.

NORTH-SIDE.

He was a godly man, and truely great; Illustrious in all manner of Vertue, Piety, Learning and Prudence; equally beloved by the King & Estates of both Kingdoms; to whom, George Henderson his Nephew, by his Brother, in token of sincere affection, caused erect this Monument: The Defunct himself having left his own memorial in the minds of all good men."

Before leaving this worthy character, we beg to repel the calumnies which have lately been insinuated against his memory; and which have been so often repeated by the thoughtless and the ignorant, that they have scarcely been doubted even by the more honest inquirers in Scottish history. Henderson was the leader of the covenanters for ten years prior to his death in 1646, and during this period their conduct was firm, but conciliatory, free from all turbulence, and devoid even of insult. No greater compliment, we apprehend, can be paid to the merits of Henderson, than by the simple statement of these facts relating to the conduct of men, who, immediately after his death, broke out into open violence and tumult. Henderson had been bred an episcopalian, but he embraced presbyterianism from a conviction of its nearer approach to the Christian discipline of Scripture; and, shortly before his death, he was entrusted with the defence of the presbyterian cause in the conference at Uxbridge with the king's commissioner, and afterwards in a conference with King Charles himself. His death was followed by rumours, that he could not survive the mortification of a defeat at the hands of the king—rumours which assumed that he was, or thought himself, defeated; and by a still more absurd story (published in a pamphlet) that he repented of his conduct, and in his last moments embraced episcopacy, and renounced presbytery. This pamphlet, the General Assembly of the Scottish Church, by an Act passed 7th August, 1648, most satisfactorily refuted, upon the testimony of " divers Reverend brethren, and particu-

* Acts of Assembly for 1648, p. 44.

larly of two brethren, who constantly attended him from the time he came home till his breath expired." In his own last words, too, the worthy divine prays earnestly for a "happy conclusion to the great and wonderful work of Reformation," as presbyterianism was then called. Principal Baillie also contradicts the absurd report in the most positive terms; and of the great merits of the individual the most flattering accounts are given by his opponents in theological controversy, Collier, Burnett, &c.† Yet sixteen years after his death, the king's Commissioner stooped so low, as to procure an order of Parliament for the "razing of his monument."‡ Such, alas! are the unhappy consequences of civil war!

We now present our readers with an epitaph purely encomiastick: and after the great contest for the office of chief magistrate, which lately agitated Northern Athens, and threatened the peace of her quiet citizens, we trust that an extract will not be the less interesting, because it relates to an Edinburgh Provost. It shall be given in the words of our great "Englisher," Mr. Monteith; and as it records all that is known, or that our readers could possibly wish to know, of the worthy Provost, it requires no comment.

"Archibald Tod, by Nativity a Citizen of Edinburgh, ordered what of him was Mortal to be depositat here. He was a Man far from all Guile; and he was Godly, without Pride. Four times he was married; But only, of his first Wife Helen, Daughter to John Jackson a famous Citizen, he left one Daughter alive Katharine, Spouse to David Wilkie an honourable Burgess, and Dean of Gild this present year 1656. But Provost Tod himself, whether in the prosperity of Peace, or adversity of War, was still the same, for his Countrey and this City; And in all Exigences, equally deserved the Magistracy; having been thrice Baillie; twice Dean of Gild, and Counsellor, for 6 lustres, or 30 years. He died much lamented, the 9 February, in the year 1656., and of his Age the 71 Year.

"Here worthy Provost Tod doth ly,
Who dy'd, and yet who did not die.
His golden Name, in Fame's fair Roll,
Claimes the Liferent-tack of a Soul.
Edinburgh, in this Man alone,
Lost both a Father, and a Son.
For twice three Lustres that he sat,
In Council, for her publick State;

---

* Letters and Journals, vol. ii. p. 232.
† Collier, vol. ii. p. 848.—Burnett's own Times, vol. i. p. 44.
‡ Woodrow's Church History, vol. i. p. 152.

For two years' Care of late, which more
Avail'd, than fifty twice before;
For the great Pains he then did take,
T' avert the Cry, Kill, Burn and Sack:
Sure he deserves a Tomb of Jeat,
Or one of purest Porphyrite.
And ev'ry House should bring a Stone,
To build him a Mausoleon.
But outward Pomp he still did flye,
And thus, in single Dust, would lye."

Our limits do not permit us to indulge in further quotation from the volume before us, otherwise we might be tempted to transcribe the epitaphs of the Regent Murray, Bishops Wisheart and Bothwell, and various others: but we cannot pass over the inscription on Dame Margaret Ross, the daughter of James Lord Ross, which, though founded on a bad pun *(Ross-Rose,)* contains a very pretty conceit from the pen of an "Englisher," obviously superior to Mr Robert Monteith, M.A.

"Though *Marble*, *Porphirie*, and Mourning *Touch*,
May praise these spoils; yet can they not so much:
For Beauty, Lust and Fame, this stone doth Close
One, Earth's delight, Heav'ns Care, a purest *Rose*.
And shouldst thou, Reader, but vouchsafe a Tear,
Upon it, other Flow'rs shall soon appear;
Sad *Violets* and *Hyacinths*, which grow,
With Marks of Grief, a public Loss to show."

Before closing the volume, we may observe, that, besides the lines we have just quoted, the only approach to poetry which we have been able to discover, is to be found in one of four lines, on the monument of Nicol Paterson, (secretary to John, Earl of Rothes, viceroy of Scotland,) who died in 1665. It is as follows:

"For Death itself, for his death, doth repent."

We are now ready to introduce to the notice of our readers the second portion of Mr. Monteith's collections, which, as the ample title-page indicates, contains inscriptions from monuments in every quarter of Scotland. The best general account, however, of this volume is to be found in the following preparatory notice:

"*To the Reader.*

"This Book presents to you your Ancestors, and you to them; And therefore, in good manners, *Sæpe tibi Pater, est sæpe legendus Avus*. Only, you have here, for a small Matter, what cost them great

Sums. You have here *Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum*; and they were truly to me *Deliciæ Itinerum, Viaticum extremi Itineris*, and some of them *My Songs in the House of my Pilgrimage*. If you value not this Book, you seem to be like *Ulysses's* Servants, after they had eaten the Herb *Lotus*; And you make *Ovid* a Liar, when he says, *Et pius est, Patriæ Facta referre, Labor*; And, *Nescio qua natale solum Dulcedine cunctos afficit, immemores nec sinitesse sui.* It has cost me vast Pains, Travel and Charges; and I am apt to think, That, as you never had the like, so you shall not have such another Collection for a Century to come. If any Persons desiderate any Epitaph here, I am more than absolved, by my Two Advertisements in the Courant, one dated 19. *December* 1712. and the other dated 19. *August* last, attour Missives, written to particular persons, &c. Farewell.*

The Publisher, to this Book.

Of many Men, I sing the mournful Fate;
Yet I perhaps may fall, without Regret;
Thou likewise may'st be dead, ere I be gone,
What then? Ere the aged Sire, oft dies the Son:
Yet, whether you shall me survive, or not,
I know, That you a Mortal I begot."

We proceed to our extracts from the numerous inscriptions which are contained in this curious volume. The first epitaph is taken from a monument erected in 1703, in the New Church burying-ground of Dundee, to the memory of J. R.

"Here lies a Man,
Com'd of *Adam* and *Eve*;
If any will climb higher,
I give him Leave."

---

* We have been fortunate enough, through the same friendly channel we have already noticed, to procure copies of the two advertisements referred to by Mr. Monteith, which we now present to our readers. The first occurs in the *Scot's Courant*, No. 1135.

"Edinburgh December 19. Albeit Mr. Robert Monteith Collector of the Funeral Inscriptions over Scotland, both publish'd his proposals for printing thereof by subscriptions, as the most considerable and valuable; yet he desires all persons whatsomever, who have any other valuable Epitaphs *Latin*, Prose or Verse, *English* Verse only, or any Historical, Chronological or Moral Inscriptions, to send in to him, betwixt and Candlemas next, at his home in the College-Wynd of *Edinburgh*, just and authentick copies thereof; and they shall be duly engrossed and printed with the rest: And he expects all generous persons will chearfully subscribe his proposals, in a matter so pious, pleasant, profitable and national, and which has cost him 8 years sore Travel and vast charges and expenses."

And in the same page, we find the following extraordinary inscription to the memory of a Katherine Baxter, who died the 20th of March, 1632, at the age of twenty.

"Stay Passenger; no more for Marvels seek,
Among this many Monuments of Death;
For here a *Demi-scot*, a *Demi-greek*
Doth lie, to whom the *Cretan* Isle gave Breath.
And is (it) not a Wonder? Is it not?
Her Birth and Burial to be so remote.
So falls, by Winter blasts, a Virgin rose;
For blotless, spotless, blameless did she die:
As many Virtues Nature did disclose
In her, as oft in greatest Age we see.
Ne'er *Jason* glor'd more in the Golden Fleece
K.B. Than her brave Sire, in bringing her from *Greece*."

A Dundee Apothecary, whose fate it was to survive two wives, balances the merits of both with so much discretion, in the following verses, that we are tempted to quote them for the special eye of all widowers who may be placed in similar circumstances.

"On right hand *Duncan* lies, in Youth my Spouse,
And the first Pillar of my rising House;
Left Hand, lies *Robson*, a most faithful Wife:
Which was the best, it may procure a Strife.
First brought to me of Wealth sufficient Store,
Which th' other guided well, augmented more;
First blessed me with many Children fair,
The second nurst them with maternal Care.
Virtue and Goodness in them equal shone.
And both lie bury'd underneath this stone."

The second advertisement was inserted in the *Scot's Courant*, No. 1225, Edinburgh, 19th August, 1713, and is as follows. "Whereas, Mr. Robert Monteith, has begun the printing of his further collection of funeral Inscriptions over Scotland, which will be done alphabetically as to the persons, and the Shires and Burghs to be disposed, as in the Rolls of Parliament: He once more desires all persons who have any other valuable Epitaphs, Latin, Prose or Verse, English verse only, or any Historical Chronological or Moral Inscriptions, to send in to him forthwith, at his house in the College-wynd of Edinburgh, just authentick copies thereof, and they shall be duly printed with the rest, and, that Book being promised to be perfected against December next, his honourable Subscribers may reasonably expect their copies about Christmas thereafter."

It would appear, that Dundee could boast of an honest tailor as well as a prudent apothecary, if we may give credence to the following record of the character of Walter Coupar, who died 25th December, 1628.

"Kynd Commorads! here *Coupar's* corpse is laid;
Walter by name, a Tayleour to his Trade;
Both Kynd and true; and stout, and honest hearted;
Condole, with me, that he so soon departed.
For, I avow, he never weyl'd a Sheer,
Had better parts, nor he that's bury'd here."

There are various other inscriptions from Dundee churchyard worthy of a place in our pages; but we cannot afford room for more. We hasten to the more learned town of *Aberdeen*, where, in lieu of the skippers and Bailies of Dundee, we find Bishops and Professors at every turn. We cannot, however, in conscience admit that the sepulchral lore of this seat of learning is of a superior quality to that of the traders of Dundee. On Marischal's College the following conceit is said to be engraved: we know not whether it be still legible.

"They have said.
What say they? Let them say."

In the Cathedral Church is a monument to Bishop Forbes, one of the many bishops who figures in the *Theater of Mortality*, which we give as Englished by Mr. Monteith.

"Here rests an incomparable Man, sometime the most bright star of *Scotland*, *Patrick Forbes* Bishop of *Aberdeen*, a most prudent Pastor, a most faithful Preacher, a notable Writer, and a singular Counsellour to His Majesty, Restorer of the General Studies at *Aberdeen* and Chancellor there, and Founder of the new Profession of Theology therein, Baron of *Oneil* and Laird of *Corss*, who piously and pleasantly died 28 *March* being the day before *Easter*, in the year of our Lord 1635, and of his age 71. Revel. 10. 6. in Greek.

Corss was the Star of Divines, Pearl of Pastors, he
Delight of Rulers, Heav'n was in his Eye.

Safety by Christ. Let none lift me who fears God."

The subject of our next quotation was also a churchman; a plain presbyterian minister—a man whose memory is dear to all the lovers of the simplicity and independence of the Scottish church, who now occupies a distinguished place in the annals of this church, while the dignitary who could boast of being a counsellor to royalty is almost forgotten. We take the translation of Mr. Robert Monteith.

XUM

"Under this Stone, rests the Servant of God, *Mr. Andrew Cant*, the greatest Man in his Age, who being a Preacher to the World and this Town, by his Words and Life upheld declining Religion, refined the degenerate Mannors of the World, a burning and loving *Boanorges* and *Barnabas*, a Magnet and Adamant, Being Rector of the College, he fitted up and recovered decayed Learning, a man of unfeigned Piety, untainted Constancy, of an undaunted Courage and Spirit; which when he had proved so many Years pure towards God in this Age barren of Virtues, and seeing the Sum of this glassie and frail Happiness, to consist in Vanity, and had by a nearer Hope and Foretaste anticipated that true Felicity, which is neither circumscribed by Marches of Times nor Measures of Pleasure, he pleasantly gave back his Soul to his Christ, after the expiring of XLIX. Years of his Ministry, and many of his most auspicious Marriage with *Margaret Swine* a most choice Woman in the year of Christ's Nativity 1663. *April* 30. Of his Age 79, who being dead yet speaketh Farewell."

We now accompany our author to Stirling, where he finds only two inscriptions worthy of a place in his collection, and only one of these in the church-yard. This monumental trophy is dedicated to *John Adamson*, and contains rather a paltry play of words on his sirname.

"*John Adamson's* here kept within,
Death's prisoner, for *Adam's Sin*;
But rests in hope that he shall be
Set, by the second *Adam*, free."

The other inscription was copied from a house in the town belonging to a blacksmith, and we have little doubt that, ere this time, the cause of the modest forbearance of this worthy son of Vulcan has been realised in the experience of his successors.

"My name and Arms I here forbear to fix
Lest I, or mine, should sell their stanes and Sticks."

In the burying grounds of St. Andrew's, we find many laudatory inscriptions, with which we do not choose to load our pages. Among others, the notorious Archbishop Sharp receives an inordinate portion of praise. He is styled, "*a pattern of Godliness, Messenger of Peace, Oracle of Wisdom, and Picture of Gravity.*" We leave our readers to decide whether this description, or the following, be most applicable to the respective characters on whose monuments they appear.

"Here lies a Ploughman good enough,
Who gain'd his living by the Plough."

Pass we now to the city of Glasgow, where the monuments of various eminent men are to be found. For these, we are sorry we cannot make room; but we must not omit the opportunity of introducing to our readers' notice the inscription on the monument of Dr. Peter Low. This disciple of Esculapius enjoyed great local fame, and is still, we have heard, spoken of by the older inhabitants of the city in terms more eulogistic than those employed in the following verses on his monument.

" Stay Passenger and view this Stone;
For, under it, lies such a One,
Who cured many while he liv'd;
So gracious, he no man griev'd;
Yea, when his Physick's force oft fail'd,
His pleasant Purpose then prevail'd:
For, of his God, he got the Grace,
To live in Mirth and die in Peace.
Heavens have his Soul, his Corps this Stone;
Sigh Passenger, and then begone."

We are so well pleased with the point of the following inscription, taken from the church-yard of Haddington, that we cannot avoid quoting it, though the sentiment it embodies is common to nine out of every ten epitaphs.

" If Modesty commend a Wife,
And Providence a Mother,
Grave Chastity a Widow's Life,
We'll not find such another,
In Haddingtown, as *Mareon Gray*,
Who here doth lie till the Doomesday."

In the same churchyard is the following less serious memento, couched in the provincial dialect of Scotland.

Hout *Atropus*, hard-hearted Hag,
To cut the sheugh* of *Jamie Craig*;
For, had he liv'd a wheen mae years,
He had been o'r teugh for all your sheirs:
Now, *Jamie's* dead, sua man we a,
And for his Sake I'll say this Sa,
In Heien *Jamie* be thy Saul!"

---

* For the benefit of such of our readers, as are not intimately acquainted with the Scotch language, we may mention that *Sheugh* means *windpipe* or *throat*.

One more quotation, and we turn our back on Haddington. It is from the monument of a magistrate's wife, or widow.

> " Her husband died; and while she tried
> To live behind, could not, and died."

In the church-yard of Aberlady, Mr. Monteith found one inscription which we transfer to our pages

> " Here lies *John Smith*
> Whom Death slew, for all his Pith;
> The Starkest man in *Aberlady:*
> God prepare and make us ready."

In the same page of Mr. Monteith's volume from which our last quotation was taken, we find the following inscription,

> " *On a Man, elsewhere.*"
>
> Here lies a Man, beside a Witch,
> Who did oppress both poor and Rich;
> But where he is, or how she fares,
> No man doth know, and all few cares."

Among the many monumental inscriptions in the church-yard of Montrose, with which Mr. Monteith has enriched his pages,we find only one suitable to our purpose; and we quote it for the pious resignation it breathes, and as a good lesson to all those husbands who may be foolish to grieve for the loss of their wives. John Beattie, after telling us that his wife Janot was " an honest chaste and pious woman," thus complacently disposes of her,

> " Let Earth take Earth, the Dev'l his Sins again,
> The World it's Goods, the Soul may Heav'n contain."

In this distribution of Mrs. Beattie and her Goods, his infernal Majesty as usual comes in for the worst share. Would he not call in question honest John's award? Verily, he had some reason.

At Inch-chappel, near Montrose, we find the following epitaphs, which please us much on account of their brevity.

> " This honest Skipper, *Andrew Scott,*
> To all his Neighbours, was the Cock."

The next is also worthy of commendation on account of its good sense. It is on a man and his wife.

"We do this, for no other end
But that our burial may be kend."

In the church-yard of Cupar we are presented with the following inscription on William Rymour, a *Maltman*, which, from its ludicrous boldness, we would be half inclined to think was composed by its worthy object when under the vivifying influence of the *dew* distilled from the commodity in which he trafficked.

"Through Christ, I'me not inferiour
To *William* the Conquerour."

Rom. 8. 37.

We never understood, till this worthy Maltman informed us, that William the Conqueror figured in Scripture—and though this information is now conveyed to us as the "last words" of William Rymour, we must still be permitted to doubt its accuracy.

In the church-yard of Halkirk, is the monument of Sir John Graham, a chieftain who joined Wallace in his chivalrous attempts to secure the independence of Scotland, and who fell, according to tradition, at the battle of Falkirk. The lines are,

"Here lies Sir *John* the *Grame*, both right and wise,
One of the Chiefs, rescued *Scotland* thrice:
An better knight ne're to the world was lent,
Than was good Grame, of Truth and Hardiment.
He died xxii. July 1298."

Mr. Monteith quotes also two Latin lines from the same monument; but as we do not think them very ancient, and as Mr. Monteith's translation of them is execrable, we quote neither one nor t'other.

We now present our readers with a Border inscription. It is on "John Bell who lived in Annandale on the Scots side, and has a stone (200 years old) on him." Thus far Mr. Monteith: we may be permitted to state, that we do not think the inscription quite so old as our worthy collector seems to do. It is as follows:

"I *Jocky Ball o' Braikenbraw* lie under this Stane,
Five of my aun Sons laid it on my Wame!
I liv'd aw my Dayes but* sturt or strife,
Was Man o' my Meat, and Master o' my Wife.
If you done better in your Time, than I did in mine,
Take the Stane off my Wame, and lay it on o' thine."

---

* *Without.* Are we to believe this of a borderer?

One more, and we close our quotations. Mr. Monteith gives the following inscription on "John Speirs Monument; Dumfreise *as reported*"—and we suspect he has good reason to qualify in this cautious manner its "local habitation and name."

> "Here lies *John Speir*,
> Dumfriese—Pipier;
> Young *John*? Fy, fy.
> Old *John*? Ay, ay."

We have now made our readers acquainted with the chief treasures to be found in the volumes of the Weever of Scotland: and we trust we have not been unsuccessful caterers for their amusement and information. After all, we are apprehensive that we have spoken somewhat too slightingly of the "eight years sore travel and vast charges and expences" of Mr. Robert Monteith, M.A. We are indebted to him for many inscriptions which have perished, and of which we find no trace but in his collections. And when we reflect that these collections were made in poverty and disappointment, and apparently for the purpose of procuring subsistence, we do feel disposed to soften our censures and to be more grateful for what has been done for us. The allusions to the personal history of the collector in the poetical address we have quoted, to his journey to London as a literary adventurer, to his disappointments there, and to his having employed his pen in such modes of address unsuccessfully, are all sufficiently painful, and must disarm the severity of sterner critics than we pretend to be. We are inclined, therefore, to dismiss Mr. Monteith and his sepulchral records with that amenity of feeling which our own failings perhaps may often require, and which, if more widely disseminated and frequently observed in human intercourse, would render society more delightful, and enable us to inscribe the virtues of each other on our tombstones, with a stricter regard to truth than can usually be claimed for an epitaph. *Vale.*

ART. III.—*Thoughts on Hunting. In a Series of familiar Letters to a Friend. Sarum. Small* 4*to.* 1781.

If we have not been persuaded, by the agreeable writer of this treatise, to abandon our old books and our chambers in the Middle Temple for a red coat, top boots, and leather breeches, we should certainly have felt nothing loth to have made one at the jovial dinner with which he was accustomed to wind

up the morning's occupation. Never had fox or hare the honour of being chased to death by so accomplished a hunter, from the time of Nimrod to the present day; never was huntsman's dinner graced by such urbanity and wit; and never did the red wine of Oporto confuse the intellects of so politic a sportsman. He would bag a fox in Greek, find a hare in Latin, inspect his kennels in Italian, and direct the economy of the stable in exquisite French. His talents and his eloquence he inherited; his turn for the pursuit of foxes was entirely acquired, and could never repress the innate disposition to better things. Mr. Beckford, for that is the name of this compound of conflicting tastes, was related to the celebrated Alderman, whose name and speech are recorded in Guildhall, and, of course, was of the stock of the author of *Fonthill Abbey* and *Caliph Vathek*. The degree of relationship we have not been able to ascertain; we feel less anxious on that score, than he was in the pedigree of his dogs.

Till we read Mr. Beckford's book, we were not aware of the lamentable deficiency in treatises on the art of venery. That France, Germany, or Italy, should be silent on the subject, would scarcely excite our wonder. Foxes they never hunt, and hares but seldom; and in Italy there has been no hunting since the death of the Duke of Parma. "He," says Mr. Beckford, "was very fond of it, but I apprehend all hunting in that country ceased with him." These circumstances afford some little excuse for the neglect which this necessary art has met with amongst the authors of those countries. But what shall we say for ourselves? "Is it not strange," exclaims our author, with irresistible force, "*that in a country where the press is in one continued labour with opinions of almost every kind,* from the most serious and instructive, to the most ridiculous and trifling; a country, besides, so famous for the best hounds, and the best horses to follow them, that only the practical part of hunting should be understood?" We confess our share in this astonishment, and only wish that our ability equalled our desire, to supply so grievous an hiatus in our country's literature.

To be sure, the neglect in which the science has been suffered to remain, is not improbably accounted for by Mr. Beckford himself. He grants it may fairly be objected, "that the hunting of a pack of hounds depends on the huntsman; and that the huntsman, generally speaking"—he says nothing of the sportman—"is an illiterate fellow, who seldom can either read or write;—this cannot well be denied." Nothing can be more unfortunate for the advancement of venery. It is impossible that the business of a kennel should go on as it should do, unless it be conducted on fixed and accurate principles; and we fully coincide in the opinion of a great sportsman, whom our author has quoted without mention of his name, that it

is as difficult to find a perfect huntsman, as a good prime minister.

How far Mr. Beckford's essay is calculated to fill the void, and to serve as an "Elements" of hunting, we cannot undertake to judge. For aught we are able to determine, he may, or may not, be the Euclid of the venatory art. One thing we are competent to decide,—and decide positively: Of all the elementary treatises on the objects of art and science, we know not one written with greater sprightliness of manner, or in an easier and more perspicuous style. A certain class of literary men have been accused of preferring manner to matter, and of sacrificing the interests of truth to the graces of language. If ever there were an instance, in which that preference might be justified, this is the very case. In this case, we own the impeachment; and the reader must not be surprised if he find us slurring over the didactic part of the book, for the sake of the jokes, and omitting a scientific precept to make room for a pungent story.

Now first, as to a kennel:—For a *gentleman* intending to start in the career of Nimrodism, a kennel is not only the first thing, but it is also the most important. When built, it is built once for all. Dogs may be changed with the changes of the sportsman's mind; but kennels are for ever. It is therefore of the last importance that the kennel, when built, should be well built, and adapted to the various circumstances which caprice or necessity may call for.

An ancient orator being asked what were the three principal parts of his art, replied, Action, action, action. Cleanliness, cleanliness, cleanliness, is the sum and substance of our author's theory of kennels. The sense of smelling, the *odora canum vis*, as Virgil calls it, is so exquisite in a hound, that every thing relating to his lodging must be governed by a regard to his nose. The architectural details are of less importance, if this principle be steadily kept in view. The situation is well described by Somervile; for it is actually a Nimrod's dog-kennel, and not his house, which is meant in the following lines:—

> "Upon some little eminence erect,
> And fronting to the ruddy dawn; its courts
> On either hand wide opening to receive
> The sun's all-cheering beams, when mild he shines,
> And gilds the mountain tops."

Of the two lodging-rooms—for there should be two—the floors should be bricked and sloped on both sides to run to the centre, with a gutter left to carry off the water. Contrary to the

usual practice, Mr. Beckford recommends three doors, two in front and one in the back, and his reasons seem fully adequate to justify the innovation. In fact, the whole of the chapter on kennels is marked by great originality and depth of argument.

From the kennel, let us pass to the hound. What kind of hound, to speak generally, is the best? Somervile shall answer.

"————————————A mean
Observe, nor the large hound prefer, of size
Gigantic; he, in the thick-woven covert
Painfully tugs, or in the thorny brake
Torn and embarrassed bleeds: but if too small,
The pigmy brood in every furrow swims;
Moiled in the clogging clay, panting they lag
Behind inglorious; or else, shivering, creep,
Benumbed and faint beneath the sheltering thorn."

To this we add Beckford's observation, "that to look well, they should be all nearly of a size, and I even think they should all look of the same family.

Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen; qualem decet esse sororum."

There are many necessary points in the shape of a hound, which should always be attended to by a sportsman; for if his symmetry is not perfect, he will neither run fast, nor bear much work.

"Let his legs be strait as arrows; his feet round, and not too large; his chest deep, and back broad; his head small; his neck thin; his tail thick and brushy—if he carries it well, so much the better. This last point, however trifling it may appear, gave rise to a very odd question: A gentleman, not much acquainted with hounds, as we were hunting the other day, said, 'I observe, sir, that some of your dogs' tails stand up, and some hang down; pray, sir, which do you reckon *the best hounds*?'—The colour, I think the least material of all; and I think, with our friend Foote, that a good dog, like a good candidate, cannot be of a bad colour."

It is not easy to say positively how many hounds should be kept; but from twenty to thirty couple are as many as can be taken into the field at once with advantage. The chief excellence in a pack, is the head they carry; and though single hounds may not run so fast as others, that pack goes fastest which can run ten miles the soonest. In one particular a sin-

XUM

gular resemblance has been remarked between the hound and his master. "Considered in a *collective* body, a pack goes fast in proportion to *the excellence of their noses.*" Oh! the rogues.

Mr. Beckford's description of a good feeder is a model on which any public functionary might be formed with great advantage to the nation. Diligence, care, honesty, industry, knowledge, and benevolence—no quality or virtue can be named in a minister's character which is not essential in the feeder's. There is no atrocity which the canine functionary will not commit, if suffered to rule without controul. The hounds will be ill-fed, ill-kept, and soundly flogged, unless the sinister interest of the feeder be checked by the master's eye. Nay, sometimes "he flogs them while he feeds them—and if they have not always a belly-full one way, they seldom fail to have it the other."

A few words on the breeding of hounds; a matter of supreme importance, as upon success in this all future success depends.

Mr. Beckford is surprised that in this article of educating hounds no other country can rival this; and that British hounds themselves degenerate when transported to a foreign soil. We cannot share his wonder. The superiority of our hounds is caused by our free constitution. Squires and hounds are the growth of a limited monarchy.

> "In thee alone, fair land of liberty,
> Is bred the perfect hound—in other climes
> Their virtue fails, a weak degenerate race."

Happy climate, and thrice happy government, under which country-gentlemen are blest with so many privileges; and enjoy a monopoly of hounds and foxes as well as of corn! And you, fortunate men! consider the greatness of these blessings; watch over your lands of higher and lower fertility, and look to the pedigree of your dogs.

The rules for breeding are very numerous. We object only to one of Mr. Beckford's: why should he recommend us "to breed from brothers and sisters?" Does he hold with 'one Locke of Christ Church,' as he was called by 'one' Charles Stuart, that men and dogs have no moral sense? Admitting the former's claim to that attribute, he is not the man to deny the latter's. Witness his discription of the sentimental passion, in that class of the animal fraternity.

"Give particular orders to your feeder to watch over the bitches with a cautious eye, and separate such *as are going to be proud*, before

it is too late. *The advances they make frequently portend mischief as well as love; and, if not prevented in time, will not fail to set the whole kennel together by the ears, and may occasion the death of your best dogs;* care only can prevent it.

> Mark well the wanton females of thy pack,
> That curl their taper tails, and frisking court
> Their pyebald mates enamoured; their red eyes
> Flash fires impure; nor rest, nor food they take,
> Goaded by furious love."

Oh, dogs, dogs!

The observations on the baptism of hounds are of vast importance. 'Give a dog a bad name,' says the proverb, 'and hang him.' Good names, however; are not so rife as one might imagine; particularly as it is usual to christen all the whelps of a litter with a name whose initial letter corresponds with that of their putative father, or their maternal parent. This rule is sometimes observed with religious strictness. A baronet of the author's acquaintance, sent three young hounds of one litter to a friend "all their names beginning, *as he said*, with the letter *G.—Gowler, Govial*, and *Galloper*." Let us do the country justice. There is an old story of a baronet who never saw a hound in his life, but who gave at an education dinner, the enigmatical toast of the three *R*'s:—*Writing, Reading*, and *Arithmetic*.

We should be but too happy to insert the list of names with which Mr. Beckford has presented us. The meaning of many of them is not obvious;—but what of that? We agree with the huntsman, who being asked the name of a young hound, and answering, *Lyman*, "Lyman," said his master, "why, James, what does Lyman mean?"—"Lord, Sir!" replied James, "*what does any thing mean?*"

Let the reader try this specimen.

DOGS.

Amorous.	Caitiff.	Liberal.	Prophet.
Arsenic.	*Critic.*	Methodist.	Ruffian.
Bouncer.	Envious.	Miscreant.	Statesman.
Brutal.	Leveller.	Monarch.	Tyrant.

BITCHES.

Actress.	Dashaway.	Madcap.	Sybil.
Artifice.	Easy.	Minion.	Tattle.
Bawble.	Fickle.	Mischief.	Tel-tale.
Beldam.	Firetail.	Novelty.	Termagant.
Blowzy.	Fury.	Rantipole.	Vixen.
Brimstone.	Giddy.	Rattle.	Wagtail.
Crafty.	Guilty.	Ruin.	Whirligig.
Credulous.	Harlot.	Strumpet.	

XUM

It is difficult to say upon what principle these names are chosen. We hardly know which to admire most; the epithets bestowed on the dogs, or the dogs' wives.

By the time the young hounds are reconciled to the kennel, know the huntsman, and their own names, they should be put into couples, and walked out amongst the sheep; for it is essential that they should be early untaught the horrible propensity to sheep-stealing. If once your dog has tasted the blood of lambs, it becomes extremely difficult to reclaim him. One of the emendatory methods for such a dog is worth noticing; it is, to couple him with a ram. But, as the author observes, "you had better hang him."

"A late lord of my (Mr. Beckford's) acquaintance, who had heard of this method, and whose whole pack had been often guilty of killing sheep, determined to punish them, and to that intent put the largest ram he could find into his kennel. The men, with their whips and voices, and the ram with his horns, soon put the whole kennel into confusion and dismay; and the hounds and ram were then left together. Meeting a friend soon after, "Come," says he, "come with me to the kennel, and see what rare sport the ram makes among the hounds; the old fellow lays about him stoutly—egad he trims them—there is not a dog dares look him in the face." His friend, who is a compassionate man, pitied the hounds exceedingly, and asked if he was not afraid that some of them might be spoiled.—"No, d——n them," said he, "they deserve it, and let them suffer." On they went—all was quiet—they opened the kennel door, but saw neither ram nor hound. The ram by this time was entirely eaten up, and the hounds, having filled their bellies, were retired to rest."

We must now stoop the dogs to a scent. Mr. Beckford thinks it better to enter them at their own game. There is, however, high authority to the contrary, in favour of a trail-scent.

"I know, says the author, "an old sportsman, a clergyman, who enters his young hounds first at a cat, which he drags along the ground for a mile or two, at the end of which he turns out a badger, first taking care *to break his teeth*; he takes out about two couple of old hounds along with the young ones, to hold them on. He never enters his young hounds but at vermin; for he says, *train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.*"

We were certainly not previously aware how incomparably the bull-baiting of the lower orders exceeds in brutality, the "healthy" sports of the country gentleman. The badgers, of course, have no claim to the benefits of Mr. Martin's bills.

"When young hounds begin to love a scent, it may be of use to

turn out a badger, (or sometimes a cat,) before them; you will then be able to discover what improvement they make. I mention a badger, in a supposition that young foxes cannot so well be spared; besides, the badger being a slower animal, he may easily be followed, and driven the way you choose he should run. You should give him (the badger) a great deal of law, and you will do well to break his teeth."

It is amusing after this, to meet with the following passage; but so accomplished a sportsman is bound to evince a touch of sentiment, among his other perfections.

"Huntsmen and whippers-in are seldom so unlucky as to have *your* feelings; yet custom, which authorises them to flog hounds (*your* hounds) unmercifully, does not do away the barbarity of it. A gentleman seeing a girl skinning eels alive, asked her, if it was not very cruel?—Oh not at all, sir, replied the girl, *they be used to it.*"

If martern cats are within reach it is advised to enter young hounds in covers which they frequent. The martern cat, being a small animal, and running the thickest brakes it can find, teaches the hounds to run cover, and is therefore of great use. The agility of this little animal is astonishing. Though it frequently falls from a tree in the midst of a whole pack of hounds, there are few instances of a martern's being caught by them in that situation.

Before we touch on the subject of hunting, we will say a word about *scent*. The inquiry is involved in obscurity, and Mr. Beckford's modesty induces him to put up with the praise (no small one) of a knowledge of the phenomena without pretending an acquaintance with their causes. *Hoc sum contentus*, he says, in the language of Cicero, *quod etiam si quo quidque fiat ignorem, quid fiat intelligo.*

The passage on this subject in Somervile is so striking, that we select it in preference to Mr. Beckford's prose. 'Tis a pity so much obscurity, arising from the ungrammatical structure of the sentence, should disfigure the graphical account of the exhalations from the fox's hide. The badness of the physiology is more pardonable than the defective syntax. The passage, however, has great merit, and if Priscian can be appeased, we are silent.

"Should some more curious sportsman here enquire,
Whence this sagacity, this wond'rous power
Of tracing, step by step, or man or brute?
What guide invisible points out their way,
O'er the dark marsh, bleak hill, and sandy plain?
The courteous muse shall the dark cause reveal.

The blood that from the heart incessant rolls
In many a crimson tide, then here, and there
In smaller rills disparted, as it flows
Propell'd, the serious particles evade,
Thro' th' open pores, and with the ambient air
Entangling mix, as fuming vapours rise,
And hang upon the gently purling brook.
There by the incumbent atmosphere compress'd,
The panting chace grows warmer as he flies,
And through the net-work of the skin perspires;
Leaves a long-steaming trail behind; which by
The cooler air condens'd remains, unless
By some rude storm dispers'd, or rarifi'd
By the meridian sun's intenser heat.
To every shrub the warm effluvia cling,
Hang on the grass, impregnate earth and skies;
With nostrils opening wide, o'er hill, o'er dale,
The vig'rous hounds pursue, with every breath
Inhale the grateful stream, quick pleasures sting
Their tingling nerves, while they their thanks repay,
And in triumphant melody confess
The titillating joy. Thus on the air
Depends the hunter's hopes."

As we have given Somervile his verse, we will give Mr. Beckford his story. He observes, that in reading over his observations on *scent*, he has used the word *smell*, in a sense which lies open to criticism. "A gentleman," he adds, "who, I suppose, was not the sweetest in the world, sitting in the front boxes at the play-house, on a crowded night, his neighbour very familiarly told him, he *smelt strong*:—"No, sir," replied he, with infinite good humour,—"it is you that *smell*—I *stink*."

From fox to hare the transition is so natural, that we incline to pardon the badness of Mr. Beckford's logic in suddenly dropping the one for the other, as he enters upon the subject of hunting. For the sake of brevity, we will pass over the preliminary business of finding the hare. She shall be ready found;—and now,

"——— let all be hushed;
No clamour loud, no frantic joy be heard;
Lest the wild hound run gadding o'er the plain
Untractable, nor hear thy chiding voice."

Mr. Beckford's description of the hare is worth extracting:

"A hare generally describes a circle as she runs, larger or less according to her strength, and the openness of the country. In inclosures, and where there is much cover, the circle is for the most part so small, that it is a constant puzzle to the hounds. They have ever a Gordian knot, in that case, to unloose; and, though it may afford matter of speculation to the philosopher, it is always contrary to the wishes of the sportsman. Such was the country I hunted in for many years.

"————If in wide rings
She wheel her mazy way, in the same round
Persisting still, she'll foil the beaten track.
But if she fly, and with the favouring wind
Urge her bold course, less intricate the task:
Push on the pack."

"Besides running the foil, they frequently make doubles, which is going forward, to tread the same steps back again, on purpose to confuse their pursuers; and the same manner in which they make the first double, they generally continue, whether long or short. When they make their double on a high road, or dry path, and then leave it with a spring, it is often the occasion of a long fault: the spring which a hare makes on these occasions, is hardly to be credited, any more than her ingenuity in making it; both are wonderful. She frequently, after running a path a considerable way, will make a double, and then stop till the hounds have passed her; she will then steal away as secretly as she can, and return the same way she came. This is the greatest of all trials for hounds. It is so hot a foil, that, in the best packs, there are not many hounds that can hunt it. When the scent lies bad in cover she will sometimes hunt the hounds:

"————The covert's utmost bound
Slily she skirts; behind them cautious creeps,
And in that very track, so lately stain'd
By all the steaming crowd, seems to pursue
The foe she flies."

"When the hounds are at check, make your huntsman stand still. If you speak to a hound at such a time, calling him by his name, he seldom fails to look up in your face, as much as to say, *what the deuce do you want?*—When he stoops to the scent again, is it not probable he means to say, *you fool, you; let me alone.*

"When your hounds are at fault, let not a word be said: such as follow them *ignorantly and unworthily*, stand all aloof. *Procul, O procul este profani!* for whilst such are chattering not a hound will hunt.—'*A propos*, sir,' a politician will say, 'what news from America?—*A propos*,—Do you think both the admirals will be tried?—Or, *A propos*,—Did you hear what has happened to my grandmother?' Such questions are, at such a time, extremely troublesome, and very *mal-à-propos*. Amongst the ancients it was reck-

oned an ill omen to speak in hunting—I wish it were thought so now. *Hoc age,* should be one of the first maxims in hunting, as in life; and I can assure you, when I am in the field, I never wish to hear any other tongue than that of a hound. A neighbour of mine was so truly a hare-hunter in this particular, that when a gentleman happened to cough, whilst his hounds were at a fault, he rode up to him immediately, and said, "*I wish, sir, with all my heart, your cough was better.*"

We agree with Mr. Beckford, that hare-hunting is not to be despised. It is a very good diversion in a good country, as he well observes; but long live the fox, whose pre-eminence we hasten to acknowledge, begging his pardon for two minutes for a short episode on the stag-hunting of Piedmont.

"I hunted," says our author, "two winters at Turin; but their hunting is no more like ours than is the hot meal you *there* stand up to eat, to the English breakfast you sit down to *here.* Were I to describe their manner of hunting, their infinity of dogs, their number of huntsmen, their relays of horses, their great saddles, great bitts and jack boots, it would be no more to our present purpose, than the description of a wild boar chace in Germany, or the hunting of jackalls in Bengal. *C'est une chasse magnifique, et voilà tout.* However, to give you an idea of their huntsmen, I must tell you that one day, the stag (which is very unusual) broke cover, and left the forest; a circumstance which gave as much pleasure to me, as displeasure to all the rest—it put every thing into confusion. I followed one of the huntsmen, thinking he knew the country best, but it was not long before we were separated; the first ditch we came to stopped him: I, eager to go on, hallooed out to him, *Allons, piqueur, sautez donc.—Non, pardi,* replied he, very coolly, *c'est un double fossé—je ne saute pas des doubles fossés.* There was also an odd accident the same day, which, as it happened to a great man, even to the king himself, you may think interesting; besides it was the occasion of a *bon mot* worth hearing. The king, eager in the pursuit, rode into a bog, and was dismounted; he was not hurt; he was soon on his legs, and we were all standing round him. One of his old generals, who was at some distance behind, no sooner saw the king off his horse, but he rode up full gallop to know the cause. *Qu'est ce que c'est! qu'est ce que c'est,* cries the old general, and in he tumbles into the same bog. Count Kevenhuller, with great humour, replied, pointing to the place, *Voilà ce que c'est! voilà ce que c'est.*"

Mr. Beckford's twenty-first letter opens with a description of the superiority of fox over hare hunting. We never doubted it. If the enthusiasm with which he speaks of it excite a smile, it will only be on the lips of a cockney. All "good men and true" will agree that it is this very enthusiasm that constitutes the chief charm of riding after a stinking animal over hedge and ditch, at the imminent peril of one's neck; nor is this the

only instance in which men are led to put their necks in jeopardy, by the same feeling, in the pursuit of similar objects. "It is said there is a pleasure in being mad, which only mad men know; and it is the enthusiasm, I believe, of fox-hunting, which is its best support; strip it of that, and you then, I think, had better let it quite alone."

Mr. Beckford, however, is sometimes led away by this enthusiasm in favour of foxes, into great lengths of prejudice. He is extremely severe, for instance, on the impiety of a Frenchman's recipe for *cooking* a fox. Now, however good for hunting, if he be equally good for eating, we see no great harm in the proposal for hunting the fox first, and cooking him afterwards. This opinion is not new. Cicero and others have thought the same. Cicero, indeed, is of opinion that the wild animals were expressly created to be hunted and eaten; both processes conducing, in a high degree, to the preservation of health, and the first more particularly to the improvement of military discipline:—

"Quid multitudinem suavitatemque piscium dicam? quid avium? ex quibus tanta percipitur voluptas, ut interdum Pronœa nostra Epicurea fuisse videatur. Atque hæ ne caperentur quidem, nisi hominum ratione atque sollertiâ ..... Jam vero immanes et feras belluas nanciscimur venando, ut et vescamur iis et exerceamur in venando ad similitudinem bellicæ disciplinæ, et utamur domitis et condocefactis, ut elephantis."....

Who would have believed that such were the advantages of the chase? Enthusiastic, however, as he is, in his description of the fox chase, we cannot follow Mr. Beckford (as we had intended) through his long letters on that subject. There is too much in them to the purpose of the real hunter to suit the purpose of the reader.

We will extract the following description instead. It is the history of an accident—and it exhibits no ordinary power of description—which happened to the author, on crossing a river, one morning, to draw a cover on the other side of it.

"The river Stower frequently overflows its banks, and is also very rapid, and very dangerous. The flood, that morning, though sudden, was extensive. The neighbouring meadows were all laid under water, and only the tops of hedges appeared. There were posts to direct us to the bridge, but we had a great length of water to pass before we could get at it; it was, besides so deep, that our horses almost swam; and the shortest legged horses and longest legged riders were worst off. The hounds dashed in as usual; and were immediately carried, by the rapidity of the current, a long way down the stream. The huntsman was far behind them; and as he could go

but slow, he was constrained to see his hounds wear themselves out in an useless contention with the current, in endeavouring to get to him. It was a shocking scene; many of the hounds, when they reached the shore, had entirely lost the use of their limbs; for it froze, and the cold was intolerable. Some lay as if they were dead, and others reeled, as if they had been drinking wine. Our distress was not yet complete; the weakest hounds, or such as were most affected by the cold, we now saw entangled in the tops of the hedges, and heard their lamentations—well-known tongues, and such as I had never before heard without pleasure. It was shocking to see their distress, and not know how to relieve them. A number of people by this time, were assembled by the river side, but there was not one amongst them who would venture in: however, a guinea, at last, tempted one man to fetch out a hound that was entangled in a bush, and would otherwise have perished. Two hounds remained upon a hedge all night, but they got together before the morning; when, the flood abating, they were found closely clasping each other,—and without doubt, it was the little heat they could afford each other, that kept both alive. We lost but one hound by this unlucky expedition, but we lost all our terriers. They were seen to sink, their strength not being sufficient to resist the two enemies they had to encounter, powerful, when combined,—the severity of the cold, and the rapidity of the stream."

Throughout this treatise we have invariably remarked the superiority of the dogs over the men. In point of all the moral as well as the rational endowments, the case admits of no comparison. When Cicero tells us that the canine species, as well as the rest of the animal creation, was made only for the use of men, we are puzzled to know what men he had in his eye. But let the reader judge.

"Hominum igitur causâ est rerum copias comparatas fatendum est; tantumque abest ut hæc bestiarum etiam causâ parata sint, ut ipsas bestias hominum gratiâ generatos esse videamus....Canum verò tam fida custodia, tamque amans dominorum adulatio, tantumque odium in externos, et tam incredibilis ad investigandum sagacitas narium, tanta alacritas in venando, quid significat aliud nisi se ad hominum commoditates esse generatos?"....

These remarks naturally lead us from the occupation to the character of the fox-hunting part of the creation. *Ecce signa.*

"Your huntsman's weekly return," says Mr. Beckford to his friend, "*is* a curious one: he is particularly happy in the spelling. My huntsman is author of the inclosed. It may make you laugh, and is, perhaps, no improper return for yours."

"Sir,

"Honoured, I beg your honouers pardon a thousand times, my wicked daufter is brout to bed this day God be prais'd the Child Is

dead har mother nor I new nothing of it, nor nobody as I can hear off tis that vile fellow R——P—— at —— as he has acted such a Roges part she shall not have him by no means I am all most at my wits end, I dont know what to do I beg your honouer will consider me and let har stay in har place, I dont hear but that all har fellow sarvents likes har very well I have been out with the hounds this day to Ayer the frost is very bad the hounds are all pure well at present and Horses shepard has had a misfortin with his mare, she hung harself with the holter and throd harself and broak har neck and fractard skul as we was forsd to nock har Im the head from your ever Dutyful Humbel Sarvant."

"Wednesday evening."

Lest the reader should repugn the foregoing specimen, as an ingenious forgery of Mr. Beckford's, we insert the following epistle, written by, and addressed to parties within our own personal knowledge.

"Sir,

"Yous came to hand on Saturday Evening—according to your request, have sent you the account.

"I have on commission to sell a couple of the best pointers in England.—They hunt very bold and grand, rather a high dog, and will back and stand well. This their second year (Bred by a Gentleman in the neighbourhood of Newcut, who is allowed to have the best breed in the Country, and most stylish, and he will hunt one against all Europe, from one to 500 Guineas—will thank any Gentleman to make a match)—Once sold a bitch of his named Peg, to———— Esq. of South Wales—same that ————, Esq. now of Swansea, has got said Peg, who has the best name as a pointer—is the best dog in all South Wales—same year Cole ———— and the Honorable Mr. ——, desired me to bring some to him at ———— forthwith after the races—accordingly went—accordingly hunted with the dog, the Honorable Mr. ——, Sir H——, Mr. H. Mr. B,—several Gentlemen and Lord D——, accordingly killed six and a half brace of birds, and a *lease of hares.* After the sport was over, 'Whitick,' says he, 'I like the dog wonderful,' he gave me a brace and a half of birds, and a hare, and requested my stop at Forthworth all night—did so—He told me he would try the dog for a few days, and if he did not then appear, he would give him 2 Guineas for bringing of him down—told him 'knew he would keep the dog,'—heard nothing more of the dog for 6 weeks, when I received a letter from his Valet de *Sham,* Mr. S. who was with his master at Mr. M——'s, Cirencester; saying his master would pay me in a few days for the dog, for he liked the dog wonderful. Accordingly there was a justice meeting at Gloucester for building a Common hall—accordingly, came into my shop the Honorable Mr. M——, accompanied by Lord B——, Lord A—, Lord B——, Lord D——, Lord Dn. and Lord D. 'Whitick,' says he, 'I am come to pay you for your uncommon animal.' The price is 15 Guineas, 'give me some paper,'—gave him some paper—ac-

XUM

cordingly he gave me a Check upon Child and *Co.*—his Bankers, for sixteen pounds. The dog's name is *Pluto*, since that he has christened his name *Pomatum*. Before the Shooting Season commenced a Gentleman petitioned the dog of me for 25 Guineas—since that the Gentleman has got some sore Eyes, and that is the reason he parts with the dog. The lowest price of this splendid dog is 15 Guineas, and he is worth fifty.

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"HENRY WHITICK,

"Bath, Sept. 1808." "Dog Merchant."

"Like master, like man"—says the proverb. As we have given specimens of the epistolary style of the man, we are bound, in justice, to give one of the master. The following, which Mr. Beckford "assures" his friend is a true copy, will serve the turn.

"Sir,—Yours I received the 24th of this present instant June, and, at your request, will give you an impartial account of my man, John Grey's character. He is a shoe maker, or cordwainer, which you please to call it, by trade, and now in our town; he is following the carding business for every one that wants him: he served his time at a town, called Bingstock, in Northamptonshire; and from thence the great Addington journeyman to this occupation, as before mentioned, and used to come to my house, and found by riding my horses to water, that he rode a horse pretty well; which was not at all mistaken for he rides a horse well, and he looks after a kennel of hounds very well, and finds a hare very well: he hath no judgment in hunting a pack of hounds now, though he rides well, he don't with discretion, for he don't know how to make the most of a horse, but a very harey starey fellow, will ride over a church if in his way, though may prevent the leap by having a gap within ten yards of him; and if you are not in the field with himself, when you are a hunting to tutor him about riding, he will kill all the horses you have in the stable in one month, for he hath killed dowwnright, and lamed so that will never be fit for use, no more than five horses, since he hath hunted my hounds, which is two years and upwards; he can talk no dog language to a hound; he hath no voice, speaks to a hound such as if his head were in a churn, nor neither does he know how to draw a hound when they are at a loss, no more than a child of 7 years old. As to his honesty, I always found him honest till about a week ago, and have found him dishonest now for about a week ago. I sent my servant that I have now to fetch some sheeps feet from Mr. Stranjan, of Higham Ferrers, where Grey used to go for feet, and I always send my money by the man that brings the feet; and Stranjan told my man that I have now, that I owed him money for feet, and when the boy came home he told me, and I went to Stranjan, and when I found the truth of the matter, Grey had kept the money in his hands, and had never paid Stranjan: he had along

with me once for a letter, in order for his character to give him one, but I told him I could not give him a good one, so I would not write at all. Grey is a very great drunkard, can't keep a penny in his pocket, a sad notorious lyar; if you send him upon a mile or two from Uppingham, he will get drunk, stay all day, and never come home while the middle of the night, or such time as he knows his master is in bed: he can nor will not keep any secret, neither hath he so much wit as other people, for the fellow is half a fool; for if you would have business done with expedition, if he once gets out of the town, or sight of you, shall see him no more, while the next morning he serves me so and so; you must expect the same if you hire him. I use you just as I would be used myself; if I desired a character of you of a servant that I had designed to hire of yours, as to let you know the truth of every thing about him.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most humble servant to command,

"———."

"P. S. He takes good care of his horses, with good looking after him, as to the dressing 'em; but, if you don't take care, he will fill the manger full of corn, so that he will clog the horses, and ruin the whole stable of horses.

"Great Addington,

"June the 28th, 1734."

The author of this letter was, no doubt, the member for his county, or, if not, he ought to have been. The little insight which we have given the gentle cockney reader into the nature of venatory pursuits, will suffice to convince him of the justness of that chain of reasoning, by which it is proved that they are essential to the well-being of this country, and may be considered as the basis of our happy constitution. The supporters of the constitution of England are the country gentlemen of England. But to have gentlemen living in the country, we must make it agreeable for them to live there. The only inducements that can be offered, are fox-hunting and shooting, together with the collateral pleasures of committing suspected poachers, or peppering the legs of real ones, and now and then those of an innocent passenger, or, perhaps, one's friend or acquaintance, with spring guns, or maiming them with man-traps. Without these pastimes, we should have no such thing as a country justice, or a county member—there would be neither parliament men to make wise laws, nor country gentlemen to administer them. By the aid of these same pastimes, there are both: *argal*, foxes, partridges, and pheasants (we wish we could add *peasants* also—for as these are allowed to be shot *ad libitum*, by any gentlemen duly qualified, under the name of poachers, it seems a ridiculous oversight not to have declared them *game* at once,) *argal*, foxes,

XUM

partridges, and pheasants, are the main pillars of our free constitution. We are far from advancing this theory as any thing new. It has been frequently put forth by divers gentlemen of large landed property, both "in and out of doors," and is now an established doctrine. We have forgotten the name of the illustrious son of Nimrod, to whom we are indebted for the version of the old Roman sentiment:—"Is there any man in this house, or in this country, who is not ready to bare his breast to the bayonet of an invader, or, in time of civil commotion, to lay his *block* upon the *head*" (a laugh)—"I say, Sir, to lay his head upon the block, *pro aris et focis*—FOR OUR HARES AND FOXES?"

In addition to the last letter, Mr. Beckford has presented us with the following song, for which we are indebted to the genius of another of the red-coated descendants of King John's barons.

"Hark! hark to the notes of the melodious French horn,
How sweetly she calls you out in the morn;
She tells you John is mounted on Tartar his steed,
And invites you all to the cover with speed:
Of all pleasures, or pastimes, ever heard or seen,
There's none in the world like to merry hunting.

Hark! cover, hark! the hounds are all in,
The fox they have found and to his kennel they fling!
He's forced now thorow the woods for to fly,
Tho' nothing can save him between the earth and the sky:
Of all pleasures, or pastimes, ever heard or seen,
There's none in the world like to merry hunting.

Hark! tally, hark! out of cover they all break,
And tell you the fox they ever will seek;
They surely will run him until that he die,
Unless some kind earth save him in his way:
Of all pleasures, or pastimes, ever heard or seen,
There's none in the world like to merry hunting.

The fox now panting sees he must die,
The hounds, with their ring oys, resound to the sky;
There's *Stately* and *Empress*, the earth scarce touch with their feet;
There's *Chaser* and *Trimmer* all together as fleet:
Of all pleasures, and pastimes, ever heard or seen,
There's none in the world like to merry hunting.

Triumph and *Diver* now push to head the whole pack,
Whipster being stole, his place for to take;

I think such rascally treatment as these
Should be reproached by all those who seek for to please:
Of all pleasures, or pastimes, ever heard or seen,
There's none in the world like to merry hunting.

Bold *Reynard* now finding his speed will not do,
Betakes to the woods, the hounds may not him pursue;
But the hounds, as at first, to the cover they fly,
And swear old Reynard in the field of honour shall die:
Of all pleasures, or pastimes, ever heard or seen,
There's none in the world like to merry hunting.

There's *Trimbush* and *Chirrup*, and others as good,
Ralley, *Cleanly*, and *Comfort*, drives on thorow the wood;
Emperor and *Conqueror* will never him forsake,
But drives on, full speed, thorow every breake:
Of all pleasures, or pastimes, ever heard or seen,
There's none in the world like to merry hunting.

Old *Reynard*, finding the cover can't save him,
Lurkes on for the earth that used to preserve him;
But *Smiler* he sees him, and overtake,
And poor Reynard his exit in the field of honour doth make:
Of all pleasures, or pastimes, ever heard or seen,
There's none in the world like to merry hunting.

The hounds now eager to enjoy their reward,
The huntsman as eager, checks them with a word;
He beheads old *Reynard*, and takes off his brush,
And, to the hounds, gives his karcass a toss:
Of all pleasures, or pastimes, ever heard or seen,
There 's none in the world like to merry hunting.

The hounds now, well pleased, wallow on the ground,
The huntsman, as well pleased to see his company around,
He buckles Reynard's head to his saddle with a strap,
And with his *Ribbon* tyes the brush to his cap:
Of all pleasures or pastimes, ever heard or seen,
There's none in the world like to merry hunting.

Our sport being ended, and our horses full jaded,
We return home well pleased, with our sport quite amazed;
Saying, was there ever such hounds as these,
Or ever such hunting on ..... weares?
Of all pleasures, or pastimes, ever heard or seen,
There's none in the world like to merry hunting."

XUM

ART. IV.—*Rime di Michelagnolo Buonarroti, (il vecchio,) Manni. Firenze.* 1726. 8vo.

Never, perhaps, did a ray of the divine nature so visibly break through its mortal covering as in the instance of Michel Angelo Buonarroti. Not content with being sublime in painting and in sculpture, and matchless in architecture, his mighty genius grasped at and won the poetic wreath; and although he did not attain to the same lofty pre-eminence in poetry as in the sister arts of imitation, yet was he such a poet as to gain the applauses of an age, in which it appeared that the Muses had quitted their immortal seats and descended to bless and to irradiate Italy. Nature, and the sacred Italian sky, had inspired him with his all-mastering genius in the fine arts, but love alone made him a poet; and while he stamped upon the marble or the canvass the beautiful conceptions of his divine mind, he charmed the hours of labour by singing, like the ancient Parrhasius, hymns to the pure, celestial Venus.

It was reserved for the most beautiful and glorious lady, Vittoria Colonna, to be the fortunate object of his adoration. Born in Marino, she was wife to that illustrious Marquess of Pescara who died of the wounds he received at the battle of Pavia, when Francis I. was taken prisoner by Charles V. At the time when the affrighted princes of Italy sought to turn Pescara from his fidelity to the Spanish cause, she wrote these noble words to her husband: "Remember your virtue, which raises you above fortune and above kings. By that alone, and not by the splendour of titles, is glory acquired, that glory which it will be your happiness and pride to transmit unspotted to your posterity." After she lost her husband, this noble-minded woman betook herself to solitude, in which she might lament his loss and celebrate his exploits. Young, and of consummate beauty of mind and of person, she refused to accept another husband, and consecrated herself priestess, to the Muses first, and afterwards to religion, in which she hoped to find peace and hope under her grievous bereavement. Her fame as a poet was so great throughout Italy, that Ariosto dedicated to her not a few of his immortal verses. And the poems of this illustrious lady which have come down to us are truly of great value, both for the correctness and elegance of the style, and for a certain strength and gravity of thought which are rarely met with in the productions of the weaker sex. As often as she celebrates the memory of her husband, a sweet and deep and true tenderness is so blended with the most dignified sentiments, that it is clearly seen with what a noble love she loved him. One example of this is to be found in a most beautiful sonnet, in which she describes the

return of Pescara laden with warlike trophies, in which she calls to mind how, as she beheld him approach thus adorned with royal spoils, the day seemed brighter to her. She recalls his gestures, his dauntless countenance, and his wise and graceful discourse, and continues ;

> " Vinto dà prieghi miei, poi mi mostrava
> Le belle ciccatrici, e 'l tempo e 'l modo
> Delle vittorie sue, tante e sì chiare."

She concludes with an allusion to her past happiness, which makes her present sorrow more grievous and her tears more bitter. But the greatest glory of Vittoria Colonna lies, perhaps, in this—that she was the first who consecrated her lyre to subjects of piety unmixed with other matter. Women's softer natures have ever inclined them most to devotion, and this sentiment was so strong in her that it seemed to produce, as it were, a necessity to employ her song about the mysteries and graces of religion, and to give vent to the tender emotions of a soul which had ever been consecrated to love. Before her time there were indeed sacred poems, since almost all the poets of Italy, after having passed their youth in singing the joys and sorrows of an amorous passion, at length confessed their errors, and proclaimed their repentance and sorrow for their ill-spent lives. Of this, Petrarch gave the first example in his divine canzone, " Virgine bella che di sol vestita," &c. and was followed by Bembo, Casa, and others; but to Vittoria alone belongs the praise of having been the first to compose expressly a collection of sacred poems, in which it must be allowed that the beauty of the style rarely falls short of the sublimity of the argument. From this cause she had, while yet alive, the title of Divine, which was granted to Dante and Ariosto only after death. And it is worthy of note, that this extraordinary lady was accused of a leaning towards the then growing notions of the Reformation, so that she was exposed to the satire and reproach of some, and particularly of a most calumnious and biting one of Aretino, who wrote thus,

> " Cristo, la tua discepola Pescara
> Che favella con teco faccia a faccia,
> A te distende le chetine braccia
> Ove non so che frate si ripara."

lines terrible indeed, if founded on truth, but infamous if false, as they really were.

To this lady, Michel Angelo Buonarotti devoted his soul and his Muse. It is not known whether she felt any answering

affection, though some traces of such a correspondence do, we think, appear in his poems. So that, perhaps, she who refused the hand of princes did not scorn the pure and almost heavenly flame of the chiefest of artists. It is, at any rate, certain, that she wrote to him, frequently, letters of very warm regard, and that she many times went to Rome expressly to see and converse with him; and that she took singular pleasure in his company, and openly, and with extreme satisfaction, avowed this. But in the verses of Vittoria Colonna, not the slightest tinge of passion appears, whilst it glows with infinite ardour and tenderness in all that remains to us of Buonarroti's. Of these it is now time that we should speak.

The judgments which the contemporaries and friends have left us of his poetry, are truly such as are fit to adorn the memory of such a man. Varchi, in the funeral oration he pronounced to the afflicted people of Florence, calls him "a most excellent poet;" and says that "he composed with new invention, and most divine expressions." Vasari, who was his most dear friend and disciple and admirer, exalts him yet higher, when he says that, besides a matchless genius for the fine arts, heaven was pleased to bestow upon him the gift of true philosophy, with the ornament of sweet poesy, that so the world might choose him to look upon as its rarest mirror both for his life, his works, the holiness of his manners, and for all the actions that can adorn humanity. And Aretino himself, who "disse mal d'ognuno fuor che di Cristo," could not keep from uttering this most beautiful saying, "that his writings (Buonarroti's) deserve to be preserved in an urn of emerald." It appears to us wonderful that the Italians who have employed themselves, and still do employ themselves, more than enough with sonnets and canzoni, should leave, almost in forgetfulness, the verses of this noble spirit, who, of all the followers of Petrarch, has, perhaps, shewn himself the most true and worthy; as being the one who knew best how to penetrate most deeply, and to express the most clearly, the too sublime imagination of that great master of Tuscan verse.

Buonarroti was a follower of the doctrines of Petrarch, though he adorned them rather with the vigorous conceptions and severe style of Dante, which, though, in the few and short compositions of our poet, it is at times somewhat dry and niggardly, nevertheless gives to his verses a certain original and unaccustomed air, which, by separating them from every thing vulgar, renders them precious and admirable. Nor let it be imagined that by following the refined doctrines of Petrarch, Buonarroti departed in any degree from those of his great master, Alighieri, since both these suns of Italy borrowed their light from the sacred fount of the divine Plato. But the

fearless Ghibellin, despising mortal affairs, loosed his fervent spirit from the bonds of sense; mounted from Heaven to Heaven till he reached the Supreme Beatitude; and there, in the presence of the Almighty Architect, dared to contemplate unveiled the eternal beauties of his Beatrice. Whilst Petrarch, —who abode more among men, although he loved sublimity, yet loved like a mortal, and lived the slave of love up to his latest day; thus holding human converse with this mighty power, often questioning and invoking him on every spot which had been most blest by his sacred and propitious smile; and had thus full opportunity of proving his power and learning his ways, and thence of revealing, in golden verse, his most hard and secret mysteries to those who were worthy to contemplate them with a near view. To penetrate into which is certainly not a thing to be attempted by the vulgar, and therefore those, whose heart and mind are not fully exercised that way, would do well to turn their thoughts wholly from the matter, since to them it must needs appear incomprehensible, or subtle, or vain. For which reason, if we would form any just notion as to the poetry of Michel Angelo, we must raise the veil which hides the immaculate countenance of that sacred love which was the sole argument of his song.

The Platonic notions, which, by nourishing the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, render immortal the thoughts and the deeds of those who are truly imbued with them, found a happy entrance into the minds of the Italian poets, at the time when the fine arts and poesy came forth out of the thick darkness which had shrouded them. These men, drawing love from the slavery of the senses to the guidance of reason, did not represent its exterior acts and sensible enjoyments, but delineated and drew forth *that* which had its source in the depth of their souls, and which springs up in the souls of the wise alone, where this, like all other affections and passions, is purified and made conformable with virtue. Thus did they depart from all likeness to the Latin poets, who made themselves dear and pleasant to the multitude, by flattering them with the lively representation of their own wishes and delights. For which cause, Dante, Petrarch, and Michel Angelo, did not receive applause, except from learned men and philosophers, and particularly those whose minds were familiar with the Platonic conceptions of love, without which these poets remain in good part hidden, like the sun clouded by thick vapours, or the night bereft of stars. Still more utterly are they concealed from the followers of Democratic philosophy, the materialists; who, while they are curiously intent on the actions of the body, forget those of the soul, and treat

this love as a chimera of Socrates or Plato, or as a decent veil for forbidden desires. But if they would contemplate the nature of virtue, which is an orderly and regular motion of the soul, they would see that its office is entirely employed about the good use of human gifts,; as the business of liberality is the good use of riches, that of temperance is the good use of pleasures; under which temperance and decorous enjoyment of pleasures may be classed this sort of love, whose office is concerned about the right use of beauty, drawing from it delight, not of the senses but of the reason, to which beauty serves as an occasion or way of reaching the mind of the thing beloved. And this is the chiefest gift that God has given to his creatures, because the virtue which springs from beauty draws us to its contemplation; and this contemplation urges us on to the desire of heavenly things, as a specimen and earnest of which it was sent amongst us.

"Gli occhi miei, vaghi delle cose belle,
E l'alma insieme della sua salute,
Non hanno altra virtute
Che ascenda al ciel, che rimirare in elle.
Dalle più alte stelle
Discende uno splendore
Che 'l desir tira a quelle
E quel si chiama Amore."

Such are the graceful and simple expressions of our poet, in whose mind nature had, perhaps, engraved the most perfect idea of beauty, which he knew and felt to be the seat and abode of love; of that love which is the source and fountain of all the blessings of life; at whose bidding, the fine arts descended to gladden the earth; by whom sacred poesy, the sole aliment of pure and generous spirits, was brought among us; by whom piety, which can place smiles upon the lip of misfortune, was kindled in our breasts; from whom springs pleasure, the renewer of our being; and without whom the earth would become unkindly, the animals hostile one to another, the sun a consuming fire, and the whole world sorrow, affright, and destruction. This love, nourished by the resemblance of those common virtues by which souls are bound together, kindles in them a most gentle and steady flame, which, feeding upon the incorporeal substance, lives so long as life endures, wholly free and exempt from all changes of the body; and this Buonarroti, who, no longer young, loved, and was, perchance, beloved by one whose youth was also past, seems to signify, when he says to Vittoria Colonna—

Similmente la tua gran beltade
Che esempio è di quel ben che il ciel fa adorno
Mostroci in terra dall' artista eterno.
Venendo men col tempo e coll' etade
Tanto avrà più nel mio desir soggiorno,
Pensando al bel che età non cangia, o verno.

And, indeed, is not beauty the virtue of the body, as virtue is the beauty of the soul? And are they not parts of one idea modified, as it were, by difference of substance? Are they not both formed and ordered by the same universal harmony? Whence, ravished by this, as by its own external image, the virtuous soul desires to transfuse itself into the object beloved, and arms itself with pure and honourable deeds, by which it may make itself a way to the heart. And from these efforts and stirrings of the spirit, arise more fervent desires and more refined jealousies for the possession of the soul, than vulgar lovers can feel for that of the body. For, in proportion to the loftiness of the spirit, does the force of the passions increase; and so it happens, that the admiration, the esteem, and the desire of the virtuous lover towards his mistress, exceed all imagination, and go beyond nature; since nature gives not to the object beloved so large a share of beauty, and of virtue, as the opinion of the lover adorns her with, who, by his lofty imaginings, raises her near to the confines of divinity. So that at her approach his limbs tremble, his hair stands on end, he is hot and cold in a moment, no otherwise than he, who, beholding some divinity, is seized and agitated by sacred frenzy, till at last returning into himself, with his inmost thought he adores her, with his spirit he bows before her, and, as it were, confessing the present Deity, he lays himself as a victim and a sacrifice upon her altar.

Un nume, in una donna, anzi uno dio
Per la sua lingua parla,
Ond' io per ascoltarla
Sì mi trasformo ch' io non son più mio.

Such then was the art of love, as understood and professed by the early and great Italian poets, whose thoughts and desires, which fed not on outward things, hold all their commerce with the soul, and with that quality of the body which partakes the most of the incorporeal nature, that is, extreme harmony, which, when governed by a pure and noble spirit, burns like a bright beacon, and leads to chaste, noble, and generous wishes; not indeed without dangers, nor wholly free from the assaults of the senses, but continually and successfully resisting them by the help of reason. For this cause,

XUM

in the *Vita Nuova* of Dante, in the *Canzoniere* of Petrarch, in the *Rime* of Michel Angelo, and also in the sublime lyrics of Tasso, upon whose ashes will fall the tears of all ages, we observe so many struggles, so many sighs, and griefs, and repentances, so many variations or even contrarieties of motions, combating one with another, which they set forth in so lively a manner, that they seem to sculpture thoughts and render visible the incorporeal nature; and in this are so much more admirable than the Latins, that they, wholly taken up with vulgar love, had either no knowledge of such affections, or thought of the Platonic discourses merely as philosophical fable.

These short remarks will, perhaps, suffice to open the way, for whomsoever may wish to enter therein, to the golden volume of Michel Angelo, which contains, perhaps, more learning and more profound thought, than the herd of readers may think. As a sort of compendium or essence of all we have said, and as a specimen of his style, we insert the following sonnet.

" Non vider gli occhi miei cosa mortale
Quando rifulse in me la prima face
De' tuoi sereni, e in lor ritrovar pace
L'alma sperò, che sempre al suo fin sale.
Spiegando, ond' ella scese, in alto l'ale
Non pure intende al bel che agli occhi piace;
Ma perche è troppo debile e fallace
Trascende in ver la forma universale.
Yo dico che all' uom saggio quel che muore
Porger quiete non può nè par s'aspetti
Amar ciò, che fa il tempo cangiar pelo.
Voglia sfrenata è il senso, e non amore
Che l'alma uccide; amor può far perfetti
Gli animi quì, ma più perfetti in cielo."

which has thus worthily been rendered into English by the one of all our living poets the most capable of understanding the mysteries and feeling the beauties of the doctrines which gave birth to the original.

" No mortal object did these eyes behold
When first they met the placid light of thine,
And my soul felt her destiny divine;
And hope of endless peace in me grew bold:
Heaven-born the soul a heaven-ward course must hold;
Beyond the visible world she soars, to seek
(For what delights the sense is false and weak)
Ideal form, the universal mould.

The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest
In that which perishes; nor will he lend
His heart to ought which doth on time depend,
'Tis sense, unbridled will, and not true love,
Which kills the soul: love betters what is best
Even here below, but more in heaven above."—*Wordsworth.*

From this sonnet, any one who is able rightly to understand it, may judge how truly Michel Angelo, besides the three noble arts which he so divinely exercised, equalling the ancients in the one and surpassing them in the others, was excellent and even most rare in poetry and in the true science of love, which is like a vast and perplexed forest, so that whoever enters therein, without the conduct of great learning and wisdom, must, after many windings, lose his way. This then is an art not less beautiful than the others, and yet more necessary. Wherefore, as all the evils which prevail in the world arise from guilty and inordinate love, thus all the blessings have their source from the pure and well ordered, so that, as those who possess the true and perfect knowledge of love are most happy, those who hold the contrary are miserable. For the mind of man, which is immortal, cannot rest in anything which is not like to itself; wherefore, those beauties which appear without and please the eye, being mortal and fading, may indeed excite and awaken the mind, but cannot satisfy it. And hence all those who stop in these, without passing on to the universal idea of all beauty, which is eternal, may be called unskilful and ignorant of the art, suffering themselves to be led by two senses, not like men, but beasts; whence they fall into torments and despair, and add greatly to the misery of mankind. But those few, who, having looked on material beauty, can soar in thought to the diviner beauty, and can feed themselves with that food, since that they have gained somewhat of the godlike nature, these men may be called wise and skilful in their art.

And this is the art which (following not Ovid, who wrote vulgarly for the vulgar, but Plato in his most divine Banquet,) the wise and tender poet, in his beautiful compositions, full of the divine conceptions of Plato and Socrates, wished to teach us; so that what Berni, a poet most ingenious in jest and trifling, says of him, is true;

Ho visto qualche sua composizione
Sono ignorante, e pur direi d' avelle
Lette tutte nel messo di Platone
Sicchè gli è nuovo Apollo e nuovo Apelle
Tacete unquanco, pallide viole
E liquidi cristalli, e fiere snelle;
Ei dice cose, e voi dite parole.

XUM

In every one of Michel Angelo's compositions we perceive traces of his exceeding love and admiration for Dante. It is asserted, that he knew by heart the whole of the *Divina Commedia*, so greatly had he laboured at the study of its profound thoughts and its inimitable style. And whoever has meditated upon the productions of these two extraordinary minds, will be constrained to confess, that never did two souls agree with so perfect a harmony; whether we look at the awful and terrible nature of their imaginings, or at the loftiness of their sentiments, or at the perfectness of their representations. The thirst for renown, the consciousness of their own worth, the scorn of the blind vulgar, a constant dissatisfaction with things appertaining to this world, and an incessant panting, and, as it were, striving after the mysterious beatitudes of heaven, may be seen a thousand times in the writings and in the lives of both these illustrious Italians. Dante, in his *Paradiso*, foretells his own renown, and draws from it the hope that this may perhaps overcome the cruelty of his enemies, who forbade his return to his much desired paternal roof. And in the *Inferno*, he puts into the mouth of a famous shade these words—

> "If thou through this blind prison goest,
> Led by thy lofty genius," &c.*

And, in like manner, Buonarroti, trying to soften the severity of his lady, clearly promises to her, and to himself, that immortality which he, above any other man, had it in his power to bestow.

> Forse ad amendue noi dar lunga vita
> Posso, o vuoi nei colori o vuoi nei sassi
> Rassembrando di noi l'affetto e il volto
> Sicchè mill' anni dopo la partita
> Quanto tu bella fosti ed io t'amassi
> Si veggia, e come a amarti io non fui stolto.

And in another place,

> Vidi umil nel tuo volto ogni mia altezza
> Rara ti scelsi e me tolsi dal volgo
> E fia con l'opre eterno anche il mio amore.

The deep contempt in which the lofty mind of Alighieri held the vulgar, is apparent in every part of the Convito, of the Commedia, and of his Canzoni. By the vulgar, he meant not the simple inhabitants of lowly streets or humble cottages, but that abject and sordid crowd of all classes and all places, who

---

* "Se per questo cieco
Carcere vai per altezza d' ingegno."

obscure, as much as in them lies, every beam of beauty in the universe. The vulgar of kings, of popes—to whom he allotted punishment not so much for their crimes as for the baseness of their minds, and the meanness of their desires—of priests, of nobles, of plebeians, of learned men, of knaves,—the vulgar, in short, of every kind and degree, whether they esteem themselves the highest or the lowest* "in this petty area o'er the which we stride so fiercely."—And Buonarroti, whose mind was tempered of the same elements as that of his sublime master, shews that this infamous vulgar always was, and always will be, the scourge of generous minds, and in many places reproaches it, particularly there where he pours, from his disdainful breast, what was also often repeated by the pure and holy lover of Laura.

> Nè temo invidia o pregio onore o lode
> Del mondo cieco, che, rompendo fede,
> Più giova a chi più scarso esser ne suole;
> E vo per vie men calpestate e sole.

And, truly, lofty spirits have never known how to support either the scoffs or the restraints of the malignant and ceremonious multitude, who, offended by their greatness, try to fetter and to deride them, calling those actions which their grovelling minds cannot only not admire, but cannot even understand,—madness. Wherefore, to preserve their independence, they fly, as much as possible, to the stillness of solitude, where they may freely nourish that instinct from above which constitutes genius. Petrarch wished† "that his tears should flow alone;"—and Buonarroti coveted "untrodden and lonely ways:" and in a letter to Vasari he writes thus: "I have had great fatigue and yet great pleasure in visiting those hermits in the mountains of Spoleti, so that but half of me is returned to Rome; since, truly, peace is only to be found in the woods." But for what cause is it that the most rare and lofty spirits cannot accustom themselves to the tedious business of life, and that it seems as if the sentence of infelicity was always impressed upon their existence? Is it that, feeling within themselves a more active spark of the divine nature, they have an irresistible desire after a more serene abode, and cannot breathe in the thick air of this nether world. Torquato Tasso, after living forty-seven years in the midst of the railleries of courtiers, the tediousness of pedants, and the haughtiness of princes, now imprisoned, now a wanderer, and always melancholy, and sick, and indigent, lying at length on his

---

* L' aiola che ci fa tanto feroci.

† Che le lagrime sue si spargessero sole.

bed of death, almost at his last gasp, wrote thus:* "I will not complain of the malignity of fortune, because I do not choose to speak of the ingratitude of men, who have succeeded in dragging me to the tomb of a mendicant." And even Dante, for many years, went begging from door to door, and procured, crust by crust, the bitter bread of his life; he who, with his superhuman verse, had aroused Italy from her slumbers, and breathed into her a new and nobler soul; he who, in his youth, had drawn his sword in the sacred cause of his country's liberty, thus wiping out the shame of that Flaccus, who, throwing down his shield, deserted the standard of the great Brutus, that he might be drunken with Falernium at the table of the bloody Augustus. He was the more unhappy, that his longing after the paternal roof was unspeakable; and he was not permitted to behold again the towers of his native city, nor to embrace the tombs of his ancestors; and the last beam of light which fell upon his eyes, was not a beam of his native sky. So that Michel Angelo, in one of the two superb sonnets which he consecrated to Dante's memory, said, in a most noble strain, flowing from the heart,

Questi discese ai regni del fallire
E l'alte porte il ciel non gli contese
Cui la patria le sue negò d' aprire.
Ingrata patria, e della sua fortuna
A suo danno nutrice.

Dante cannot be relished without understanding the mysterious profundity of his thoughts; and it is the greatest glory of the father of Italian poetry, that the finest and the most daring spirits of his native land have all been his most enthusiastic admirers. Of these, one of the chiefest was, doubtless, the illustrious Alfieri, who caught from Alighieri the lofty and robust colour of his style, and dared to say, "that more is to be learnt from the faults of Dante than from the beauties of others." That Michel Angelo had penetrated more than any other man into the inward spirit of those things, which had, perhaps, as Dante himself expresses it, been inspired by heaven, all his compositions, both in poetry and the arts, shew. For what is Dante's Paradise, but a most sublime and true representation of Platonic love? Beatrice is the inimitable archetype of the most holy and the most perfect beauty, who, by the

* Io non mi voglio dolere della malignità della fortuna per non dire della ingratitudine degli uomini, la quale ha più voluto aver la vittoria di condurmi alla sepoltura mendico.

great potency of her look and smile, (which, in human beauty, are the parts on which nature bestows her most perfect work,) leads her lover onwards from heaven to heaven, discloses to him the wonders and the mysteries of each, makes clear to him the harmony of every blessed sphere; and the brightness of her eyes, and the celestial graces of her lips, increasing at every ascent, the enamoured poet is at length made capable of fixing his eyes on the centre of that eternal radiance in which is hidden "The love that moves the sun and all the stars.*" Buonarroti, if we mistake not, shadowed forth this most sublime meaning of Alighieri in the following sonnet, which is, perhaps, the most beautiful of all his poetical compositions:—

"La forza d'un bel volto al ciel mi sprona
Che altro in terra non è che mi diletti
E vivo ascendo tra gli spirti eletti
Grazia che ad un nomo mortal raro si dona.
Si ben col suo fattor l'opra consuona
Che a lui mi levo per divin concetti
E quivi informo i pensier tutti e i detti
Ardendo, amando per gentil persona.
Onde se mai da due begli occhi il guardo
Torcer non so, conosco in lor la luce,
Che mi mostra la via, che a Dio mi guide;
E se nel lume loro acceso io ardo,
Nel nobil foco mio dolce riluce
La gioja che nel cielo eterna ride."

The fine arts and poetry have always been found in company, and have always nourished each other; "and painting especially," we give the words of Michel Angelo, "has the greatest resemblance to poetry; whence, of many, oftentimes the one has been called mute poetry, the other, speaking painting; and in which the close friendship we continually see painters and poets united, (like that between Giotto and Dante, or that between Petrarch and Simon of Siena,) is not a light proof of this same alliance or sisterhood of the arts; likewise, also, that many poets have been endowed with the art of painting, as, for example, Cratinus, a comic poet, and Dante himself, and some of our own times. And this companionship arises, not only from the need which the one often has of the other, but from the union which naturally subsists between them—that is, that each is an imitation of nature." It is no wonder, therefore, that Buonarroti, who was called the Dante

* L'amor che move il sole e l'altre stelle.

of painters, drew from poetry, and, indeed, from the *Divina Commedia*, some of his most sublime representations, whether in painting or in sculpture. Not to speak of the great picture of the Day of Judgment, in which his daring pencil has impressed upon the countenances the terrible colours of the poet, depicting those miserable and naked spirits, who, hurled by eternal justice on the accursed banks of Acheron,

> " God and their parents blasphem'd,
> The human kind, the place, the time, and seed
> That did engender them and give them birth."*

We will only mention the two famous statues of the Sepulchre of Julius the Second, the one of which, representing a woman of perfect beauty, signifies contemplative life; and the other, who holds in one hand a mirror, and in the other a garland of flowers, is the symbol of active life; which idea, the great sculptor took from one of the most beautiful passages of the *Purgatorio*. But the work in which Michel Angelo truly shewed that his mind was, so to speak, an emanation from that of Dante, is the one which is so unlike the productions of all other painters, that we may truly say, he was inspired to execute it; viz. of our Lady in the Passion, looking at her son with dry eyes; the expression of which is far removed from all mourning or sorrow; thus imaging the true and philosophical meaning of that sublime prayer in the last canto of the *Paradiso*,

> " O virgin mother, daughter of thy son!
> Created beings all in lowliness
> Surpassing, as in height above them all."†

The poems of this extraordinary genius, which have come down to us, (for many have unfortunately been lost,) are not all amatory; some may rather be called sacred, in which he seems to have endeavoured to follow in the steps of his lofty-minded lady. In all, however, the pale light of sadness breaks through, and utter discontent with mortal things. And this not only in his poems, but even on the canvas and in marble. In the awful statue of Night is sculptured the deep quiet of one who sleeps, together with the grief and melancholy of one

---

* Bestemmiando Dio e i lor parenti
L' umana specie, il luogo, il tempo, il seme,
Di lor semenza e di lor nascimenti.

† Vergine madre, figlia del tuo figlio,
Umile ed alta più che creatura, &c.

who has just lost some beloved and honoured object, and the cause of this melancholy are set forth by Michel Angelo himself in four most beautiful lines, which he puts into the mouth of Night, in reply to other very beautiful lines, written in praise of this admirable statue :—

" Piacemi il sonno, e più l' esser di sasso
Mentre che il danno e la vergogna dura
Non veder non sentire è gran ventura
Però non mi svegliar, deh parla basso."

And, indeed, the times in which he wrote these verses were such as to wring the heart of any truly good citizen; for he saw his own Florence besieged by the wicked arms of the Medici (against which his genius, turned to the fortifying of the town, vainly strove,) and her liberties prostrate; so that he reproved his nephew Leonardo for having celebrated the birth of a son with excessive pomp, saying, " That a man ought not to smile, when all those around him weep; and that we ought not to show that joy when a child is born, which ought to be reserved for the death of one who has lived well."

Thus having toiled through the rugged road of life, and having, at length, reached that age in which the spirit, weary of the pains and of the pleasures of life, begins to hold willing converse with the grave; his lady had already abandoned this earth, and left him bereft of the light of her eyes, nor did aught remain to him, except to visit the places which had witnessed his joys or his sorrows, and to sit, solitary and thoughtful, on the stone which had been touched by her garments.

" Quì ritorno soventi, e quì m'assido
Nè per le pene men che pei contenti
Dov' io fui primo preso, onoro il loco.
De' passati miei casi or piango or rido,
Come, amor, tu mi mostri e mi rammenti
Dolce o crudo il principio del mio foco."

At length he was visited by one of those bitter calamities which affectionate spirits, however lofty they may be, can least resist. Buonarroti had neither wife nor children, so that, with great love and watchfulness, he had brought up a young man named Urbino, who now fell sick and died; and so tenderly did he love him, that, aged as he was, he nursed him through his whole illness, and slept continually in his clothes, that he might be ready to wait upon him. When, therefore, after Urbino's death, Vasari wrote to comfort him, Buonarroti replied in these moving words :—

XUM

"Messer Giorgio, my dear Friend,

"I can ill write: yet in answer to your letter I will say somewhat. You know how that Urbino is dead, the which is at once an exceeding grace of God shewn to me, and, withal, a most heavy loss and infinite grief. The grace is this—that whereas, whilst alive, he was the stay of my life, dying, he has taught me how to die, not with any lothness, but rather with much desire of death. I have had him with me for twenty-six years, and I ever found him of a most rare and faithful nature; and now that I had made him rich, and that I looked to him as the staff and solace of my age, he has departed from me, and left me nothing, save the hope of seeing him again in Paradise. And of this, God hath showed me a clear sign in his most happy death, for much more did it grieve him to leave me in this traitorous world with so many and heavy troubles, than to die; and yet he hath hardly left me, for the better part of me is gone with him, nor doth any thing remain, but my exceeding misery."

And thus death was now become his sole desire, nor did any thought arise in his mind, of which that was not a part; and his soul, anxiously soaring towards that heaven from which it descended, could no longer be appeased by the wonted seductions of painting and sculpture.

"Nè pinger nè scolpir fia più che queeti
L'anima volta a quel amor divino
Che aperse a prender noi in croce le braccia."

He had now reached his eightieth year in Rome, and would have wished to return to Florence, and to die among his own people. But his affection towards the great fabric of St. Peter's kept him chained to that place; for he saw clearly that the changing will of the powerful, and the malignity of the presumptuous, and the snarling of the envious, who ill endured his greatness, threatened the future existence of this stupendous structure, which was then slowly rising from its vast foundations; wherefore, to those who persuaded him to return to Florence, he constantly replied thus: "Know, of a certain, that I would fain lay these feeble bones by the side of my father's, as you pray me to do; but, by going hence, I should be the cause of the ruin of the building of St. Peter's, which would be a great shame, and a most especial sin." Religion, which had always been his companion and gentle comforter, not only often inspired him with his most divine conceptions, but assisted him to overcome the obstacles which blind ignorance, and envy, and malignity, opposed to the perfecting of the monuments which he wished to raise to the immortal glory of God. At eighty years of age and upwards, the sacred fire of poetry was not extinct in his breast, but still burned therein with a most bright and beautiful flame. We would fain here

give one of his sonnets, written at that time, which is neither deficient in grace of diction, nor in melody of verse, nor in his wonted strength, and newness of fancy. But we are yet more strongly led to present our readers with a specimen of a different style of composition, in which he borrowed the terza rima of Dante, and, with a wonderful nearness of imitation as to style, though the matter of it is rather lovely than terrible. Michel Angelo laments the death of his father, whom he already contemplates in the serene empyreum, and thus addresses him:—

"Tu se' del morir morto, e fatto divo
Nè temi or più cangiar vita nè voglia
Che quasi senza invidia non lo scrivo.
Fortuna e tempo dentro a vostra soglia
Non tenta trapassar per cui s'adduce
Infra dubbia letizia certa doglia.
Nube non è ch' oscuri vostra luce;
L' ore distinte a voi non fanno forza;
Caso o necessità non vi conduce.
Vostro splendor per notte non s'ammorza
Nè cresce mai per giorno benche chiaro,
E quando 'l sol più suo calor rinforza
Nel tuo morire il mio morire imparo,
Padre felice, e nel pensier ti veggio
Dove il mondo passar ne fa di raro."

For the following faithful and elegant translation of which, we have to thank a young friend. Though from a female hand, and one with which the public have, comparatively, small acquaintance, it will suffer, we think, but little, by coming after that which is recommended by the illustrious name of Wordsworth:

Thou hast died Nature's death. Now made divine,
Nor change of state or will hast thou to fear:
Not quite unenvied is that lot of thine—
Fortune and Time no longer dare draw near
Unto thy threshold, ever bringing here
Uncertain joys, interminable woes—
No clouds obscure thy light, serene and clear,
Nor numbered moments thy free spirit knows.
Nor fate, nor chance impel thee on thy way;
Nor darkest night thy splendour overclouds,
Nor is it brighter for the brightest day
When not a shade the noontide sun o'ershrouds.

O happy father! In thy death I trace
Mine own departure.—Often following thee,
Mine eye shall view thee in that dwelling-place
Which eyes obscur'd by sense too seldom see.

Michel Angelo's whole life was beautiful as his works, innocent and chaste as his poetry. He awaited his last hour without fear, rather, indeed, with continual desire, for he knew that his spirit could only enjoy contentment after death; to meet which, without alarm and without danger, it is necessary to have known how to live during life. This was the sentiment of his great master, and also of Petrarch, when he says, " Bel fin fa, che vien amando more." We shall conclude this essay with the words of Buonarroti himself, in which, commenting upon this very line of Petrarch's, he gives an example of his thoughts and also of his manner of writing in prose.

" Siccome la morte è il termine finale di questa brevissima nostra vita, così ancora è buona o rea secondo che è stata la vita a cui ella è termine; e come si vede il più delle volte accadere, che quelle strade, che sono dirittamente tagliate e battute sogliono pervenire ne' luoghi abitati e domestici, e quelle che sono torte e sassose fra gli sterpi e nelle boscaglie, così la vita d'altrui, quando è stata adoperata rettamente, trova il fine suo dilettevole e piano, e quella di chi sconciamente la volle usare strabocchevole ed erto:

La morte è fin d'ogni prigione oscura
Agli animi gentili; agli altri è noja,
Che hanno posto nel fango ogni lor cura.

Chi vive adunque di vita onesta e laudevole come fa quegli che ama di vero e perfetto amore, o contemplando Iddio e le cose superiori, o contemplando le terrene, che a noi sono forse più somiglianti, raffrenando il disordinato appetito che smoderatamente goderle si apparecchia sortisce piacevole e giocondo fine; la qual cosa dal poeta nostro (Petrarca) è stata ottimamente fatta. Laonde se le sue vestigia saranno da noi seguitate, apparando da lui ad amare di magnifico e alto amore, trapasseremo senza pericolo lo angusto e tremante varco della tomba oltra la quale è la sola speranza di felicità."

As death is but the final termination of this our most short life, so is it good or evil, according to the life of which it is the close: as it most frequently happens that those roads which are straight and beaten, lead to cultivated and domestic places, and those which are winding and strong, end among rocks and thickets; thus doth the life of a man, when it hath been rightly spent, find a pleasant and gentle ending; and that which hath been used immoderately and unseemly, a troubled and violent one.

La morte, &c.

He who lives a pure and praiseworthy life, as those do who love with a true and perfect love, either in the contemplation of God and heavenly things, or looking on earthly things, which are more like to ourselves, with a continual rein on those inordinate appetites which crave after the immoderate enjoyment of them, obtain a peaceful and happy end; all which hath been excellently accomplished by our poet, (Petrarch.) Wherefore, if we follow in his footsteps, learning of him to love with a high, and great, and noble love, we shall pass without danger through the narrow and fearful passages of the grave, beyond which is the only hope of felicity.

ART. V.—*The Life of General Monck, Duke of Albemarle, &c. with remarks upon his Actions: By* Thomas Gumble, D. D. *one of his Chaplains. London; Printed by J. S. for Thomas Basset, at the George, near Clifford's Inn, in Fleet Street,* 1671.

The following is an abstract of part of a work that is chiefly curious as a specimen of the Tory or Royalist mode of writing history, which prevailed during the period immediately following the Restoration. The well-informed reader will desire no illustrations or evidence of the author's singular veracity, and the reader of ordinary discernment will be at no loss to appreciate the justice of those encomiums which are so liberally heaped upon the hero's undeviating loyalty. It was our intention to place some points of this ingenious piece of high church and royalist fiction in contrast with the details of legitimate history; but, for the reasons above stated, it is thought that this would prove a work of supererogation. The language of the original itself is so careless and unreadable, there being scarcely one finished sentence to be found in it, that in order to give circulation to so choice a piece of composition, we have been at the pains to reduce it to a shape more convenient for the general reader. To all chaplains disposed to write the lives of their patrons, and to recommend themselves to the favourable notice of the persons, who are the fountain from whence flow honours and emoluments, the present performance, with some improvements in point of style and grammar to be expected of our more refined contemporaries, may be safely held out as one of the best models for imitation. It should not be forgotten, that the work is doubly dedicated; first, to the king, with a letter addressed "great sir;" and, secondly, to his Grace Christopher Duke of Albemarle, &c.

The life of General Monk, Duke of Albemarle, &c. has

been written by one of his grace's chaplains; who, thinking himself bound by many obligations to see the general in his grave, and to do his last duty to his memory, diverted his sorrows with this attempt to record his brave actions, and to let the world see that this great man had lived to good purpose. The relator trusts, that he is himself a person of some little conscience; he has the honour to bear the character of a churchman; and, having enjoyed some interest and credit with this illustrious person whilst alive, he judges it a kind of crime to let his memory be buried in his grave. The first part of the narrative he had from the Duke's own mouth, in various discourses with such of his friends as had been his associates in the earlier part of his career. Of the latter portion of his life, the author himself had been an eye and an ear-witness, admitted into all his patron's negotiations. He was not, indeed, with him at sea, by reason of a languishing sickness; but he has before him the journal of a principal flag-officer, a stout and experienced seaman, to supply that gap in the story. He is resolved to write truth or nothing; for to publish such fulsome and tedious letters, &c. larded with bold-faced untruths, as have flown abroad in the weekly prints, is enough to afflict the reader with nausea, and to make him value stale beer above history.

The author had, moreover, in his thoughts, the scheme of a discourse to be annexed to the work, entituled "Observations of the true causes of the Restoration of the English Monarchy, in the most glorious person of our present Sovereign, Charles the Second." In this, he meant to reduce all the co-operating circumstances under their proper heads of causality, and to enumerate all the persons that contributed to the Restoration, with the reason and motives of their activity. But, unversed in civil affairs, he deems his profession and obscurity disqualify him for executing a work, which would so much conduce to the public benefit; for the knowledge of the true causes that led to the Restoration of Monarchy cannot but prove a great means of its future preservation. He mentions this, however, to stir up some active and knowing spirit to attempt a discourse on the subject, who may, with freedom remote from jealousy, treat of the aims of all parties, that were then in power, and are not yet asleep. His friends, who may be displeased at his not having made due mention of them, according to their service and deserts, he prays to consider that he writes not their lives and actions, but those of the Duke of Albemarle. From the dissenters he expects little equity, and looks for the title of time-server; since the general omitted to make terms for their "concerns of liberty," and pretended property in the estates of others. He would have these persons reflect what an unpardon-

able crime it had been to make the sovereign a royal slave; that if parliament had been disposed to insist upon conditions, they might have done so without being controlled or influenced by him; that it is an unjust accusation to make it a sin not to have imprisoned majesty in chains, or converted the duty he intended into fresh rebellion; and that all, who loved him, did deprecate his treating with his master as his equal, and, in order to satisfy the "needless scruples" of others, committing an offence, that would never have been either forgiven or forgotten. There are many that exclaim against his memory, because that, having contributed to set in motion the affections of the people, and caused them to chime in majesty, they have been disappointed of their reward. Though the general, he confesses, did entertain a philosophical indifference in matters of this sort, and that he dare not justify him for all he did or did not, yet he must still object to these discontented persons, that he, perhaps, did what he could; that it was not for him to be over busy and engross all the royal favours; and that he had a hard game to play, in which it was his wisdom, and his interest, to be humble and modest. However ill the reception this discourse may meet with at the hands of these and others, he trusts there are no great persons, desirous of plunging the general's services into oblivion, and thus introducing a precedent for ingratitude. "If virtue be not remembered as well as rewarded, and the one is but a part of the other, it may be discouraged in after-ages."

Like Manlius, who delivered his father from the persecutions of a plebeian tribune, the general began his public life with chastising a sheriff, that had had the presumption to arrest his father, in the face of his whole county, when convened to wait upon the king. Thus did this great soldier, like the ancient heroes, who took their swords from the altar, begin his campaigns in a pious war for his father, and end them in the service of the father of his country. Being reduced, in consequence of this transaction, precipitately to turn soldier, he was scarcely seventeen, when he bore arms in Spain, and afterwards at the Isle of Rhè and Rochelle, under that valiant and old commander, Sir John Burroughs; who used often to relate with grief the ill conduct of that campaign, in which the English, as has often been their fate both before and since, reaped nothing but loss and dishonour, without any impeachment either of their courage or their gallantry. Afterwards, all being peace in England, he, having espoused himself to his sword, went to the Low Countries, then the general school of war, where he learned to yield and exact obedience under the brave Princes of Orange, the best masters of the art which this age hath produced. In this mart of war, many brave spirits of the English nation have earned

trophies, and been numbered among its worthies; nor did our ancestors ever account it mercenary thus to let out their swords to hire, in the cause of the reformed religion. The profession of a lawful soldier can no man honour too much; but to mercenaries, who sell themselves for pay and plunder, are butchers and hangmen to be preferred, seeing that they follow lawful vocations. But an honest conscientious soldier is one beloved of heaven, like that Joshua, who did fight his Lord's battles; of whom the sun and moon were enamoured for his virtue, and stood still, to a miracle, to behold his courage. It was sin that introduced the necessity of arms, without which good laws are of no use; and the soldier, as well as the magistrate, doth carry God's sword; which is the last appeal and remedy, "to be trusted only in the hands of sovereign princes," and is an edged tool, dangerous for priests or people to play withal. Afterwards, he served under the Lord Goring, a nobleman of great parts and courage, but "some few extravagances," of whom he learned what it became a soldier to practise, and neglected whatever else did not square with the honour of his profession.

On his return to England, he found that men of his profession were only in too great request; the Scottish nation having entered into an unhappy war with the king, for "the pretences of religion," a preface too good to be the introduction of rebellion. Here he did good service; and the enemy attempting to pass the Tyne at Newborn, his regiment, though with but one bullet and one charge of powder apiece, employed that modicum with so much effect, "that the Scots durst scarcely look after him." Of this treachery or madness, on the part of those whose business it was to supply the army with ammunition, the general used often to complain, observing, "that he had never seen such gallant horse and foot in all his time, men able to reduce many such kingdoms as Scotland." But the mismanagement in this war did not proceed from the treachery of men, but by the wise dispensation of Providence, to punish a nation "insensible of the blessings of peace and plenty, and neglectful both of their duty to God and obedience to the king."

At this period, when it was in agitation to plant colonies in Madagascar, the general entertained a design of embarking his fortunes in that adventure; which, if he had carried it into effect, would doubtless have been attended with infinite advantage both to the nation and the persons concerned; for, "like Cato Senior, in whatsoever condition he had engaged, he had found or made a great fortune." He thought that plantations conduced greatly to the increase of trade, and particularly that those in America offered the prospect of vast commercial advantages. Indeed, the strength of those colonies is such as

to make the entire reduction of that continent—even of the rich Spanish provinces—not only probable but easy, did not the colonists apply themselves to traffic and husbandry more than to martial exercises. For where was there ever seen a colony like that of New-England, which trades with above fourscore sail of great ships upon the coast, and is able to raise above forty thousand men, without depriving the land of the necessary number of labourers? But then their "niceness in point of religion," none but the "gathered churches" having an interest in the government, and the pretensions of the many to rule the community—"as according to the law of corrupt nature they ought, and by their power and force they will"—are likely to introduce some dangerous commotion. No Englishman can be an enemy to his people, but must wish their prosperity, and that they may regulate their affairs with the prudence and moderation that will most conduce to their future happiness. Yet these plantations, though they advance the trade, materially lessen the population of the mother country, in which she is rather defective than abundant; and if the rage for emigration increase, she may in time, like Spain, become exhausted and desolate.

Before the Scottish troubles were effectually quieted—which, indeed, they never were till his majesty's happy restoration—the Earl of Leicester being appointed, with the consent both of king and parliament, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, (a great wonder, it being not usual for them at this time to agree in any thing,) this noble person chose his cousin, George Monk, colonel of his own regiment. Though the earl himself never went, being too wise a man to hazard his reputation, without men and money adequate to the service, yet the colonel proceeded to his destination, where, with his usual singular good fortune, he gathered laurels and booty in abundance. His zeal and fidelity appeared so great, that the lords justices appointed him governor of Dublin; which was, in effect, to commit all they had to his custody; for except this city, and a town or two in Munster and the North, the Protestants of Ireland had little left in their possession. Here he made several expeditions into the country with such success, that he became purveyor of provisions to the whole city; and the soldiers would submit to any hardship rather than not go out with *honest* George Monk, for so they familiarly called him. Even after he had become duke and general, this was the appellation they most frequently gave him;—"a brave title, no disgrace to the highest condition, for every one is bound to be honest, though all cannot be great."

Suddenly, from England, whatever might be the cause thereof, comes a new commission, and he is degraded from the government of Dublin; and, as whom we injure we suspect, his

regiment was at the same time taken from him, and transported to the king's assistance into England. Notwithstanding, he came over in very good grace and favour, and being presented to his majesty of blessed memory, in Christ Church gardens at Oxford, he dealt very frankly with the king,—assuring him, that no good could be done with an army managed as his was,—that want of discipline would be its ruin, for whosoever commanded, none would obey—but that if ten thousand men were picked out of all the royal forces, and entrusted to officers experienced in the art of war, and who had lived under discipline abroad, he made no doubt of their being able to maintain themselves at their swords' points, and make the parliament weary of the contest. And this he would, doubtless, have performed, for he was not a man that played with the profession of a soldier, but made it his business, and studied to do his duty. The king had it in his mind to entrust him with some command suitable to the proposition; but, in the mean time, Colonel Monk had the misfortune to be surprised by the parliament forces under Sir Thomas Fairfax, and sent prisoner to London. Here, by a special order of parliament, he was lodged in the Tower of London, his conduct and virtue being regarded as criminal, for "too often does honesty meet with suffering instead of preferment." —"And now he is safe in the Tower of London; there they resolve to keep him; and there he languisheth many years, and hears from none of his friends; they are remote in Devonshire, in the king's quarters, and cannot furnish him; he a younger brother, and in the fashion," having but a younger brother's inheritance. His majesty, indeed, sent him, as a testimony of his kindness, a hundred pounds in gold,—a great sum at that time, when Oxford and the Indies had little commerce,—and this bounty did work upon his affections, and endear to him both the royal family and cause. We now see the reward of gratitude: —what the father could not, by reason of the iniquity of the times, confer, hath the son of this great king largely bestowed; and thereby laid an everlasting obligation upon all his people to be loyal, and consecrated an altar to gratitude.

This great soul could not but suffer extreme languor, to lie in rust among the old arms of the Tower, who used to be clad in bright steel, and to live in the midst of wounds and danger. But to moulder away in prison, is not so loathsome as disloyalty;—there will he rot, sooner than accept a command under the parliament. Still, to be confined within stone walls and iron bars, is more contrary to the nature of man, who is a social creature; and even the little birds, that are provided with all necessaries to nourish and delight, and yet do sing sadly, and strive for liberty, teach us how much freedom is to be preferred to every luxury. He is persuaded, at length, to undertake the

charge of a regiment in Ireland; but being about to step out of the Tower, he meets with a great obstruction at the threshold—he must fall down and worship the Scottish idol of the covenant—a condition to which he, a loyal and true believer, cannot easily be brought to submit. He had many conferences both with the clergy and laity, who were his fellow sufferers in the Tower; but what was the issue of their deliberations, and whether he took the covenant, I cannot with certainty affirm. "This I know, *he loved not the remembrance of that troublesome fire-brand.*" This covenant was imposed when I was a child, and was almost forgotten in the nation, till the late act for renouncing it recalled the memory thereof. Balls of wild-fire should be quenched in silence, and cast out of the way of observation. Among a divided people, water is more necessary than fire or zeal; "Moses, that delivered the Israelites, was of a calm and meek spirit; and without controversy, nothing is so healing of the wounds of a nation, as forgiveness and forgetfulness."

Having continued in Ireland till the expiration of the Lord Deputy's commission, he returned with him to London, where he was caressed by parliament, to undertake the command of the British forces in Ulster. And he hath an admirable memory among all the Protestants of their party; for, in a barren country he did reap great booty, and maintain a long and sharp war with the stoutest of the rebels. By laying the country waste, he forced their commander, Owen O'Neale, to seek for new quarters; the sure way to remove an enemy, being to cut off his supplies;—"without provender the steed will starve."—Had Darius desolated two or three provinces in the Lesser Asia, and declined fighting, the young Macedonian might have been contented with his own kingdom, and been glad to run home for his breakfast. If Cromwell had been thus treated, when he invaded the Scots, he had never been Protector. Harold lost the crown by an error of this kind;—an invader comes to fight, and we must never oblige an enemy. In the whole of his government, he performed the part as well of a just judge, as of a good captain; and that apothegm did not ill become him,—"what others discoursed of in long harangues, he executed in honest and prudent actions." He was always upon his guard, and looked upon it as the chief duty of a commander to have good intelligence; an article he never wanted, as he was easy of access, and very humble and familiar in all his conversation. He thus prevented a design laid by the Scottish officers under his command, at the time, when the division took place between the parliament and that people, to seize him; and then entered into an agreement with O'Neale, and furnished him with ammunition to relieve Londonderry, besieged by the Scots. For this action little can be said, except that it was dic-

tated by necessity, and done by the special command of Cromwell. Being left with only seventeen men to defend Dundalk, all the rest of his soldiers having deserted from him, he retired into England, where he took upon himself the odium of the agreement with the rebels, as done like a soldier, and in a case of extreme necessity. This won him the favour and friendship of Cromwell, "for there are some evil men whom good turns will endear," but it gave great displeasure to many members of the parliament. He was even questioned strictly about the agreement, and some one moved to commit him to his old lodgings in the Tower; but the politicians of the house, who regarded it as a measure highly advantageous to themselves, replied, "that it was fitter to commit the Tower to him." The truth was, the desertion of the Scots' officers, and no very good usage from some others in Ireland, provoked him into this agreement—"injury must never provoke a good man to go out of his right way."

He was not allowed to continue long inactive: some men are born for motion; and the age being *barren of great spirits*, his services were wanted on all occasions. We must allow him to have been as fortunate as ever man was, who, amidst reverses that crushed others out of their lives and property, *contrived to turn all to his own advantage*. The Scots, who had formerly digged the grave, and helped to bury this ancient monarchy, would now have revived it with the loss of their lives. They renounced all alliance with the pretended high and mighty states of England; and sent commissions to Breda, to bring home his majesty. This demonstrates, that though they did grievously err in their means and methods to alter, it was never their aim to ruin the monarchy; "but men that go out of God's way meet with God's judgment." They are a people led too much by the authority of their ministers; whose fanatic zeal did not hesitate to set three nations in a flame, that by the heat thereof they might sacrifice to the idol of Calvin's invention at Geneva. This might be well enough adapted to the precincts of that little city; but *is not calculated to the meridian of a great kingdom*. They shewed themselves, also, far too scrupulous in clogging majesty with conditions, and widened the divisions of their country; but for this, and all their other acts of disloyalty, they have since done penance under the tyranny of the English, who were rods in the hands of Providence, to punish their rebellion, though he afterwards threw his rods into the fire.

The commonwealth's men did not relish the propinquity of the son of a king, in whose blood they had so lately bathed their hands. They resolved, therefore, to send an army into Scotland; and General Fairfax was requested to assume the command. But this honest gentleman had lamented in dust

and ashes his former compliances, and had heartily repented him of the murder of his majesty, into a seeming acquiescence in which he had been cheated by Cromwell. For this impostor, with long prayers and many tears, held him employed in seeking advice from God, what to do, till the mischief was consummated. But though Fairfax will not accept the commission, yet Cromwell, who has been long time gaping for it, is ready to swallow the bait. And now is Oliver triumphant, judging it but a short step from the supreme command of the army, to absolute rule over the nation. And he goes down with an army of horse and foot, equipped at all points, and is accompanied by his darling Colonel Monk, without whom, indeed, he was unwilling to stir, and *without whose advice he took no measure of importance.* "Some say, good men are bettered by bad company, as roses and lilies planted by garlick smell sweeter; but it is a dangerous experiment." Whether it was that he had not yet digested the Scottish affront in the North of Ireland, or that he had an aversion to that people in consequence of their having begun the troubles of his native country, or that he was spirited by the general opinion of the king's party, that they deserved to feel the rod, it is certain that our colonel did now engage himself with Cromwell, "*but with little content, I dare affirm.*" Having entered the English army, he soon began to be accounted, by the wisest observers, the tutelar angel thereof; and shewed what the difference was between a professor of the art of war, well studied in all its rules, and a fanatic soldier, who fights by inspiration. Those, who would undervalue his merit, prove themselves better acquainted with their pens than their swords. Cromwell being now at Dunbar, and in a mood of mind to give up all hopes of the Protectorship to be once again safe at Whitehall, is pleased to call a council of war. Monk urges to give the enemy battle, and assault them in the position they occupy on the surrounding heights. Great opposition is made to this proposal, but he offers to undertake the assault, and, at the head of three regiments of foot, with pike in hand he charges up the hill. A single regiment of Highlanders alone stood its ground, and awaited the push of the pike; the rest of the Scotch infantry took to flight, and ran away over the sands, to Bell-haven. Lambert, with the horse, did excellent service that day in the pursuit; but *the victory was entirely Monk's,* and made him of great credit with all the forces, and especially with Oliver. The reputation he had acquired drew upon him the envy of all the old officers; but Oliver, who was of a spirit "too big and presumptuous to be ruled by his underlings," when "he took his march after the King's most excellent Majesty, unto Worcester," left him commander in chief of all the forces in Scotland.

The first attempt he made, towards the reduction of the country, was upon Sterling, a maiden castle of great strength: over the door of the chapel, belonging to the castle, is to be read this proud motto: "*J. R. nobis hæc invicta miserunt centum sex proavi.* 1617." But General Monk, another "great destroyer of that sort of reputation," took this invincible fortress, within three days after he had sat down before it. In like manner, the maiden castle of Edinburgh twice yielded to the persuasion of the great guns of the English; once in the time of Queen Elizabeth; and again, in these unhappy wars; when it was delivered up to Cromwell, principally by the conduct of Monk, his chief engine, and lieutenant-general of ordnance. "But I have no pleasure to write these things, as he had no pleasure to remember them, or to act them, *but as they were the means tending to enable him to do the king service*, which was his chief intention, as shall be farther shewn. An agent that does not make a good election of right methods, will never make a prosperous conclusion."

He next attacked Dundee, into which the Scots had conveyed their richest moveables and all the wealth of Edinburgh. Being summoned to surrender, the governor, Robert Lumsdaine, a gentleman of a brave spirit, returned answer,—"that if the commander, and the rest of the English forces, would lay down their arms, he would give them passes to their homes." A piece of gallantry over-malapert and presumptuous, it was, to tender safety to those who were able to give it, and this reply did much irritate the besiegers. So that the general, having good intelligence that the soldiers of the garrison did use at nine o'clock to take such large morning draughts, that, before the twelfth, they were most of them well drenched with their cups, fell on, September the first, with horse and foot; and, though it is supposed there were more fighting men within, than enemy without, after a short but sharp resistance, did fairly master the town. Here was gotten the richest plunder that was taken in these wars. But see the just judgment of God:—the greater part of it having been shipped for England, upon some vessels taken in the harbour, they were cast away within sight of the town. The same have I read of the pillage of the Swedes in Germany, which being to be transported into their own country, was wrecked in the narrow seas between Sweden and Germany. Thus "the burden of salt returned to the sea whence it came; ill got, soon lost; he that is possessed of plundered and sacrilegious goods, like Thoulouse gold and Seius his horse, rideth post to ruin and poverty."

The general was equally fortunate in an attack upon Ellit, in the county of Perth, where he surprised the committee of estates and of the kirk therein assembled. Here were taken

many of the nobility, together with old General Lesley, who, some say, was found hid in a cupboard. But they do the gentleman wrong, for it was a Dutch bed, which hath shutters. He was bred from his childhood in the German wars, under the Swede; and he had there acquired great honour and riches. At his return, he was employed by the covenanters against Charles I., who, at the general pacification, was pleased to set a mark of grace upon him by creating him Earl of Leven. With what gratitude he afterwards requited his majesty, I had rather others should report. "For all generals were not of the complexion of our *honest* general." The general, who had been so long busied in assaulting others, was at length attacked himself by a sickness, from which he with great difficulty recovered. Whether it proceeded from uneasiness of mind, our general being engaged in a cause in which his heart was not present, or from the great toils he endured, I cannot undertake to say. But it was the pleasure of God to reserve him for the loyal work he had yet to do, which was of a kind very different from the drudgery of the service he was now engaged in. And, certainly, he "*must always have intended right, who ends his business like a complete workman.*"

The pretended commonwealth, having now reduced both Scotland and Ireland, fall upon a project for uniting the three nations in one government, under one parliament; and this, by the advantages of conquest and the extorted consent of some elected deputies, they carried into execution. This union was first contemplated by King James of blessed memory, and has lately been renewed by our glorious sovereign King Charles, whom God direct to a happy conclusion of the work. But the commonwealth's men, like children of this world, wiser in their generation than the children of light, were able, by the superiority they had acquired, to procure members to be sent to the English parliament, by which means the commerce of the three countries, which has since been prohibited, received great augmentation. To gain this point, they published an act of indemnity, to forget all injuries, and to forgive all hostilities.—"God hath made us one in many respects, as religion, language and country, being one island, and happy under one government: now it would be our sin and weakness to neglect a perfect union to all ends and purposes; such a conjunction will augment the reputation of both." To effect this, the pretended parliament sent down commissioners into Scotland, among whom was General Monk; without whose interposition little good could have been done. For though St. John, Vane, and Saloway could talk more, yet none were able to persuade that nation so much as he, who, though regarded by them, in times of hostility, as a severe enemy, was, nevertheless, trusted by

them in this business more than all the rest. Upon his giving them hopes of better days,—for all the comfort honest men then had was, to expect something better in future,—they submitted to the present necessity. The loyal party of Montrose —men, who, in the late war with England, had not been permitted to bear arms,—were the especial objects of General Monk's care and patronage; *such even then was his sympathy with loyalty!* Afterwards, when he was governor in chief, if he reposed any confidence in any, it was in *those generous souls*, who had given so great assurance of their fidelity to the king and his family. For the truth of this I may appeal to the testimony of all Scotland, where, I believe, he will always be held in honourable remembrance.

Ever since the battle of Dunbar the kirk had been divided into two parties, known by the names of Resolutioners and Remonstrators; the former from having resolved in a committee of the kirk, that at so important a crisis it was expedient, upon their repentance, to employ the persons who had served in Duke Hamilton's engagement;—the latter, from having remonstrated against this resolution, as a backsliding from the good old cause, and a betrayal of the interest of Jesus Christ. This was the chief source of the division among the people, and did much prejudice the king's affairs, as well as enable the English, by balancing the several interests and fomenting jealousies, to keep the country so long in quiet subjection. They who ordained these ministers of the kirk—I mean the remonstrators—needed not have wished that they had rather laid their hands upon briers and thorns; for such indeed they were; and being now ablaze with zeal they did put all into a flame. Of these two factions, the latter was espoused by Cromwell, from a similarity of principles and temper; but Monk supported the resolutioners, as men that held secret correspondence with his majesty, "whom he himself intended to serve. *This intention of his some contradict, but with weakness enough, for the heart of man is inscrutable to man;* God only keepeth the key—but those who knew him, did always observe his inclination was to his old principles."

When the negociations relative to the union of the two nations were concluded, the junto at Westminster were alarmed by some proceedings on the part of the kirk, which they liked the less, as coming from men of their own temper. A general assembly was convened, wherein was a medley of resolutioners and remonstrators; but the parliament, not choosing to wait the result of their debates, caused the meeting to be dissolved. A lieutenant colonel was sent to dismiss the assembly, "which he did roundly," charging them on their peril not to presume to meet again, or ever be seen, any three of them

together. Thus what the king could not do by his proclamations, by force of law, or by his viceroys, was effected by a single armed officer. But the ministers of the kirk must be allowed to have had wisdom, who, knowing themselves to have been set up, both at home and abroad, by an unlawful power, submitted quietly to be dethroned by the same. "Many of them, I doubt not, have lived to give a public testimony of their repentance: for, doubtless, a churchman, while he keeps within the sphere of his duty to God and his people, is an angel from heaven;" but when he mistakes his proper calling, and mixes in political intrigues, "he becomes a devil, and, from a star in the firmament of heaven, turns a sooty coal in the blackest hell." I must needs confess, that there was in Scotland a grave and reverend ministry; but they were unequally yoked with some, to whose youth and inexperience I impute all the extravagances of which they were guilty. "I have reason to believe that these men have so experienced the vanity of contending with sovereign authority, that they will henceforth study to be quiet, and acknowledge *nothing to be safer for magistracy and ministry than to support one another.*"

The scene now shifts, and a new stage is introduced, whereon General Monk acted a brave part, to the glory of the English nation and his own everlasting renown. The English statesmen thought it scorn, to have their proffered alliance slighted by the Dutch, their agent Dorislaus assassinated, and their ambassadors affronted. But all was patiently endured till they had composed their divisions at home, when they resolved to call the Dutch to an account, and, as a preface to war, out comes an act, entituled, "for the encouragement of navigation," wherein they prohibit the importation, except in English bottoms, of all foreign commodities. The Dutch, willing to decline the storm, sent over one embassy, and then another; but meeting with nothing save high demands, they took heart, and resolved manfully to abide the issue of a contest. The conduct of the war was first intrusted to General Blake, a person, whatsoever he was otherwise, never to be named without honour; who by his actions in this Dutch war, and at Algiers, Tunis, and Santa Cruz, did make the English courage to be both remembered and admired by all the neighbouring nations, "if we do not teach them to forget it by the cowardice and idleness of our times." Van Tromp, as he was conveying the Bourdeaux fleet through our channel, set up a broom high on the poop of his ship, and threatened to sweep the narrow seas. But upon his return, our Blake, speeding out a competent fleet, did compel him to leave much of his broom behind him and gather up many of his ships of war and merchantmen.

In the heat of the war, General Monk is made one of the

commissioners for the sea service, and has to try his skill by water, a new trade for an old commander to learn. Yet his courage and successes forsake him not even on this unwonted element. He speeds away to sea, and, on the first encounter, acts upon his old principle of being forward to embrace danger, instead of waiting quietly its approach. At times, when the seamen cried "starboard" or "larboard," he would reply,—"Ay, boys, let us *board* them." Let no man deride a soldier for his great valour. "Cæsar was always used to say, *Come, boys,* and to go in the head himself, and not bid them go without him, but for his pains, his courage, by the worthies of this age, may be pronounced brute ferocity."

The first sea fight was upon the second day of June, 1653, in which he commanded in conjunction with General Deane. The battle began very early in the morning, and at the first shot fired by the Dutch, Deane was slain. He was no sooner dead than the general took his cloak and covered the body, commanding the seamen to mind their business. This Deane, it is said, had had his doublet torn and gnawed by the rats that night on the left side, just where he was struck by the cannon ball: he was a Behemist in religion, and his own spirit was conscious of his impending fate. For the morning before his death, he spent two hours at his devotions, a thing not usual with him; and those that observed him, said, that, though a genuine heart of oak, there appeared, as it were, death in his face. A great lady too in Scotland, whilst he commanded there, did foretell his death by second-sight. "On this I make no reflection, but that there are some good spirits, who watch for us and warn us." At sun-rise next day, says my naval correspondent, "the general calls his flag-officers to council, tells them the sad news of his partner General Deane's death, encouraging them to double valour and duty." And whereas "divers of the blue squadron had shewn too much timorosity the day before, it was determined that all the flags should sail abreast, having our general in the middle," and, passing through the enemy's fleet, either scatter, or perish amongst them. The captains were all told, that if, "when they saw their noble general and flag-officers fighting or perishing amidst the enemy, they did not follow and succour them, according to order and their bounden duty, they might go home if they durst, and tell their superiors, their wives and children, where they had left their general and us. But it pleased God, to whom be praise, that each one followed orders, and retrieved his reputation; whereby a glorious victory was gained;—thirty-four of the enemy burnt and taken, and the rest chased quite down to their own coast."

After this engagement, the general with his fleet plied on

the coast of Holland, as well to intercept their trade, as to let the Dutch know that their fleet was beaten; a circumstance, of which their admirals often contrived to keep them in ignorance. Their people, seeing the enemy still off their coast, by their exclamations forced them again out to sea. A storm of wind right on their shore, took the English fleet, when not above a league from land. This put them in greater fear and perplexity than all the forces of the enemy could inspire, and they prayed heartily that they might get off the shore, and have room to fight like men. "About the last of July (praised be God) he gave us a small gale to carry us out to sea; and taking the opportunity thereof, 'twas thought by most of the Dutch commanders that we fled, and would not give battle. But Van Tromp was of another opinion, and said, that we were Englishmen, and had not lain upon their coast so long, to dare them to come forth, and now to run away. 'Twas to get off the shore, to have sea-room to fight in."

Their fleet consisted of 140 sail, all the strength of Holland, fresh and fully manned, with the wind in their favour, and their own coast behind them. Our fleet had only 90 sail, and many of the ships had not their full complements of men. The enemy had fire-ships, we none, which put our fleet in some trouble; and having the wind of us, one of them set the St. Andrew on fire, (others were in danger,) which caused some of her men to desert her; but the captain, with the rest of the crew, put it out again; and when all their fire-ships were spent, we rejoiced and fought them, as we thought, on equal terms, a very orderly battle on both sides. Six passes we had, not knowing who had the best, till about two or three in the afternoon. Van Tromp himself, as he stood upon the poop of his own ship, with his drawn sword, encouraging his men, was slain with a musket bullet. The rest of the fleet, discouraged at this disaster, crowded all the sail they could, and stood away towards the Texel. The general and the rest pursued, took and fired divers of them, and gained, God be ever praised, a glorious victory, insomuch that the Dutch captains and others said, "that the hand of God fought against them, and that now they would have peace." Thus were the Hogen Mogens made to know that the English, when they pleased, could be masters at sea; and that it was by sufferance, not might, that they themselves had domineered so long. The issue of this war was indeed contrary to their hopes, and to the expectations of all the world. And it is worthy of remark, that Van Tromp, one of the best naval officers of the age, bred in sea fights and voyages from a child, experienced as well as stout, was forced to succumb to the fortunate genius of General Monk, an absolute novice in naval affairs.

XUM

The happy conduct of that war is to be ascribed, among many other things, to the great encouragement held out to good behaviour, on the part both of officers and seamen. The wives and children of the commanders, who were slain in the service, were provided for at the expense of government. All that survived had medals of merit given them, and some chains of gold, with other handsome gratuities. The bounty of the government was not confined to the officers, all the seamen, besides constant pay, which they received on ship-board before dismission, were entitled to what they called tun and gun money for all prizes, and other little vails out of such part of the lading of captured vessels as was above deck. It has been observed by some, that many officers of the late usurping powers, after they had got lands and riches, remitted much of their military ardour and activity. They have thence been led to infer that poverty is the best qualification for a fighting man—*jejunis dentibus acer*. But, undoubtedly, rewards did never lessen virtue when it was not forced and counterfeit.

It was about this time, April 1653, that Cromwell, impatient to seat himself on the throne, was ready to dismiss the pretended parliament; but the courtship of many of its members to Monk, by means of whom they hoped to balance the authority of their aspiring general, gave him some uneasiness. But he quickly satisfied Cromwell on this head, assuring him that he neither had any concern for them, nor felt himself under any obligation to them. Upon which Cromwell, who durst not thrust the Rump out of doors, till certified of the general's acquiescence, did, on the 20th of April, after many years' tyranny, jeer them out of the house, to the no small joy of the people. Having now removed every thing that could obstruct his views, that he may go up to the throne, with more satisfaction to the people, he makes a sudden peace with the Dutch, and *betrays all the advantages gained by the war;* a measure which the general did highly resent, as a base treachery to himself in particular. He, however, took great care that all those who had ventured their lives freely should be rewarded justly; when one morning, as he transacted business at the navy office, some thousands of seamen came to demand their tun and gun money. He told them that this could not be immediately advanced, as it was necessary to allow time for the sale of the prizes, which were in all 1500 ships, of different sorts; and this information appeared to satisfy them. But the general being come to Whitehall, to communicate with Oliver on this and other matters appertaining to his office, news is brought that three or four thousand seamen are come, as far as Charing-Cross, with swords, pistols, and clubs. Upon this, General Monk went down to meet them, and in a great

passion falls upon them with his drawn sword, Cromwell following, with one or two attendants: an act of resolution, on the part of the general, as great as is to be found in ancient story. For English seamen are a sort of mankind, that, by frequent conversation with death and danger, are insensible to fear, and ready to attempt any thing, though ever so desperate. But the general's decision and intrepidity were so well known and respected among them, that two or three cuts with his sword upon the most forward of the rioters, were sufficient to disperse the crowd. Among them, it seems, was one who was about his lawful occasions, on whose nose the sword happening to light, the general gave him £10 afterwards, by way of reparation; demanding, at the same time, "What did a jack-daw do amongst rooks?" The war being thus at an end, the Usurper, desirous to bind General Monk to his interests by the strongest ties, treated him with every possible distinction. Particularly, at a public dinner, with his own hands, he put a chain of gold, with a large medal representing a sea-fight, appended, round the general's neck, and thus imagines he hath him chained to his service. And, indeed, "Gold hath a magnetic virtue, when it is liberally bestowed;" and is seldom sown without bringing forth a plentiful harvest.

Meantime, the king's faithful friends, whose loyalty was unwearied and invincible, though they had been repeatedly vanquished in their enterprizes for his restoration, still continued their practices in the three nations; and many of them, under the barbarous pretence of law and justice, were murdered in defence of his majesty's right and title. In Scotland, however, the royalists were flying thick, and threatened to gather to a dangerous head. Cromwell, whose crimes and fears kept him ever vigilant, finding the winds high and the discontents great in all parts of his government, was afraid that this cloud in the North might soon overspread the three kingdoms. Lilborne, who at this time was commander in chief there, he judged unequal to the post he held; and Desborough, whom some recommended, but who, he knew, had no greater recommendation than that of being his brother-in-law, was a man qualified to bluster high at committees in Whitehall, but would have soon been put out of breath on the mountains and highlands of Scotlands. So that General Monk must into Scotland again, with whom the impostor, not unmindful of his old policy, sends the most mutinous part of his own forces, in order that they and their commander may not come to too good an understanding. Being arrived, he quickly wrought a great change in the posture of affairs. The army he found very zealous in their disputes about religion, and full of anabaptists, who had been admitted by the authority of Lilborne, a man inclined himself

to the opinions of that sect. The general silenced their religious quarrels, discountenanced the sectarians, and favoured those who were of free and generous principles; insomuch that the others complained of his neglecting the godly and praying portion of the army. He then proceeded in search of the royalist forces, and made such marches over the untrodden mountains and bogs of the highlands, as filled the Scots themselves with admiration, and appeared to surpass those of Montrose, whose followers were mostly highlanders, and on their native hills; whereas the general's troops were men from the southern parts of England. Whilst he contrived to have a constant supply of provisions for his own troops, he, at the same time, laid bare their fields, destroyed their habitations, and thus starved the enemy into submission. To insure the permanence of which he planted garrisons in various parts. Happening, on his march, to be entertained at the house of a laird, one of the Campbells of Glenorchie, the situation struck him as favourable for a military post; but the gentleman was unwilling to have his seat converted into a garrison. Upon this the general withdrew out of the house with his officers, and bid the laird "look to his defence:—he would not violate hospitality, but he would try whether he could not take the place by force." Glenorchie, having advised with his friends, thought not fit to abide the result of an attack, but yielded upon conditions. These precautions, together with the awe he had inspired by traversing fastnesses into which it was thought the English would not have been able to penetrate, did so completely bridle the wild highlandman, that they "durst not so much as steal a cow; nay, if, in the most thievish part of the country, a horse happened to stray, it was immediately cried, and restored upon demand!" The army was kept under such a severity of discipline, that disorders were as rare as prodigies; and the conquerors comported themselves among the conquered with such meekness and humility, that the Scots began to fall in love with their enemies. All their privileges were kept sacred, articles duly observed, and trade encouraged and increased. The general himself, who had always a passion for a country life, rented the stately palace of Dalkeith, where he amused himself with planting and agriculture. The comforts he himself enjoyed in this rural retirement, he was careful to dispense to all under him; relieving the necessities of his soldiers, and protecting the poorer Scots from the oppression of the great, who, heirs to the quarrels of their forbears, durst no longer openly prosecute their family feuds on each other. Their clergymen, who had formerly been too busy and pragmatical, began to attend to the business of their calling, and live contented with their stipends. In this happy condition did General Monk preserve this country,

till the 1st of January, 1659, when he took his march southward; living himself quietly, making no noise, nor intermeddling with the affairs of Cromwell. The impostor, however, did not practise the same forbearance, but compelled the general to be busy at home, by a constant change of the English regiments quartered there, which Oliver deemed necessary, seeing that he left the commander-in-chief so many years unchanged. The new-comers used, in great measure, to consist of anabaptists, quakers and other sectarians, whose tenets and conduct gave great scandal to the Scots' presbyterians, and sometimes forced the general to turn them out of the ranks. He had great charity for them, but thought them unfit for any trust; and, indeed, they are a people, that may very safely experience the indulgence of authority, but will inevitably introduce ruin and confusion if they shall ever get themselves into power. Thus, maintaining quiet and hiding himself close in calm, the general reserved himself for further purposes, when God would vouchsafe an opportunity.

The third of September, 1658, contrary to the expectations and wishes of most men, that terrible instrument of war and mischief, Oliver Cromwell, departed this life peaceably in his bed at Whitehall. He died, as he had lived, in a storm such as was scarcely remembered to have happened in the memory of that generaton; and the trees in St. James's torn up by the roots, as well as the damage in many public and private edifices, bore witness to its violence. There was something generous in him; though the good qualities of his nature were poisoned by dissimulation and ambition. It was General Monk's opinion, that Cromwell died in good time for his own reputation, and that he could not possibly have held the government much longer if he had lived. Not the three nations only, but all Europe, has reason to curse his memory; for it was he that altered the balance of the continental powers, by confederating with those, who [the French,] now endanger its peace and security. Like an unlucky politician, he has entailed troubles upon all afterages, as if he had not done mischief enough when alive.

Orders were sent down into Scotland by the pretended council, to proclaim Richard, Protector; which was accordingly done at the cross of Edinburgh, the magistrates, statecouncil, and General Monk being present at the solemnity. Among the persons convened to assist at the ceremony, it was almost publicly asked, one of another, Why should they proclaim a person utterly unknown to them? they would more cheerfully proclaim General Monk. No persons cried "God save him!" the soldiers made no acclamations; and both they and their officers, frequently expressed themselves aloud in terms like these; "Old George for our money! he is fitter for a Pro-

tector than Dick Cromwell." This indication of the popular feeling and general inclination to his person was of great advantage in fostering his designs and prompting him to great and decisive measures.

And now the officers of the army, stirred up by Lambert, who had recovered the command, of which old Cromwell's jealousy had deprived him, resolved upon restoring the fag-end of the long parliament; and those, whom they had so frequently termed a pack of knaves that cozened the nation of its blood and treasure, they fall down and worship with the titles of eminent assertors of the *good old cause*, and persons accompanied with the special presence of God. By a declaration, signed the 6th of May, 1659, they invite them to return to the discharge of their trust. In these days, there was a change of government, and a project for a new model, not yearly, but almost every month in England; and none did more to further the king's restoration than his greatest enemies. Lambert fully intended to play his old master's game, and to ride the Rump, till time should ripen his projects, and then slip into the government. But these subtle heads were not to be again so deceived. "He who is cheated twice by the same gamester, must be twice a fool." They had not forgotten how old Oliver had used them: and being apprehensive of similar practices on the part of the army, they resolve to make their Speaker general, and order all the officers about town to receive their commissions afresh at his hand, in the presence of the assembled commons. They thus hoped to keep the great military officer in a state of subordination; and to hold their sessions in future, without fear of being turned out of doors.

These proceedings of the parliament gave great dissatisfaction to Fleetwood and Lambert, whose object it was to keep the reins of government in their own hands; and, in order to counteract the measures of the house, they, with five others, got themselves appointed a committee for new modelling the army. The men of sober minds and quiet principles they endeavoured to deprive of their commissions, and replaced them with anabaptists and the wildest sectaries, who, they hoped, would be ready to support them in once more ejecting the Rump, when the critical moment should arrive. The parliament, meanwhile, feeling how precarious was their condition, began to express great kindness for General Monk, and to regard him as a person capable of extending protection to them, in case the English army should prove refractory. At the same time, Fleetwood applied himself with assiduity to the general, and wrote every post to him, desiring a return of that friendship which had subsisted betwen them in Cromwell's time. He had begun to be jealous of Lambert; and this was

the occasion of those expressions of love which he lavished upon Monk. Lambert also, after his return to his command, wrote several loving letters to the general; but his love was cold. He was jealous of Monk's reputation, and superior skill and conduct in martial affairs. Thus was the latter, while he lived quietly and in retirement, courted by the several factions, to none of which did he engage himself beyond civility; but appearing as umpire in all their differences, he at last made them feel his arbitrement by deciding the controversy against them all.

The parliament, however, whilst they courted the general, dealt very severely with some of his officers; and in order either to make him weary of his command, or to tie his hands and prevent him from obstructing their ambitious designs, the committee for new modelling the army, removed many of those whom he most trusted, and supplied the vacancies with sectarians and anabaptists. This was a concern which touched him so nearly, that he resented the interference in a letter to the speaker. He had heard, he said, that it was the intention of the house to displace several of his officers; conceiving that the house had not been led to adopt this motion from a personal knowledge of their qualifications, but from the report of others, he thought himself as fit to be credited as any, and did assure them, they were all stout and honest men, for whose fidelity and good behaviour he would engage. The parliament paid so much regard to this remonstrance, that they authorized him, by a vote, to retain many of the officers whom the septemvirate (for so was the nomination-committee nick-named in the Scotch army) had proscribed. Even those who had been voted out, he was enabled by special orders to continue in command, till commissions should be made out in other names, and sent down to Scotland. But as the latter never arrived, the old officers retained their places; and these were they who afterwards assisted to turn out the Rump, and bring about his majesty's restoration. Their crime, in the eyes of the parliament, was too much honesty and moderation; causes enough, in those times, for suffering.

In this interregnum the general had been urged, by letters and messages from the friends and relations of the Cromwells, to appear with his forces, and check the mutinous temper of the English army; and if Richard had not consented to the dissolution of the parliament, Monk would have then certainly marched, not in pursuance of the Protector's quarrel, but "with those ends and purposes which he afterwards accomplished."

The sober gentry of England were much enraged at the dissolution of Richard's parliament, in which many worthy gentlemen, hearty lovers of their prince, had procured seats, in the

hope of rendering him some service. The return of the Rump to power, and the renewed exclusion of those who were called the secluded members, gave them still further cause of offence. This disgust was the origin of an universal design, in which, if all the undertakers had performed their part as well as one individual, Sir George Booth, the English gentry would not have needed any assistance from other quarters. But the design was betrayed by some persons, not unknown, or, rather, who were well known for the most ungrateful monsters that ever prince favoured.

It was generally rumoured, that Monk was engaged in this design, and the report was not without foundation. He received at this time a letter from his majesty, and others from Sir J. Grenville, his cousin-german, an active instrument in his majesty's restoration, who employed every means in his power to conciliate the good will of the general. In particular, he presented his brother, Mr. Nicholas Monk, with a valuable living in Cornwall, where his own property lay; and, through the medium of that gentlemen, negociated with the general about his majesty's service. The general was cautious and reserved, and did not seem to lend too ready an ear to the proposals that were made to him. He consulted with those who were competent to advise him, and especially one, in whom he placed much confidence; informing him of the messages he was receiving, and asking him what he thought of the whole matter. This person told him, in reply, that all honest and sober men expected that he would appear for his country at this crisis, and represented the danger in which it was placed by the frequent and ridiculous changes that occurred. God, he said, had placed the general in the station he now held, for that purpose, like another Mordecai; adding many other arguments to the same effect, all which together made a strong impression upon his mind. The general lamented his inability, being, as he was, at the head of a froward and perverse generation, and yet unable, without their assistance, to accomplish anything. Such, however, he added, was his love for his country, that he would cheerfully perish to ensure its safety. It was agreed between them, that he should sound the dispositions of some officers, and break the matter to them, whilst the general consulted the treasury, to ascertain what it would furnish towards promoting their views. The fellows he had to deal with were, some of them, so *giddy headed*, however, *that even rewards could not fix them;* for, when men are intoxicated with wild principles of religion, their nature is strangely transformed, and they become morose and averse to civility. I am not one of those that dare to asperse the Christian profession, yet must I needs allow the truth of the maxim, "no villain like a pretended religious one."

The person entrusted with this commission from the general, was one of popular and pleasant conversation and manners. He had, therefore, easier access to the officers, and was more willingly listened to on the subject. He desired them to remark the insolence of the English officers, and wondered, he said, that they of the Scotch army should always submit to receive governments from them. Whilst the others lived in the midst of the pleasures of the city, it was their lot to endure the hardships of a cold and strange country.* To others, who pretended to more godliness, he remonstrated upon the apostacy of the English army, who one week sent down their addresses, and desired the Scotch officers to join in their subscriptions, calling Oliver "the chariot of Israel, and horseman thereof," with much other profanity; and in the next broke their pretended religious engagements. The answer of all, though severally sounded, was unanimous. "Why," said they, "will not old George do something?"—for so they familiarly called him;—"it is not in our power." When asked if they would stand by him, and whether they could make any interest in their several regiments, they cheerfully agreed, and assured him of their ability to gain over those under their command. These were the principal regiments and the garrisons that were near the head quarters; for the rest, there were many ways to deal with them.

The general found the condition of the treasury equally favourable to his design, into which he resolves immediately to enter. At this juncture, however, he meets with an obstruction. Whether it arose from the necessity of their affairs, or their jealousy, I cannot say; but the pretended parliament desired him to send them two regiments of horse, and two of foot, by the departure of which his force was much weakened. The former of the two motives was most probably the cause of this; for so observant had he hitherto shewn himself of their commands, that he had given them no ground of suspicion against him: all his actions tended to peace, and all his advice was for moderation. In those times, it was necessary for the general to busy himself very little in public affairs. Such was his policy in the present also; on which account, he is thought by

* The person employed on this occason was, most likely, the reverend author himself. Whoever he was, he has proved himself a proficient in the business he undertook. The terms of his address are very like those which Tacitus puts into the mouth of a military incendiary.—"An prætorias cohortes, quæ binos denarios acciperent, quæ post sex decim annos penatibus suis reddantur, plus periculorum suscipere? Non obtrectari a se urbanas excubias: sibi tamen apud horridas gentes e contuberniis hostem adspici." *Ann.* I.

some to have been unable to conduct business, because unwilling to burn his fingers by meddling with it.

Notwithstanding this discouragement, he had prepared his declaration; and it happening to be on a Saturday that this was got ready, he necessarily deferred its publication till Monday. In the interval came an express announcing the defeat of Sir George Booth, which induced the general to suspend his design, till a fitter opportunity arrived for putting it in execution. At the same time, he placed but little reliance upon this and similar plots, well aware how useless new raised men are, when opposed to old and experienced soldiers. A very preserving providence was manifest through the whole affair, which, if God had not prevented it, would have miscarried in many ways, as I could instance in more occasions than one.

The general was careful to prevent any intimation of his intended co-operation with the undertakers, from reaching the ears of parliament. He burned all the papers relating to it, and inculcated upon all concerned the strictest secresy. I have reason to believe, however, that he was betrayed in this business, at the same time that he had secret intelligence of the breach between Hazelrig and Lambert, which was then much the same thing as a difference between the parliament and army. This design of the general's, though it proved abortive, tended to promote the one in which he subsequently engaged, inasmuch as it had led him into a correspondence with his officers, and given him a knowledge of those in whom he might confide.

Some time after this, the general wrote to the speaker, and desired to be released from his command, alleging that he was aged and infirm, and that he desired nothing but to retire to his inheritance, which he had scarcely seen since he was a child. His object in this was either to sound the intentions of parliament, or to ascertain whether they had any knowledge of his designs, or that he was really discontented by reason of their removing his best officers, and those in whom he most confided. No entreaties of his friends could prevail upon him to abandon his purpose of resigning, although they urged the impossibility of his doing any thing to serve the king in a private condition. His ends, however, were wise: this offer tended to remove any jealousy which the parliament-men might have conceived of him, and made them court him to continue in his command. It was a hazardous experiment, it must be confessed; but God had chosen him for his instrument to accomplish the good work; and, therefore, nothing was able to pluck it out of his hands. The result, which his friends deprecated, was prevented by the speaker, and certain other

members of the house, who agreed that the letter ought to be suppressed, because, if presented to the house, they could not but take him at his word. This proceeded from the fears they entertained of the English officers, and their desire to shelter themselves under the name of General Monk, whom they blazoned abroad as their supporter, and in whom they hoped to find a counterpoise to the authority of the others. But loyalty was the limit of his services; he was not the tool for their work; and if he ever seemed to trespass upon that limit, it was like Hushai, *trying to get into a station where he might have the best opportunity of serving his king.*

The officers of Lambert, after the defeat of Sir George Booth, stimulated by the ambition of their chiefs, who aspired to the same military authority as had not long before given laws to the nation, took upon them, at Derby, on the 11th of September, 1659, to debate the actions of their masters.—Their triumph over a few new raised men seems to have inspired them with higher hopes; "but pride goes before destruction, seldom do they miscarry that fear a fall." They censured the parliament for neglecting the means of making a lasting settlement of the nation, and especially for not prosecuting their own proposals. They drew up a petition containing many instructions to the house, and desiring them to invest Fleetwood and Lambert with ample authority over the army; which was, in other words, requesting parliament to raise an authority for the purpose of putting themselves down, and raising two competitors for the Protectorship. This scheme was too palpable to pass the house. Having got previous notice of the army's intentions, they had before expressed their detestation of these factious counsels, and they now voted it needless, dangerous, and chargeable, to have any more general officers. The army justified itself in a long apology, and in a second representation preferred many more insolent demands. At the same time, the officers endeavoured to strengthen themselves by procuring subscriptions to their representations, and, for that purpose, despatched copies to all the forces in the kingdom. A standing army, like a standing piece of water, will soon grow putrid and corrupt. The present one had become a body with interests distinct from those of the people, and, like Mamelukes, was resolved to govern.

General Monk resolved to have no share in their counsels, though they had attempted to conciliate his good will, by proposing him, in their petition, for general of infantry. He prohibited his officers from subscribing to the petition, and returned for answer, that many of his officers were not satisfied with their proceedings, and that he would not impose upon others that which he would not do himself. He wrote, also, to

XUM

the speaker, giving an account of this correspondence, and declaring his resolution not to engage in their violent counsels, but *to retain his officers in their obedience to the parliament.* This letter did not arrive till after the house had been dispersed by the army; but, as a friend observed to him, his refusal to subscribe would render him an object of jealousy to the officers of the other army; that he had passed the Rubicon, and must now sharpen his sword, and prepare for the English army. To this he answered, that, by the grace of God, he was resolved and ready.

The general's views were greatly promoted by two recent acts of the pretended parliament; one, declaring all levies of money, in whatever way, without the consent of the people first had in parliament, to be high treason; and the other, constituting seven commissioners to command the army, in which number was the general himself. These two acts served as two handles to take hold of;—by promulgating the one, and discharging the people of all taxes, he acquired popularity; and, by the other, his proceedings appeared to have the sanction of parliamentary authority.

The two acts came down to Scotland by the same post that brought intelligence of the forced dissolution of the house. Upon this, General Monk resolved to stand upon his own legs—to set up for himself—and to be no longer a journeyman to usurpers and traitors, but to serve his old and rightful master.

Hitherto, the general has appeared in the light of a great captain, whose exploits poets might sing, and posterity will be apt to call romance. He is now to show himself as wise as he was valiant—a statesman, whose prudent counsels, wary reserve, and politic addresses, ripened and matured a design, which none but himself could have carried into effect. It would almost make one despise the pedantry of books and the discipline of schools, to see a gentleman, bred amidst the noise of drums and trumpets, outwitting politicians, nursed from their infancy in the arts and habits of a civil life. The general's temper was well adapted to the business he had to conduct. He was of a disposition silent and reserved—one, that thought much, but said little, unless to those he knew and trusted. He had no spirit of contradiction, but would listen with patience and observation to all discourses, without making any cross replies; insomuch that he usually caused people to go away with a persuasion that they had obtained his assent to their proposals. Upon the whole, God did peculiarly fit him for the work he had to perform.

It may be right, in this place, to wipe away one or two aspersions, which some, that envy his glory, have cast upon his

memory. These persons are either such as could do the king no other service than drink healths and pour out oaths; or those that enjoy, it may be, great places and favours, without the qualification of merit, and who would, therefore, reduce all to the same level with themselves. These persons, then, confidently affirm, that he did not intend to bring the king back, but that the restoration was fortuitous, and the work of chance. In answer to this, I would adduce the testimony of the Right Reverend Father in God, Matthew, late Lord Bishop of Ely, who was his fellow-prisoner in the town, and to whom, upon taking his leave, and asking his episcopal benediction, he said, that he was now going against those bloody rebels in Ireland, but hoped he should one day do his majesty service against the rebels here. This the reverend prelate hath often testified with great joy and content, in the presence of many right honourable and right reverend lords of this land.

It would, I confess, make a man marvel, whence his great confidence could proceed. Being, at that time, but a puny colonel, and serving in a remote station, how could he expect to master the three kingdoms, and perform his promise? I must here crave leave to inform you, that one Dr. Laybourne, a Romish priest, came often to the tower to see the general, when the latter was prisoner there; and being asked by one of his friends, why he was at the trouble of visiting this Monk so often, replied, that, within a few years, this Monk would be the greatest man in the three nations. By what means Laybourne pretended to this foreknowledge, I cannot divine. I do not remember that he ever cast his nativity. Some are of opinion, he gathered it from the secret lines and marks of his face, which, though the general, doubtless, had a soldier-like and majestic countenance, is a circumstance which would render the story very incredible. To me, it is very doubtful, whether this vain prediction had any influence upon the general's conduct. I know, he never listened to these prognostics. He told me the story himself in Scotland,

But to leave this idle digression, and pursue the answer to the objection. They say, he did not intend the king's restoration, because he did not publicly declare his intention. These be wise statists, and fit to govern kingdoms. Is a man bound to publish what he intends to do? This is tavern-reasoning. Had the general acted upon it, and declared for the king in Scotland, whoever else might have restored his majesty, he would never have been able to effect it. Such a declaration would have associated against him all the recent purchasers of estates, all the innovators in religion, and all who had any cause to fear his majesty's return. It would have dissipated his own forces and strength, and those of England and Ireland. He

XUM

was pressed to do it, by many loyal persons; but he was aware that many, who were loyal, were not men with whom to embark his life and fortunes. Others also, who were suborned by the fanatics to sound him, assailed him on this head; and, in particular, pretended to advocate with him the cause of the secluded members. But it was all artifice. He carefully abstained from making any declaration in favour of the latter, well knowing that the other party looked upon the re-admission of these members as leading, of necessity, to the restoration of the king. He would not, therefore, declare himself, till he was in a situation to accomplish what he declared.

If it should be asked, why he did not sooner make his addresses to the king, I reply, he was too wise to trust his life and fortunes to the keeping of indigent courtiers. He knew too well how many there were—secret pensioners of the usurping powers,—who dipped their hand in the dish, with the king, and kissed him, with a *Hail, master;* yet betrayed him. Addresses from him to his majesty, promising his services to bring about the restitution of his majesty's rights, would not long have been confined to the cabinet, but, by means of little spies and intelligencers, would soon have flown abroad over England, and brought his own ruin along with it.

If any sober man require any further answer, his intention may be demonstrated, not only by the fact, that he did it as soon as he could, but also, that when he did it, he could have hindered it. *Nay, he was importuned by all Oliver's men, as well as the commonwealth party, in general, to accept the government, under what name, and with what power he pleased.* Among them were some of the most violent opposers of Oliver's government, who, then, pretended to see that there was no other basis on which to form a settlement, than the authority of a single person. Will it be said, that he did not intend to restore the king, because he did not declare for him, when he was a prisoner in the Tower? Why, truly, he was nothing but a prisoner, till he arrived in London, and had separated the forces that were quartered there, whose numbers were far greater than those of his own marching army. Those, who know the difficulty of dividing and separating those old confederated regiments, that had fought so long and so successfully together, will not be disposed to insist much upon this objection. Indeed, he had certainly miscarried, if he had not wrapped himself up in impenetrable secresy, and avoided, with the utmost jealousy, giving any cause for suspicion. It was on this ground alone, that his enemies could give him annoyance; and their only desire was, that he would adopt the very policy which these objectors would have recommended. For any dissatisfaction to the king's government and cause,

those about him knew he never had any reason. He himself, in 1657, told a friend at Dalkeith, that the king would be restored before the thirtieth year of his age; and being asked how he came to know it, replied, he had it from one that had cast his nativity. The other rejoined, that he also had heard something of a like nature, about the king's being restored by a *Monk*. Here some other persons entered the room, and the discourse was dropped.

If nothing but an express declaration in a king's behalf, could be understood to point out a king's friend, then Sir George Booth, whom every body knows to have been one, had no intentions in his majesty's favour, for he declared none. The addresses from the cities and counties made no mention of the king, they were only for a free and full parliament; yet none will question, that they sought this but as the means of his majesty's restoration. In like manner, the general masqued his real intentions, and waited for the proper opportunity to declare that which he had already intended.

Those who deny that the general had a full and constant purpose to restore his majesty, assert, that he was first led to entertain it, in consequence of the Rump's having voted from him his commission. These persons must be content to be better instructed in the passages of those times. The general never had any commission, but was supposed to act as one of the commissioners, being one of the seven. During the interruption, occasioned by the violence of the army, there was, indeed, sent him a kind of paper-commission, from some nine or ten of the council, who had no authority to grant any such commission; and even this became void, on the election of a new council of state. This was long before his arrival in London, and the commission was never renewed. After his retreat into the city, and declaration for a full and free parliament, they reduced by act, (as they called it) the seven commissioners to five, of whom the general was still one. The world must be strangely ignorant, when men dare to avow such gross untruths as have gone abroad in the diurnals. There was no loss of commission in the case, but just and resolute purposes of royalty.

It is supposed by some, that there was an oath taken in Scotland against his majesty's restoration—a falsehood, so boldly affirmed, as to make one marvel at the confidence of some men. During the four years of my residence in Edinburgh, I never heard of this oath; and, for that interval, can answer, that none such was propounded. Besides, what effect would it have had, but to render the Scots his determined enemies, and indispose them to assist him in his undertaking, when he treated with them for aid. It would have displeased,

XUM

also, his friends in England, who were in correspondence with him; for, though he maintained a profound silence, yet, as several can testify, he began to bestir himself, at the instigation of Sir John Grenville. There was, indeed, an engagement entered into by some persons upon the Rump's return to power; but many officers were left at liberty, as being thought to be sufficiently engaged by their commissions. As for the oath of abjuration, it was imposed only upon the council of state, of which the general was a member: but he always abhorred that oath, and dissuaded all his friends from taking it. They may, therefore, spare their charity, who, having put the general and his officers in this dilemma, that they must either be perjured, or never have intended the restoration, kindly suppose them guilty of the lesser crime. I commend the wisdom of these people, in disseminating their reports in the dark; otherwise, there are many disbanded Cold-streamers to instruct them in the truth, and teach them to abstain from scandals, reflecting upon the honour and conscience of so many generous persons.

But why should we listen to the testimony of drunkards, who never were worthy of trust in concerns even of the least importance, in opposition to the known services of the general? Their frothy discourse proceeds but from the vapours and foam of wine: for men in their cups will arrogate to themselves that which they never heard of till it was done. The conversion of some great persons is, uncharitably enough, attributed to the happy revolution in his majesty's affairs; but this could not be the case with the general, who began and concluded this great affair. Surely, *his* loyalty did not spring from his actions, but his actions from his loyalty.

To ascribe, as some do, the Restoration, which was under debate for years, and took months to execute, to the blind operations of chance, were to deny the divinity, and, like the fate of the Stoics, keep the world ever at a peradventure. To assert that the general took any suggestions from his brother, is to shew an entire ignorance of the characters of the two men.

It is an easy task to collect matter for defamation, even in the case of men the most reserved, for when a victim is to be offered up, any hedge will supply sticks for kindling the fire. The general, by his situation, was exposed to censure much more than other men, for it reduced him to the necessity of disobliging all factions in turn. The pretended purchasers of land, the officers of the disbanded army, dependants who laid claims to rewards on the score of imaginary services, and the poor royalists themselves, not over well pleased at the great favour he enjoyed, all united to assail his reputation, and revenge with their tongues the loss of their hopes. But

it will be found that malice connot plunder him, though dead, of the glory of his services to his king and country. Another age shall admire what this despises, and this age be despised for not admiring what is truly admirable. All truths are not fit for all times, but they will ripen and become easy of digestion.

Another objection urged against the general, is, that he betrayed his trust, and broke his word pledged for the support of a commonwealth, and for liberty of conscience. He could not betray any trust, for he had none. Formerly, indeed, he had held a commission under Oliver Cromwell; but this expired with his son, who allowed himself to be fooled out of the saddle. Afterwards, the Rump sent him down a commission, signed in some blind alehouse in London, when they durst not show their heads in the streets; but this he looked upon only as a letter, and not as any authority under which to act. His only commission, in truth, was that which he derived from the choice and consent of his officers, by whose vote he was determined in every transaction. As for the Rump, he exercised no control over them, gave them no disturbance; and had they been pleased to allow a free and frequent choice of representatives, and not thought fit to sit for ever within those walls, to tyrannize over the good people of England, they might have set up their commonwealth again. But to admit of a free and full parliament, was, they said, to bring in the king, because they knew the people of England were universally so inclined. Now, I would ask these objectors, when the City of London and all the counties of England, and even the very friends of the Rump themselves, made it their continual prayer that they might have such a parliament, else they would neither pay taxes, nor yield obedience, was the general to knock the people of England on the head, in order to keep some twenty regicides in power? It was clear, that nothing would satisfy the latter but to be allowed to rule for ever—which, so far from being the government of a commonwealth, would have been a pure and unmitigated tyranny. But the general came to restore freedom: nor was he then to submit to that which was absolute slavery?

The secluded members had forfeited their seats only by being too honest for their company; and after the force upon the house, by which those of the Rump had been excluded also, was removed, why were the latter to return without their brethren? He declared, indeed, for the parliament, but it was for a lawful parliament, in which the one had as fair a right to their seats as the other. The end of his appearing was to subject the military to the civil power: and when this was done, all those that had been under constraint naturally

resumed their rights,—the secluded members as well as the Rumpers. The general considered that, in restoring to the people their right of freely electing a parliament that might have established what government it pleased, *he had made good all his promises in behalf of a commonwealth.* And thanks be to God, the English are a free people, who enjoy the liberty of their persons, and the property of their estates; and on whom no laws or taxes can be imposed without their consent in parliament: and what can a commonwealth bestow beyond these privileges? *We are bound to remember our kings with love and gratitude, who have shewn this indulgence to their subjects.* Liberty is a name and a shadow: none so real as under a good prince—nay, one tyrant is more tolerable than four hundred.

As for the general's declaration in behalf of liberty of conscience, we know well enough what his endeavours were on this head, before the new laws were enacted. So far did he wade in that business, that he was under the necessity either of returning or endangering his own safety. But what liberty would these men have? They may serve God in their families—they may even have several friends to unite with them in their worship. "If they meant well," I have often heard the general say, "this was enough." How thankful to God would the poor Christians of Spain and Italy be for the same privileges! But our people think they have no liberty, unless they can raise tumults, and gather together great numbers of people, to debauch the loyal and obedient. What, I would ask, hath been the cause of the late indulgences but an intolerable insolence on the part of the vulgar towards the magistrates, tending to create new rebellion? And this was his own sense of the matter. I can see no reason, why these people should be angry with the general, except their own passions and prejudices. He did not contrive the laws against them: as a principal officer of the king, it was his duty to see them executed: but this he did with *much tenderness*, and they have no right to reproach him on this head.

But, to give a fuller answer—in all his public papers the general declared his intention to uphold the magistracy and ministry: and what could be understood by these *but the king and bishops*, the two sources of all civil and ecclesiastical power? He declared, that he would adhere to the laws and rights that had been purchased by the blood of our ancestors. The very expression that obliged the Lord Fairfax to join with him: and what could be meant by this, but the great Charter of England, which provides for the king's right as well as the subject's. In the declarations, indeed, that issued from the general councils of officers, there might be some

large and lavish expressions against the king's interest and restoration, but the general was not bound by them; and these very officers, afterwards, themselves petitioned the general to do what he did—bring in the secluded members and restore the king, as the only way left to settle the nation.

But grant that the general pretended ill, with the purpose of doing the greatest good; did not Hashai, by the direction of the man after God's own heart, deal in like manner with Absalom, without drawing upon himself the displeasure of Almighty God? Did not Abraham, under the necessity of self preservation, fall into the same error, if we may so term the conduct of the Father of the Faithful? To adduce the testimonies of divines who justify officious lies, would be only to trouble you with quotations, without satisfying ourselves, who desire to abstain from even the appearance of evil. Yet that Scripture, which prohibits us from doing evil that good may come, may well be mitigated in the present instance, since to do evil, and to pretend it, are different things; and the general had to do at that time with no rigid divines, but cunning politicians.

I would not be understood, however, to justify the general in all his actions, for we have learned from God himself, *that every man is vanity, and a great man is a lie.*

ART. VI.—*A Dissertation on the Pageants or Dramatic Mysteries, Anciently performed at Coventry by the Trading Companies of that City, chiefly with reference to the Vehicle, Characters, and Dresses of the Actors. Compiled in a great degree from sources hitherto unexplored. To which are added, the Pageant of the Shearmen and Taylor's Company. And other Municipal Entertainments of a Public Nature.* By Thomas Sharp. *Coventry: Published by Merridew and Son; sold also by Harding, Triphook, and Lepard; Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green; Nichols and Son, London: and J. Merridew, Warwick. MDCCCXXV. Quarto. pp.* 226. *Three Guineas.**

---

* We have, in this instance, and shall, in future, depart from our former practice, of noticing only such books as were *printed* before the commencement of this century. When the matter is purely *Retrospective*, and relates to either the literature or history of past times, an adherence to our old rule only narrows the interest of the Review, and cramps its influence over its legitimate province.—ED.

The interesting subject of the ancient Mysteries and Moralities has been introduced to the readers of the Retrospective Review, in an article in our first volume on the Chester Mysteries, and subsequently in occasional notices of the early English Drama. An historical and philosophical inquiry into the rise and progress of poetical dialogue, public recitation, and dramatic representation, is a desideratum in our literature which presents a noble field of discovery and reflection. It is intimately connected with history, in the illustration it affords of the manners and opinions of our ancestors, and of the successive forms and changes of the national religion.

At present, the materials for such a work are buried or scattered in the manuscripts of our public libraries and municipal records, and in the various early typographical and provincial works, which partially notice the local public representation of the early drama. Some valuable collections and criticisms have been made by Hawkins, Dodsley, Dr. Warton, Dr. Burney, Ritson, Malone, and several learned editors of our ancient popular poetry and standard plays; and some important contributions have also been recently published by Mr. Markland, in the *Chester Mysteries*, and in the *Judicium*, a pageant extracted from the Towneley manuscript of ancient mysteries. With the greatest respect, however, for the patronage afforded to literature by the Roxburgh Club, and for the recondite researches of the Antiquarian Society, we must pronounce that very little has been achieved towards the full discovery and illustration of the early periods of the British Stage. But we cannot, with justice, forego the opportunity of noticing, that the most laborious and ingenious addition to the general history of the Ancient Mysteries has been given by Mr. Hone, in his volume on the English Miracle Plays, and Ecclesiastical Shows:* and in this late but deserved tribute of praise, to the talent and various acquirements of this singular writer, we trust, that the rancour of political party spirit will never extinguish the more generous display of literary integrity towards the character of a man of letters, as distinct from that of the politician.

The ancient city of Coventry is rich in the antiquarian lore and remains of its numerous Religious Houses, and in the

---

* Ancient Mysteries described, especially the English Miracle Plays, founded on Apocryphal and Testament story, extant among the unpublished manuscripts in the British Museum; including notices of Ecclesiastical Shows—The Festivals of Fools and Asses—The English Boy Bishop—The Descent into Hell—The Lord Mayor's Show—The Guildhall Giants—Christmas Carols, &c. By William Hone. London, Oct. 1823.

curious contents of the Corporation chest. Tradition and superstition have consecrated the ground of Coventry; and, from our childhood, we have been acquainted with the legends and ballads (screamed out by one-eyed mendicants) of that "most devout and beautiful Lady Godiva," who, patriotically, upon a certain day," rode on horseback, with the sole *dishabille* of her long flowing hair covering her person, and of Peeping Tom, whose curiosity was miraculously punished in the loss of his eyes: of the municipal privileges consequent on this self-devotion, and that—

> I Lurick for the Love of thee,
> Do make Coventry Toll free.

That Coventry was pre-eminently celebrated for the Corpus Christi Plays, is evident from the following lines in Heywood's old Interlude of the 4 Ps.

> For as good hap would have it chaunce,
> This devil and I were of olde acquaintance;
> For oft, in the play of Corpus Christi,
> He hath play'd the devil at Coventrie.

Dugdale, in that admirable topographical work, the *History of Warwickshire*, records the celebrity of Coventry for these imposing exhibitions. We transcribe the entire passage, as Dugdale first wrote it, in his autograph copy, preserved at Merevale, the residence of his descendant, Dugdale Stratford Dugdale, Esq. the present member for the county.*

"Before y^e^ suppression of the Monasteries, this Cittye was very famous for the pageants that were play'd therein upon *Corpus Christi* day. These pageants were acted w^th.^ mighty state and reverence by the fryers of this House, and conteyned the story of the New testament w^ch^ was composed into old english Rime. The Theatres for the severall scenes were very large and high, and being placed upon wheeles, were drawne to all the eminent places of the Cittye, for y^e^ better advantage of the Spectators. In that incomparable Library belonging to Sir Thomas Cotton, there is yet one of the bookes w^ch^ perteyned to this pageant, entitled *Ludus Corporis Christi*. or *Ludus Coventriæ*. I my selfe have spoke w^th.^ some old people who

* The manuscripts have been recently arranged in six folio volumes, with a seventh of Arms and Monuments, by Mr. Hamper. We are glad to see announced for publication, by that eminent and indefatigable Antiquarian, the Life and Correspondence of Dugdale. On their publication, we intend giving an article on the works of Dugdale.

had in their younger yeares bin eye witnesses of these pageants soe acted; from whom I have bin told that the confluence of people from farr and neare to see that Shew was extraordinary great, and yeilded noe small advantage to this Cittye."

The public representation of its Pageants and Religious Mysteries attracted great multitudes to the city, and many of our Sovereigns, with their feudal suites and trains of nobility, have come expressly to witness the performances. Besides the Corpus Christi Plays, many instances occur of pageants exhibited on occasion of these royal visits to the city, appropriate to the personages so received, and of which, very interesting and detailed accounts are given by Mr. Sharp, from the MS. annals and Leet books of the city.

At these motley congregations of spectators and auditors, John Bull's ancient and pugnacious propensity to rioting was frequently displayed. The virulence of private disputes in these ill-governed times often burst out into fatal conflict. The MS. annals of the city thus record a serious affray which happened on Corpus Christi Eve, 1447. "This year was a great Fray on Corpus Christi Eve, between Sir Humphrey Stafford and Sir Richard Harcourt, when Sir Humphrey's son was slain, with many others on both sides. The fray was about Broad Gate."—In the fourth letter of that curious collection published by Sir John Fenn, called the "Pastor Letters," a very singular detailed account is given of this "fray." We give it in its "venerable orthography."—

"To my worschypful and reverent Lord John Vicont Beaumont.

"Rygth worschyptull and my reverent and most espesial Lord y recomaund me un to your good grace in the most humble and lowly wyse that y canne or may desyryng to her of your prosperite and well fare as to my most syngeler joy and spesiall comfort. And gyf hyt plees your hygnes as towchyng the soden aventeur that fell latly at Coventre plees hyt your Lordshyp to her that on Corpus Christi even last passed be twene viij and ix of the clok at afternon Syr Umfrey Stafford had browth my mayster Syr James of Urmond toward hys yn from my Lady of Shrewesbery and returned from hym toward hys yn he met w^t^ Syr Robert Harcourt comyng from hys moder toward hys yn and passed Syr Umfrey, and Richard hys son came somewhat be hynd, and when they met to gyder they fell in handes togyder and Sir Robert smot hym a grette stroke on the hed w^t^ hys sord and Richard w^t^ hys dagger hastely went toward hym and as he stombled on of Harcourts men smot hym in the bak w^t^ a knyfe men wotte not ho hytt was reddely, hys fader hard noys and rode toward hem and hys men ronne befor hym thyderward and in the goyng downe of hys hors on he wotte not ho be hynd hym smot hym on the hede w^t^ a nege tole men know not w^t^ us w^t^ what wepone that he fell downe and hys son fell downe be fore hym as goode as dede. And all thys was don as

men sey in a Pater-noster wyle. And forth w^t^ Syr Umfrey Stafford men foloed after and slew ij men of Harcowrttus on Swynerton and Bradshawe and mo ben hurt. Sum ben gonne and sum ben in pryson in the Jayl at Coventre. And before the Coroner of Coventre up on the sygth of the bodies ther ben endited as Prynsipall for the deth of Richard Stafford, Syr Robert Harcourt and the ij men that ben dede. And for the ij men of Harcourts that ben dede ther ben endited ij men of Syr Umfrey as Prynsipall. And as gytte ther hath ben no thyng fownden before the Justice of the Pees of Coventre of thys riot be caws the Shereffe of Warwyk shyre is dede and they may not sytt in to the tyme ther be a new Shreve. And all thys myschef fell be cawse of an old debate that was betwene heme for takyng of a dystres as hyt is told. And all myghty Jhu preserve yowr hye astat my spesiall Lord and send yow long lyve and good hele. Wryten at Coventre on tewusday next after Corpus Christi day, &c.

Be yowr own pore S^r^vant
John Northwod."*

The ensuing extract from Barnabe Googe's translation of what Naogeorgus has, in his "Popish Kingdom," said upon the ceremonies of Corpus Christi day, fol. 53 b, will be read with interest here, being an apposite commentary upon the preceding account of the observance of that festival at Coventry:—

"Then doth ensue the solemne feast of Corpus Christi Day,
Who then can shewe their wicked use, and fonde and foolish play?
The hallowed bread, with worship great, in silver Pix they beare
About the Church, or in the Citie passing here and theare.
His armes that beares the same, two of the welthiest men do holde,
And over him a Canopey of silke and cloth of golde
Foure others use to beare aloufe, least that some filthie thing
Should fall from hie, or some mad birde hir doung thereon should fling.
Christes passion here derided is, with sundrie maskes and playes,
Faire Ursley, with hir maydens all, doth passe amid the wayes:

---

* As an illustration of ancient manners, in some measure connected with the event above related, the following extract is given from a series of local regulations, enacted at the Leet in Coventry, on the 25th January, 1420:—

"Allso we com'aund that no man of town ne of contrey draw no swerd ne knyfe to odur ne non othur wepon up' the peyn of xl^d.^ at ev'y trespas but if hit be hym self defendant: and if he smyte w^t^ a swerd or a knyfe drawyn he schall pay half a m'ke at ev'y trespas to the Baylyffs but if [unless] hit be hym self defendant. Allso we com'auud th^t^ ev'y hosteler warn hur geestys that they leve hur wepons w^t^in h^r^ Innes but if he be a knyght or a squyer that may have a swerd bor'n aft^r^ hym up' the peyn of xl^d.^ at ev'ry trespas."—*Leet Book, fo.* 3.

And, valiant George, with speare thou killest the dreadfull dragon here,
The Devil's house is drawne about, wherein there doth appere
A wondrous sort of damned sprites, with foule and fearefull looke,
Great Christopher doth wade and passe with Christ amid the brooke:
Sebastian full of feathred shaftes, the dint of dart doth feele
There walketh Kathren, with hir sworde in hande, and cruel wheele:
The Challis and the singing Cake with Barbara is led,
And sundrie other Pageants playde, in worship of this bred,
That please the foolish people well, what should I stande upon
Their Banners, Crosses, Candlesticks, and reliques many on,
Their Cuppes, and carved Images, that Priestes, with count'nance hie,
Or rude and common people, beare about full solemlie?
Saint John before the bread doth go, and poynting towardes him,
Doth shew the same to be the Lambe that takes away our sinne:
On whom two clad in Angels shape do sundrie flowres fling,
A number great of sacring Belles with pleasant sounde doe ring.
The common wayes with bowes are strawde, and every streete beside,
And to the walles and windowes all, are boughes and braunches tide.
The Monkes in every place do roame, the Nonnes abrode are sent,
The Priestes and schoolmen lowde do rore, some use the instrument.
The straunger passing through the streete, upon his knees doe fall;
And earnestly upon this bread, as on his God, doth call.
For why, they counte it for their Lorde, and that he doth not take
The forme of flesh, but nature now of breade that we do bake.
A number great of armed men here all this while doe stande,
To looke that no disorder be, nor any filching hande:
For all the Church goodes out are brought, which certainly would bee
A bootie good, if every man might have his libertee."

The volume opens with a short introductory dissertation on the pageants or dramatic mysteries, anciently performed at Coventry. The subsequent illustrations, industriously collected from local documents, shew that the inhabitants did not confine themselves to the annual routine of pageants at Corpus Christi, but sometimes changed the subject of the pageants exhibited by a particular company. A minute history and description of those pageants put forth by the companies, whose ancient books are yet in existence, is then given, and considerable light thrown on the subject of mysteries and moralities, by the extract of entries in the account books of the Smiths' and Cappers' companies.—Those of the former company are first noticed. The dialogue of the play is lost, as unfortunately are the play books of all the other companies, except the Shearman and Taylors'. The subject of the Smiths' pageant was the trial, condemnation, and crucifixion of Christ, as will appear

from the following list of characters, machinery, dresses, &c., collected from various entries of pageant charges.—The vulgar freedom taken with the sacred characters, is a singular and amusing proof how much the offence of "blasphemy" is dependant on the changes of national customs and on our early associations :—

Characters in the Smiths' Pageant.

God, (sometimes Jesus)
Cayphas
Heroude
Pilate's Wife [pcula, *i. e.* Procula]
The Beadle, (sometimes the Porter)
The Devil
Judas
Peter and Malchus
Anna, (sometimes Annas)
Pilate
Pilate's Son
2 Knights
4 Tormentors
2 Princes—[Anno. 1490 only.]

Machinery, &c.

The Cross with a Rope to draw it up and a Curtain hanging before it.
Gilding the Pillar and the Cross.
2 Pair of Gallows.
4 Scourges and a Pillar.
Scaffold.
Fanes to the Pageant.
Mending of Imagery.—(Occurs 1469.)
A Standard of red Buckram.
Two Red Pensils of Cloth painted and silk Fringe.
Iron to hold up the Streamer.

Dresses, &c.

4 Gowns and 4 Hoods for the tormentors.—(These are afterwards described as Jackets of black buckram with nails and dice upon them.) and other gowns with damask flowers; also 2 Jackets party Red and Black.
2 Mitres (for Caiphas and Annas.)
A Rochet for one of the Bishops.
God's Coat of White Leather (6 Skins.)
A Staff for the demon.
2 Spears.
Gloves (12 pair at once.)
Herod's Crest [Helmet ?] of Iron.
Scarlet Hoods and a Tabard.
Hats and Caps—Straw Hats.
Cheverel] chevelure, Peruke] for God.
3 Cheverels and a Beard.
2 Cheverels gilt for Jesus and Peter.
Faulchion for Herod (gilt.)
Scarlet Gown.
Maces.

XUM

Girdle for God.
a new sudere [the *veronica*] to god vij$^{d.}$
a seldall [settle or seat] for god xij$^{d.}$
Sceptres for Herod and his son.
Poll axe for Pilates Son.

In the article of music, the trumpet only occurs in 1584, and the bagpipe in the same year. Minstrels is a common entry, and the wayts are paid for "piping." A very curious account is then given of the pageant expenses, from an entry for 1490, but the details are too long for quotation, The following items, however, of "the expens of the furste reherse of our players in ester weke" would not suit the high prices now popular with the country gentlemen, or the modern tastes of the Covent Garden and Drury Lane green-rooms: Mr. Elliston, we guess, would not like to drink wine (and water) at twopence a quart:

Inprimis in Brede	iiij^{d}	
Item in Ale	viij^{d}	
Item in kechyn	xiij^{d}	
Item in Vynegre	j^{d}	Sm^{a} ij ij^{d}
Item for ix galons of Ale . . .	xviij^{d}	
Item for a Rybbe of befe & j gose .	vj^{d}	
Item for kechyn to den^{r} & sopp .	ij^{s} ij^{d}	
Item for a Rybbe of befe . . .	iiij^{d}	
Item for a quarte of wyne . .	ij^{d} ob.	

Some probable conjectures are then given as to the nature of the pageant-vehicles on which these plays were represented. Dugdale describes them as "Theatres very large and high, placed upon Wheels," and Archdeacon Rogers, who died 1569, and saw the Witsun Plays performed at Chester, gives the following minute account :*

"The maner of these playes weare, every company had his pagiant, or p'te, wth pageants weare a high scafolde† with 2 rowmes, a higher and a lower, upon 4 wheeles. In the lower they apparelled themselves, and in the higher rowne they played, beinge all open on the tope, that all behoulders might heare and see them. The places where they played them was in every streete. They begane first at the Abay gates, and when the first pagiante was played, it was wheeled to the highe

* Harl. MSS. 1948, fol. 48.

† We have an early allusion to these vehicles in Chaucer, of whose jolly clerk Absolon he writes

Sometime to shew his lightnesse and maistrie
He plaieth Herode on a *shaffolde hie.*

crosse before the Mayor, and so to every streete, and soe every streete had a pagiant playinge before them at one time, till all the pagiantes for the daye appoynted weare played, and when one pagiant was neere ended, worde was broughte from streete to streete, that soe they mighte come in place thereof, excedinge orderlye, and all the streetes have their pagiantes afore them all at one time playeinge togeather; to se w'ch playes was great resorte, and also scafoldes and stages made in the streetes in those places where they determined to playe their pagiantes."

Another MS. of Archdeacon Rogers, a transcript of which has been given by Mr. Markland, contains in some instances a more clear and copious account of the Chester performances, and those parts are given below :—

"The manner of which playes was thus: they weare divided into 24 pagiantes according to the companyes of the Cittie & every companye brought forthe their pagiant w^{ch} was the cariage or place w^{ch} the played in. And thei first beganne at the Abbaye gates, & when the the firste pagiante was played at the Abbaye gates then it was wheled from thense to Pentice, at the hyghe Crosse, before the Maior, & before that was donne the seconde came,—and the first went into the Watergate Streete, from thense unto the Bridge Streete, and so one after an other, till all the pagiantes weare played appoynted for the firste daye, & so likewise for the seconde & the thirde daye—these pagiantes or carige was a highe place made like a howse with 2 rowmes, beinge open on the tope—the lower rowme theie apparrelled & dressed themselves, & the higher rowme theie played, & thei stoode upon VI wheeles, & when the had donne with one cariage in one place theie wheled the same from one streete to another."

Various charges in the pageant-accounts, demonstrate that at Coventry, as at Chester, it was customary to have scaffolds or stages for the accommodation of spectators; and from the different items it appears that the "scaffolds" for the audience were placed on wheels, and moved with the pageant. Two annual rehearsals, in Easter and Whitsun weeks, seem to have been usual to perfect the performers and managers in their respective parts. The Cappers' company, in 1584, on producing a new pageant, had no fewer than five rehearsals. The following items point out the various places where the rehearsals took place; but the dignity of a barn-player would now "strike for wages" at the insult of such scanty remuneration :—

1466.—Item in expens' at the rehers in the pke . . . . . iiij^{d}
1576.—pd for sent marye hall to reherse there . . . . . ij^{d}
1579.—pd to the plears rehersying in the palys . . . . . xij^{d}
1584.—payde the players at the last Reherse in Seint Nicholas hall . iij^{d}

Another description of pageant was contemporaneous with, and long survived the Religious Mysteries, viz. the Gratulatory,

Pageants, in honour of illustrious individuals. These latter were generally of an allegorical nature, and, in their earlier use, had speeches assigned to the respective characters; but in many instances, more especially after the Mysteries were discontinued, the personifications were altogether dependant upon dress and symbols. A detailed account of pageants of this description is given in a subsequent division of the work, p. 145, some extracts from which we shall introduce.

The MS. annals of the city state, that the king and nobles, in 1416, took great delight in the pageants which were exhibited. The occasion of their sojourn at Coventry was a parliament at that time held in the Priory; but as no particulars of the pageants are given, it is probable that they were only the customary Mysteries.

A copious and minute account of a splendid series of pageants, prepared for the reception of Queen Margaret, and exhibited when she visited the City in 1455, is contained in the curious and valuable ancient Leet Book, and is inserted verbatim et literatim by Mr. Sharp. The King and Queen came to Coventry, and lay at the Priory; on which occasion, 50 marks were given to her majesty. We can afford room but for one extract:—

"Mem. that the demene & rule that was made and shewed un to oure soverayn lady the quene at Coventre was thus as it foloweth yn wrytyng that is for to sey furst at Bablake there was made a Jesse * on the yate right well [arayed] and there were shewed too speeches as foloweth. Fol. 168 b

YSAY Princes most excellent born of blode riall
Chosen quene of this region comforte to all hus
Wordes to yo^{r} magnificens woll I say thus
I Ysay replete w^{t} y^{e} spirite propheticall
like as mankynde was gladdid by the birght of Jesus
So shall this empyre joy the birthe of yo^{r} bodye
The knyghtly curage of prince Edward all men shall joy to se

JEREMY Empress quene princes excellent in on person all iij
I Jeremy y^{e} prophete trew thies wordes of you wyll say
this reme shall joye the blessed tyme of y^{r} nativyte
the mellyflue mekenes of yo^{r} person shall put all wo away
unto the rote of Jesse rote likkyn you well I may
the fragrante floure sprongen of you shall so encrece & spredde
that alle the world yn ich pity shall cherisshe hym love & drede

"Afturward with inne the yate at the est yende of the chirche was

* The figure of Jesse, as the root or stock from which Christ descended.

sette a pagent right well arayed & therein was shewed ij speches on of seynt Edward & the other of Seynt John Evangelist as foloweth

Fol. 169

S. EDWARD Moder of mekenes dame margarete princes most excellent
I kyng Edward welcome you w^t affeccion right cordiall
Certefying to yo^r highnes mekely myn entent
for the wele of the kyng & you hertely pray I shall
and for prince Edward my gostly chylde whom I love principall
P'ying the John evangelist my helpe therein to be
On that condicion right humbly I gif this ryng to the.

JOHN EVANG' Holy Edward crownyd kyng brothur in Virginyte
my power playnly I wyll prefer thi wyll to amplifye
Most excellent princes of Wymen mortall yo^r bedeman wyll I be
I knowe yo^r lyf so vertuus that god is plesyd therby
the birth of you un to this reme shall cause grete melody
the vertuus voyce of prince Edward shall dayly well encrese
Seynt Edward his godfader & I shall pray therefore dowtelesse."

The second occasion of a royal visit, recorded in the City Leet Book, is that of Prince Edward, April 28, 1474, as follows :—

Receavynge Prynce Edwarde. Fol. 221.

" Memorand that the xxviij^th day of the Moneth of Aprill cam oure lorde prince Edward out of walys so by Warrewyk to Coventre and the Meire & his brethern w^t the divisions of Cominalte of the seide Citie clothed in Grene and Blewe metyng oure seid lorde Prince upon horsbake by yonde the New Crosse in a Chare beyng of Age of iij yere ther welcomyng hym to hys Chaumb'r and geyving hym ther a C mark in a gilt coppe of xv Ounces w^t a kerchyff of Plesaunce upon the seid Coppe And then comyng in to [the] Citie and at Babulake gate ther ordeyned a stacion therin beyng Kyng Richard w^t xiij other arrayed lyke as Dukes Marquisses Erles Vicouns and Barons & lordis w^t mynstrallcy of the Wayts of the Cite and kyng Richard ther havyng this speche her ffolowyng

REX RIC'US Welcome full high and nobull Prince : to us right speciall
To this yo^r chaumb'r : so called of Antiquite
The presens of yo^r noble person : reioyseth yo^r harts all
We all mowe blesse the tyme : of yo^r Nativite
The right lyne of the Royall blode : ys now as itt schulde be
Wherfore god of his goodnes : preserve you in bodily helth
To us and yo^r tenauntes * here : perpetuall ioy : and to all londis welth."

* Tenants of the Prince (as Duke of Cornwall) within his Manor of Cheylsmore, in Coventry.

XUM

The MS. annals record, that Prince Edward came first to Coventry this year, and had 100 marks and a cup given him; that his house was kept at Cheylsmore, and that the gracious prince was one of the godfathers to the mayor's child. He remained in the city till the 3rd of May, and the form of an oath of allegiance and fidelity taken on that day by the mayor and aldermen, is preserved in the Leet book.

The next loyal exhibition of this nature was for the reception of Prince Arthur, in 1498, many entertaining particulars of which are derived from the same authority. We can give only two poetical specimens, and indeed we cannot speak very highly of the City Laureats of Coventry: their manufacture of poetry is by no means so celebrated as that of ribbons; although, doubtless, the royal families repaid their poetical fervour with a corresponding quantity of privileges and charters:—

"And the crosse * in the croschepyng was garnysshed & wyne ther rennyng and angels sensyng & syngyng with Orgayns and other melody &c. And at the Cundyt ther was seynt George kyllyng the dragon and seynt George had this speche folowyng

O most sovraign lorde be divyne provission to be
The ruler of cruell Mars & kyng Insuperable
Ye reioyce my corage trustyng hit to se
That named am George yo^{r} patron favorable
To whom ye ar & ever shal be so acceptable
That in felde or cite wher so ever ye rayne
Shall I nev^{r} fayle yewe thus is my purpose playne
To protect yo^{r} magnyficence myself I shall endever
In all thyngs that yo^{r} highnes shall concerne
Mor tenderly then I git did ever
Kyng Duke yerle lorde also berne [baron]
As ye be myn assistence in processe shall lerne
Which thurgh yo^{r} vertue most amorous knyght
I owe to yo^{r} presence be due & very right
Like wyse as this lady be grace I defended
That thurgh myschaunce chosen was to dye
Fro thys foule serpent whom I sor wonded

---

* In the Chamberlains' Accounts, made up Anno 1499, are these items:—

It. p'd for settyng of the posts in the croschepyng when the kyng was here, in gret ..... ij^{s}

It. p'd for takyng down of the same posts a geyn ..... x^{d}

It. for pavyng in the croschepyng ther as the posts stode, of viij yards ..... viij^{d}

So ye in distresse preserve ever woll I
Fro all parell and wyked veleny
That shuld yo^{r} noble persone in eny wyse distrayn
Which welcome is to this yo^{r} chamb'r & to me right fayn

" And this Balet was song at the Crosse

Vivat le prynce Arthur.

Ryall prince Arthur ——
Welcome newe tresur —— to this yo^{r} cite
W^{t} all our hole Cur ——

Sithen in vertue der ——
Lorde ye have no per —— as all we may see
Of yo^{r} age tend'r ——

Cunyng requyred ——
All hath contrived —— yo^{r} intelligence
And so receyved ——

That yngland all playn——
Maye now be right fayn —— to their extollence
Yewe longe to remayn——

Syng we ther foll all——
Also let us call —— that he yewe defend
To God immortall——

In this breve beyng ——
Your astate supportyng —— to yo^{r} lyfes yend
And vertue ay spredyng ——

In 1510, Henry VIII. and his then queen visited Coventry; upon which occasion, three pageants were set forth, viz. one at Jordan Well, with nine orders of angels; one at Broad Gate, with divers beautiful damsels; and another at the Cross, with a goodly stage play. A very brief account, preserved in the MS. Annals of the City, is the only notice that remains of them; but, doubtless, the customary odes and addresses, and loyal unction, were poured over their majesties by the mayor, aldermen, and citizens, a class of lieges whose vials of effervescent loyalty were then, as often times in modern days, emptied without much mercy or discrimination.

In 1525, the Lady Mary, eldest daughter of Henry VIII., came to Coventry, and, we are told, lay at the Priory, where she remained two days. The mercers' pageant was gallantly trimmed, and stood in Cross Cheaping. At her going away, one hundred marks and a kerchief were presented to her. This account

from the MS. is all that is recorded, except some items in the Trinity Guild accounts, which shew that the public bodies of the city, religious, probably, as well as civil, were assembled to do her honour.

The next and last royal visit to the city, attended with a display of pageants, was that of Queen Elizabeth, in 1565, a particular account of which is recorded in the MS. Annals. It is also fully extracted in Nichols's *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*.*

We must return to a rapid notice of the pageants of the different companies. The *Dramatis Personæ* are now only to be made out from the items of charges for their wardrobes. Among the characters represented in the smiths' pageant, the first in the list is GOD, or, as it is sometimes more correctly expressed, *Jesus*.† The following are the principal entries describing the dress of character:—

---

* The splendid entertainment of this queen, and the gorgeous public shews which were given in her honour, at Kenilworth, are well known and described in that singular tract, "*A Letter whearin part of the Entertainment untoo the Queenz Majesty, at Killingwoorth Castl, in Warwick Sheer, in this Soomerz Progrest* 1575, *iz signified: from a freend officer attendant in the Coourt, unto hiz freend a Citizen and Merchaunt of London.*" See also *Kenilwoorth Illustrated*, a folio volume of graphic and literary illustrations, of which Mr. Sharp is the reputed Editor.

† The confusion of the persons of the Holy Trinity arising from the old pictorial designs and mysteries. A splendid picture, by Rubens, of Ignatius Loyola, represents the founder of the Jesuits contemplating this mystery in rapture. His uplifted eyes are fixed on the letters I. H. S. blazing in the centre of a flame of fire. These awful initials, still placed on the pulpits and altar pieces of Protestant Churches, denote neither Trinity nor Unity; they only exemplify the mistakes of the early manuscript writers.

This is shewn by Mr. Casley, in his preface to the *Catalogue of the King's MSS.* (p. xxiii.) he says, that, in *Latin* MSS. the *Greek* letters of the word Christus, as also Jesus, are always retained, except that the terminations are changed according to the Latin language. Jesus is written I. H. S., or in small characters i. h. s., which is the Greek Ι Η Σ, or ι η ς, an abbreviation of ιησους. However, the scribes knew nothing of this for a thousand years before the invention of printing; for, if they had, they would not have written i h s. for ιησους; but they ignorantly copied, after one another, such letters as they found put for those two words: nay, at length, they pretended to find *Jesus Hominum Salvator* comprehended in the word I H S; which is another proof that they took the middle letter to be *h*, not η. The dash also over the word, which is a sign of abbreviation, some have changed to the sign of the cross.

1451.—It' payed for vj skynnys of whitleder to godds garment . . . . . xviij^{d}
It' payed for makyng of the same garment . . . x^{d}
1553.—It' payd for v schepskens for gods & coot for makyng . . . . . iij^{s}
1498.—It' payd for mendyng a cheverel for god and for sowyng of gods kote of leddur and for makyng of the hands to the same kote . . . . . xiij^{d}
1490.—It' a cheveral gyld for Ihe.*
1565.—pd for payntyng & gyldyng (inter alia) gods cote.
pd for a gyrdyll for god . . . . . iij^{d}
1501.—It' pd ffor a newe sudere for god . . . . . vij^{d}
1560.—Item for a selldall for god . . . . . xij^{d}

All the different characters are suitably attired, though without much respect for probability or chronology. The anachronisms are much the same as the scenic representations of Abraham shooting Isaac with a double-barrelled Birmingham gun, and Apollo playing on a Cremona fiddle. The DEVIL was a very favourite and prominent character in the religious mysteries; he was introduced as often as was decently practicable; and it is not a little amusing to trace his modern biography and the brimstone descriptions so common in our popular conventicles, in these mimic representations.

> "But bad as he is, the DEVIL may be abused,
> Be falsely charged and causelessly accused!"

The following is the account of this gentleman's habiliments:—

1451.—Item payd for the demon's garment makyng & the stof . . . . . v^{s} iij^{d} ob.
Item payd for collyryng of the same garment . . viij^{d}
1477.—Item for mendyng the demons garment (inter alia)
Item for newe ledder to the same garment . . . xxij^{d}
1494.—Item paid to Wattis for dressyng of the devells hede viij^{d}
1490.—Item the devyls hede (repaired)
1498.—It' paid for peynttyng of the demones hede (inter alia)
1567.—Item payd for a stafe for the demon . . . . . iiij^{d}

Satan has certainly met with more civil description in later

---

* This cheverel, or false hair, (peruke) in 1490, described to have been gilt, is consistent with the fashion of Mary, Queen of Scots, and Elizabeth, who are reported to have worn, occasionally, fine gold-dust in their hair: this was, probably, some cheap lacker in imitation of the *haut ton* practice.

XUM

times. A recent military writer says, that at the Lisbon theatre, in a piece called the *Creation of the World*, the Devil appears in a dancing quadrille of infernal spirits, dressed in black, with scarlet stockings, and a gold-laced hat. In the Banes to the Chester plays, 1600, their Devil is thus described :—

> " The Devill in his fethers, all ragger and rent."

The Devil appears to have been much better known in those days. *We* moderns can boast no personal acquaintance with him, with his tail, his barbed tongue, or his prong, and no knowledge of him save what we learn from black-letter books and the Latin poem *Querela*, translated by the father of Crashaw the poet, under the title of " *The Complaint, or Dialogue betwixt the Soule and the Bodie of a Damned Man; each laying the fault upon the other.*" (London, 1616, 24mo.) One further description only of this important person we will quote from the conversation between Hodge and Gammer, in Gammer Gurton's Needle :

> *Gam* :—But Hodge had he no horns to push?
> *Hodg* :—As long as your two armes. Saw ye never fryer Rushe
> Painted on cloth, with a side long cowe's tayle,
> And crooked cloven feet, and many a hoked nayle?
> For al the world (if I should judg) chould reckon him his brother;
> Loke, even what face frier Rush had, the devil had such another."

We pass over the well-known descriptions of Hell Mouth, (hell was not very deep at Coventry, as three fathoms of cord would bottom it) the demons, the earthquake,* and all the rude paraphernalia of the scenery.

The only play extant, that of the guild and company of shearmen and taylors, is re-printed with a singular fidelity, which, as in other instances, we cannot for want of type imitate. This guild was founded in honour of the Nativity, and took for the subject of their pageant, the Birth of Christ and offering of the Magi, with the Flight into Egypt and Murder of the Innocents. We have no space for those extracts, which would enable our readers to judge of the nature of the plot

---

* " On the evening of Good Friday," says Southey, in his Letters from Spain and Portugal, " I went to the new Convent, to witness the rending of the veil of the Temple, and hear a Portuguese Sermon. The *Earthquake* was represented by a noise like scuffling of feet." Vol. ii. p. 181.

XUM

and the poetry; and must, therefore, content ourselves with extracting the following songs:—

Theise Songes

BELONGE TO

THE TAYLORS AND SHEAREMENS PAGANT.

THE FIRST AND THE LASTE THE SHEPHEARDS SINGE
AND THE SECOND OR MIDDLEMOST THE WOMEN SINGE.

Thomas Mawdycke

die decimo tertio Maij anno dñi millessimo quingentesimo nonagesimo primo, Praetor fuit ciuitatis Couentriae D. Mathaeus Richardson tunc Consules Johanes Whitehead & Thomas Grauener.

SONG I.

As I out rode this enderes night
Of thre ioli sheppardes I saw a sight
And all a bowte there fold a star shone bright
They sange terli terlow
So mereli the sheppards ther pipes can blow

SONG II.

Lully lulla thᵉ littell tiné child
By by lully lullay thᵉ littell tyné child
By by lully lullay

O sisters too how may we do
For to preserve thⁱˢ day
This pore yongling for whom we do singe
By by lully lullay

Herod the king in his raging
Chargid he hath this day
His men of might in his owne sight
All yonge children to slay

That woe is me pore child for thee
And ever morne and say
For thi parting nether say nor singe
By by lully lullay

SONG III.

Doune from heaven from heaven so hie
Of angeles th^{e} came a great companie
W^{t} mirthe and ioy and great solemnitye
Thé sange terly terlow
So mereli the sheppards th^{e} pipes can blow.

We are also reluctantly obliged to omit altogether the interesting descriptions and accounts of the processions on Corpus Christi Day, Midsummer and St. Peter's Eves; of the "Judas Torches," the "Cressets," the "Streamers," the "Giants," and all the minute pomp and circumstance of the pageants. The volume abounds with ingenious illustrations of many of those national and local customs, which are among the happiest associations of our younger years, the minstrels, waits, and puppets, which our infant feelings welcomed in their turn.

By the records of these companies, we find that the exhibition of these pageants first ceased or intermitted during the years 1580, 1, 2, 3. The clergy, about this period, became hostile to the public performance of the sacred dramas; and the higher orders of society and men in power had embraced protestantism. The people were occasionally gratified by the revival of the pageants, but they were gradually discountenanced, and at length altogether suppressed or abandoned. The growing knowledge and taste, however, of the times established the noble superstructure of the early English drama on the ruins of the religious mysteries: Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, and Massinger, *cum multis aliis*, those household gods of our literature, soon commanded the worship of succeeding generations.

We can now only briefly state, that Mr. Sharp's Dissertation on the Coventry Mysteries is a most laborious and valuable addition to our present scanty stock of materials towards a complete history of the early periods of the drama and the stage. On the first announcement of the publication we did hope to have seen the chasm in that history filled up, because, perhaps, we considered Mr. Sharp eminently qualified to undertake and execute the arduous work: but for what he *has* done, he is entitled to the thanks and gratitude of the literary world. Some of the details are necessarily dull and prolix, but they were essential to the subject and completeness of the work; and the volume is free from that antiquarian affectation, so puerile and disgusting in many of the illustrators of "olden times," with whom anything mouldy, worm-eaten, or ragged, is a passport to favour and extravagant praise. The wood-cuts,

and different graphic illustrations, are well executed. We only regret the limited publication, and the high price, (250 copies of the small paper, at three guineas each,) of a work which, in handsome octavo, would have ranged in every library of standard plays. This, like the niggardly impression of the Roxburgh-Club reprints, is the very reverse of the liberal encouragement of literature; it is a system of monopoly which confines the knowledge of these works to those only who can afford to pay extravagant prices for works of which such men are seldom very assiduous readers. A copy of Mr. Markland's Chester Mysteries, at the sale of Mr. Rhodes' library, in 1825, sold for £18; a thin quarto of seventy pages! We trust we shall live to see the day when men of rank and fortune will devote a portion of their income to the reprint of standard literature for *public* circulation and public libraries; and to defray the expense of publications, the subjects of which, though highly valuable, may not be of themselves sufficiently popular to obtain a remunerating number of purchasers. The burning of copies to create *uniques*, and the miserly reprint of *thirty* copies, with the boasted destruction of the types and plates, is a barbarous, gothic, and *dibdin-ous* monopoly of knowledge, unworthy the era of the printing press. Such self-elected patrons of literature are aliens in the republic of letters.

Menestrier (*Bayle. Dict. art. Chocquet*) asserts, that the pilgrimages first introduced the devout representations of the early mysteries. Dr. Burney considers the *Oratorio* (which commenced with the priests of the Oratory, a brotherhood founded in Rome, in 1540) only a mystery, or morality in music; in other words, a musical drama. The Protestants and Catholics, alternately, used the stage and drama as an instrument of controversy, each party, of course, alternately complaining of its licentiousness, when the object of dramatic hostility. The Protestant Liturgy, restored at the accession of Elizabeth after its suppression under Mary, was attacked by innumerable ballads, farces, and interludes. We have not space for an entertaining collection of the statutes and councils of the church, which from time to time regulated, and at length abolished, all religious plays as "pestiferous and noysome to the peace of the church."* We may, perhaps, introduce these in a future article on the persecution of the drama by the Puritans. There is no existing memorial of the representation of mysteries since the latter end of the sixteenth century. The acting of plays in churches was finally prohibited by a proclamation of Henry VIII. in 1542; their performance on Sundays,

* Stat. 34, 35. Hen. VIII. c. 1.

however, was continued by the choristers of St. Paul's cathedral and the chapel royal, so late as the reign of Charles I.

Let those who are disposed to ridicule these rude beginnings and infancy of the drama, and these Catholic superstitions, remember that the troubadours and the minstrels were the parents of the sublime inventions of the Italian poets and their disciple Spenser: and that the pantomimes, the improvisatori, and extempore comedy, were the nurseries of the epic poets of the middle ages. As popular amusements, which brought together all classes of the community, they were of peculiar and essential service to the civilization of the people; and, as Warton has observed, in an elegant and philosophical tribute to their use, were of great service "not only in teaching the great truths of Scripture to men who could not read the bible, but in abolishing the barbarous attachment to military games, and the bloody contentions of the tournament, which had so long prevailed as the sole species of popular amusement. Rude, and even ridiculous, as they were, they softened the manners of the people, by diverting the public attention to spectacles in which the mind was concerned, and by creating a regard for other arts than those of bodily strength and savage valour."

ART. VII.—*Memoires du Maréchal de Bassompierre, contenans l'Histoire de sa vie, et de ce qui s'est fait de plus remarquable à la cour de France pendant quelques années. Amsterdam.* 4 *vols.* 1723.

Among the possessors of that peculiar combination of qualities of which France has always been supposed to have furnished the original archetype, history does not, perhaps, present us with one more splendidly endowed, than the hero and the author of these memoirs. "He was the most remarkable man, (says the author of the preface to the last volume,) of his day, for brilliancy and vivacity of wit; this is seen in his replies, on all occasions. He knew all the secrets of the court, all its gallantries, the motive of the elevation of one favourite, and the downfall of another. Who could be better fitted to transmit all these things to posterity?" Born of a long line of illustrious ancestors, connected with the most powerful nobility of Germany and France, instructed in every art that could form an accomplished gentleman and a graceful cavalier, handsome,

captivating, brave, acute, and witty, beloved and trusted by his successive sovereigns, admired by all men, adored by all women, he offers to our view one of those stars of chivalry and courtly grace, which have so long dazzled the world, and fixed all eyes upon the brilliant and fortunate few, for whose pleasure it seemed as if all mankind were created. The history of France, indeed, as gathered from her exhaustless mine of memoirs, is little more than the history of the struggles and intrigues of a few families for power and wealth; for the means, in short, of gratifying their vanity, or their senses. Scarcely do we recollect to have found so much as a mention of the millions of obscure and laborious men, out of whose toil or blood this harvest of pleasure or glory was to be gathered. This, treating as they do of public affairs, is strikingly characteristic of all this amusing class of books, and of none more than the one before us. The state of France, during the period comprised within these memoirs, exhibits the most astonishing contrast of elegance and barbarism. Although the distractions of the league were at an end, and Henry the fourth had sacrificed his religion to heal the wounds of the state, and to reconcile all parties, yet there was little security for person and property; and the factions which divided the kingdom only awaited the death of that monarch, (who, though far enough from being the hero of romance, or the faultless ruler which some have represented him, had yet those qualities which inspire, at once, fear and love,—dauntless courage, great decision, and a frank, kind, and cordial nature,) to renew their feuds, and to desolate the kingdom afresh. The profligacy of manners, in the widest sense of the word, is such as has never, we think, been surpassed, and bears more resemblance to those of Abyssinia, as described by Bruce, than of any other age or nation we remember. It is impossible not to draw a comparison very much in favour of the contemporary English Nobility. Probably, the long and bloody civil wars, the uncertain succession, the great and urgent demand for prudence, on the part of sovereigns like Henry VII. and Elizabeth, whose way to the throne was full of uncertainty and danger, and whose possession of it was not unattended with doubt and alarm, might give a more sedate and temperate character to the court. Probably, also, the triumph of the reformed religion had a considerable effect, as encouraging habits of thought and speculation, in all classes. Great as were the vices of her internal government, arbitrary as were her own measures, and unprincipled as were many of her agents and favourites, the age and court of Elizabeth must yet be regarded as fertile in great men; great in arts, arms, letters, and even in those rarer qualities of integrity and humanity, which appear to have been little appreciated in France.

XUM

The memoirs of Bassompierre do not present us with a single name which an honest and reflecting man can pronounce with respect, except that of Sully, in whose person the author's testimony is the more valuable, as being evidently unwilling. Not an individual who appears to have entertained so much as an idea of performing an act, or bequeathing a work, for which posterity might have cause to thank him. Even the *glory*, which was one of the two main springs of their actions, was of the most trivial kind. It was more like the competition of schoolboys for the honour of doing some unattempted feat, or running some objectless risk, than that steady and serious desire, to leave a deathless name, or to achieve a great end, which distinguishes a real hero. Of the private and domestic manners of the time, if we may apply those words to what was neither private nor domestic,—(we know nothing of the manners of the obscurer classes,)—it does not appear that any thing can be said, which could go beyond the reality. So far from its being an age of adventure and romance, the nakedness, the barrenness of all the incidents, the doubts, fears, hazards, joys, or sorrows, which mark the progress of a sentimental attachment, cannot be exceeded in the annals of any eastern harem. If the course of these affairs does not always run smooth, it is only because some unlucky laquais has given to one lady the letter intended for another; or because there was some want of skill or discretion, in the due and impartial distribution of attentions. But we are forestalling remarks which either our readers will make without our assistance, or which will more fitly accompany the facts that give them birth.

The memoirs open with a very long account of the family of Bestein or Bassompierre, as dull as genealogical details generally are to all but those who extract out of them matter of power, or food for vanity. "Among the great houses of the German empire," says he, "that of Ravensbourg has, from time immemorial, been esteemed one of the most ancient and illustrious." From this high source he drew his paternal extraction. We cannot follow the course of the noble stream through all its branches. One tradition in his family is, however, German and romantic enough to be excepted. Simon, the second Count Ravensbourg, and great-great-grandfather of Bassompierre, in the wars between Duke Charles of Burgundy, and the Duke of Lorraine, and the Swiss, gained the office of Burgraff, or protector of a little town belonging to the empire, called Espinal.

"And of this dignity," says he, "there still remains in my family the quit rent which the town paid my ancestors when it was free, consisting of a certain spoonful taken from every measure of corn sold in the town. This same Simon de Bestein had married the eldest

daughter of Count Orgevillier; the Lord of Croiiy the second; and the Reingraff the third; the count having but these three daughters, among whom he divided all his property, the lands of Rosieres, Paligny, Accraigne, Remoncourt, and Chicourt, fell to my great-great-grandfather's share, together with this spoon, while the ring went to the Reingraff, and the goblet to the Lord of Croiiy. The story of these three legacies is, that they were given to the Lord of Orgevillier, father of these daughters, by a woman who loved him, and who came to meet him every Monday in a summer house, (which the Germans call *sommerhaus,*) where he spent every Monday without fail, pretending to the countess that he went to shoot in the wood. Which having gone on for two years, at length gave umbrage to his wife, so that she determined to find out the truth; and one summer morning went into the summer house, where she saw her husband lying fast asleep, and, by his side, a woman of matchless and perfect beauty; and, as she would not wake them, she spread over their feet a veil which she wore on her head: when the beautiful lady awoke and perceived this, she uttered a piercing cry, and said, with great lamentation, that she must never behold her lover again, nor be within a hundred leagues of him; and so left him; giving him these three presents for his three daughters, which, she said, they and their descendants must carefully keep, for that they would bring good fortune to their families and descendants."

Bassompierre's grandfather was captain of the German guard to the Emperor Charles V. and accompanied that celebrated monarch to the gate of the convent of St. Just, where he witnessed his last adieu to the world, and received from him a fine diamond, as a memorial of the emperor's sense of his faithful services, which was carefully preserved in the family.

His father was brought up with the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Charles IXth, who, either on account of the conformity in their age, or some other cause, had a great affection for him, and kept him with him till Bassompierre (the father) went to serve in Hungary against the Turks. Here he formed a strict friendship with Henry of Lorraine, afterwards Duke of Guise. He returned to France just before the marriage of the King of Navarre with Marguerite, the youngest daughter of France, celebrated for her beauty, her accomplishments, and gallantries. Charles IX. wished to marry him to one of the daughters of the Marshal de Brissac, but on his representing that they, having great pretensions, and little money, were ill suited to him who had none; and that an alliance with their cousin, Louise le Picard de Radeval, who was an heiress, "*would do him much more good,*" Charles married her to him, "in spite of her relations, and in spite of the girl herself, who did not like him because he was poor, a foreigner, and a German."—Of an union thus suspi-

ciously began, our hero was the eldest offspring. He concludes this account of his ancestry thus:

"It was necessary to prefix to the journal of my life all that has here been related, to give a perfect idea of my extraction, of the alliances of my house, and of my predecessors, as well as of the estates which have come in the right line, or collaterally, into the house of Bestein, and of those which we claim as lawfully belonging to us. I shall now make an ample discourse of my life, without affectation or vanity; and as it is a journal of all I could collect from my memory, or in those journals of my house which gave me any light on private affairs, you will not think it strange if I tell things very much in detail, rather to serve as memoranda than to make a history; my design being very remote from that unbecoming ostentation."

Francis de Bassompierre was born on the 12th of April, 1579, at Harouel, in Lorraine.

"I was educated," says he, "in this same house until October, 1584, when I first remember seeing Henry, Duke de Guise, who was concealed at Harouel, for the purpose of treating with several colonels of Lansquenets and Reiters, for the levies of the league. At this time, I began to learn to read and write, and afterwards the rudiments. My preceptor was a Norman priest, named Nicholas Ciret.....In the year 1588, my brother and I had another preceptor named Gravet, and two young men, called Clinchamp and la Motte, the one to teach us to write well, the other to dance, play the lute, and music. We did not stir from Harouel and Nancy, and we continued to study and learn other things during the years 1589, 90, and 91: in the October of the latter year, we went to study at Friburg in Brisgan, and were in the third class. We staid there only five months, because Gravet, our tutor, killed la Motte, who taught us to dance. In consequence of this we returned to Harouel, whence, in that same year, my mother sent us to Pont à Mousson to continue our studies, and, in the year 1593, we reached the first class. In 1594, we went to pass the Carnival at Nancy, where we fought in the lists, dressed à la Suisse, at the marriage of Montrichet, on which occasion there was great magnificence. We returned to Pont à Mousson; and, a short time after, my father, on his return from the siege of Laon, where he had been to treat for the neutrality of Lorraine, brought us a German tutor, called George de Springesfeld. The next year, at Carnival, we went to Nancy, to the nuptials of the Duke of Bavaria and Madame Elizabeth, youngest daughter of his Highness of Lorraine, whom we accompanied into their country."

After giving an account of their progress, and of the princely house at which they were entertained on the road, he continues:

"After Easter, having taken leave of the Duke and Duchess, we

returned to keep our terms at Ingoldstat, where we found the three dukes, brothers of Duke Maximilian, who were at their studies. We went on with rhetoric for a short time; then proceeded to logic, which we went through in a compendious manner, and, in three months, passed on to physics, and, occasionally, studied the sphere. In the month of August we went to Munich, where the duke had invited us to spend the stag-hunting season (which they called the Birschfeist) with him. After a month, during which the hunt lasted, we went to continue our studies till October, when we quitted physics, having got to the books *de Animâ*. And as we had still seven months to remain, I set myself to study the institutes of law, in which I employed an hour, another hour I spent in cases of conscience, an hour in aphorisms of Hippocrates, and an hour in Aristotle's ethics and politics; on which studies I was so intent, that my tutor was obliged, from time to time, to draw me off from them to divert my mind. I continued my studies the rest of this year, and the beginning of 1596."

We have given this minute account of Bassompierre's education, because we do not recollect to have met with so circumstantial a record of what it was deemed fitting that a young French noble of the sixteenth century should learn. The course of education seems to have been pretty nearly as full and as useful as that now in use in some parts of Europe; with this advantage on the side of the Frenchman, that exercises calculated to form the body to strength and grace, formed a part of the regular system. Bassompierre finished his collegiate studies at the Easter of 1596, and was on his return home when he heard of the death of his father. After staying some time in Lorraine, he and his brother set out for Italy, accompanied by the Sieur de Malleville, an old gentleman who acted as their governor, Springesfeld, their German tutor, and one of their father's gentlemen. Passing through Florence and Rome, at which places they were introduced to the most distinguished persons, they arrived in Naples, then governed by the Viceroy Don Henriquez de Guzman, Count d'Olivares, by whom they were received with great affection. Here they learned equitation, of two celebrated Italian masters: having returned to Florence, they continued to receive instructions in this art. "As for our other exercises," says he, "we had Master Agostino for dancing, Master Narquino for fencing, Giulio Panigi for fortification, in which also Bernardo della Girandolla sometimes assisted. We continued these lessons all the summer, and also saw the festivities of Florence, as the Calcho, the Pallo, the horse races, the plays, and some marrigages within and without the palace." They then went to Loretto, where they passed a night in the chapel, in devotion. On Christmas-day, Cardinal Gallo made Bassompierre one of

the witnesses to the opening of the chest of alms, which amounted to six thousand crowns for the quarter of a year. The following scene is described with an air of simplicity and truth that makes it invaluable. We should be tempted to think it an exaggeration, if related by a less impartial witness.

"There were a great many other French gentlemen at Loretto, beside ourselves, and we all took the resolution of going together, into Hungary, to the wars, before we returned home: having mutually promised this, we set out in a body, the day after Christmas, to go thither: but, as the nature of Frenchmen is fickle, at the end of three days' journey, some of us, who had not their purses sufficiently well lined for a long journey, or who had a stronger desire to return to their own homes than the rest, began to say, that it was useless to go so far in search of fighting, when we had it near at hand; that we were in the midst of the Pope's army, marching to the conquest of Ferrara, which had devolved to the pope, by the death of Duke Alphonso, lately deceased. That Don Cæsar D'Este retained possession of it, contrary to all right; that this war was not less just and holy than that of Hungary, and was so near, that, in a week, we should be within reach of the enemy; whereas, if we went into Hungary, the armies would not take the field of four months. These persuasions prevailed on our minds, and we determined that we would all go next day to Forli, to offer our services to Cardinal Alemanni, legate of the army, and that I should speak in the name of the whole, which I did in the best way I could. But the legate received us so coolly, and gave us so poor a welcome, that in the evening, at our lodging, we did not know how sufficiently to express our resentment and anger at his neglect of our offer. Then my brother began to say, that, in truth, we had only got what we deserved; that not being subjects of the Pope, nor in any way implicated in the war, we had gone inconsiderately to offer to attack a prince of the house of Este, to which France had so many obligations; which had always been so courteous to foreigners, and particularly to Frenchmen; and which was so nearly allied, not only to the kings of France, from whom that family was descended in the female line, but also to the families of Nemours and Guise; and that, if we were good for any thing, we should go and offer our services to this poor prince, whom the Pope wanted to despoil of an estate, possessed by so long a line of his ancestors. As soon as he had finished these words, all the company testified, not only their approbation, but their firm resolution to go, next day, strait to Ferrara, to throw ourselves into the town. I have related all this, first, to make known the volatile and inconstant character of Frenchmen; and, secondly, to show, that fortune is generally mistress of our actions; since we, who intended to bear arms against the Turks, did, in fact, take them up against the Pope."

The duke received them with great honours and cordiality, but was very irresolute about the war. In this state of mind, he went to hear mass, on the feast of kings, in a church near

the palace, with a great retinue of lords and gentlemen, when the priests immediately quitted the altars, without finishing the masses they had begun, and retreated from them as excommunicated persons. This decided Don Cæsar to send the Duchess d'Urbino to treat with the legate; and, accordingly, the next day, the young band of Frenchmen took leave of him and went each his own way.

Passing through Padua, (where he and his brother fell in love with the daughter of the German consul, and quarrelled, so that they did not speak for many days,) Venice, Mantua, Pavia, Genoa, and Milan, they returned through Switzerland into Lorraine. In the autumn of 1598, Bassompierre, accompanied by his mother and all his family, went to Paris, to be presented to the king. The introduction was delayed by the king's illness. He made one of a party, who danced in a balét before the king, at Monceaux. The compliment seems to us of a singular kind: "It represented," says he, "barbers, with a view, I think, of ridiculing the king, who had put himself into the hands of men of that trade for a wen he had, which they undertook to cure." The good-natured king was pleased, however, and, when it was ended, asked, Where is Bassompierre? "Then all the princes and lords presented me to him, that I might embrace his knees, and he caressed me greatly; and I should never have thought, that so great a king would have been so kind and so familiar with a young man of my sort. He took me by the hand, and presented me to the Duchess of Beaufort,* his mistress, whose robe I kissed; and the king, to give me an opportunity of saluting and kissing her, went to another part of the room."

In the beginning of the year 1599, we find the following incident:—"The court returned to Paris, and the parliament made a remonstrance to the king against passing the edict of Nantes, in favour of those *of the religion*, to which the king made an excellent reply. I was present."

Henry the Fourth's frank, easy manners, to which he was, probably, more indebted for the attachment of his subjects, than to any other quality, appear in several traits.

"Two days after," says Bassompierre, "I went to Fontainbleau, and, as somebody had told the king that I had some beautiful Portugal pieces and other gold coin, he asked me whether I would play for them against his mistress: having agreed to this, he made me stay and play with her while he was hunting, and, in the evening, he played too. This gave me great familiarity with the king and the duchess, and conversing, one day, about the causes which had led me

* Gabrielle d'Estrées.

to come to France, I told him frankly that I did not come with any intention of engaging in his service, but only to pass some time, and then to go to do the same at the court of Spain, before I came to any determination as to the conduct and aim of my future life; but that he had so charmed me, that, if he would accept my service, I would go no further to seek a master, but would devote myself to him till death. He embraced me, and assured me, that I could not find a better master than he would be to me, nor one who could love me more or contribute more to my fortune and advancement. This was on the 12th of March. From that time, I regarded myself as a Frenchman; and I can say, that, from that time, I found so much kindness in him, so much affability, and such proofs of good-will, that his memory will be deeply engraven in my heart during the remainder of my days."

He was sent by Henry to Paris, with the duchess, who was going thither to perform the religious exercises of the holy week. After the service of the Ténébres, he says, "she asked Mademoiselle de Guise to stay with her; but an hour afterwards, she was seized with a strong convulsion, from which she recovered; when, just as she was trying to begin a letter to the king, another convulsion came on so violently, that she never rose above it. She remained in this state all the night, and, on the following day, was delivered of a dead child; on Good Friday, at six in the morning, she expired. I saw her on the Thursday afternoon: she was then so changed that I should not have known her." Thus expired the *Belle Gabrielle*, whose charms have been said and sung in every succeeding age, and in every language. She seems to have had more hold over the gay monarch's affections than any other woman; no less from the gentleness, benignity, and sweetness of her nature, than from her extraordinary beauty. The chivalrous and romantic colouring which poets and romancers have given to the king's connection with her, does not, however, receive much confirmation from these memoirs, nor was his attachment strong enough to survive a week's separation: Bassompierre went with Marshal Ornano to bear these afflicting tidings to the king.

"When he saw the marshal," says he, "he suspected what news he brought, and broke out into violent lamentations. At last, we got him down to the abbey of Laussange, and laid him on a bed. He shewed every excess of grief that can be conceived. At length, he was put into a carriage, and was taken back to Fontainbleau, where all the principal lords and princes assembled around him. He begged all the company to return to Paris, to pray to God for his consolation. And as I was going away with all the others, he said, 'Bassompierre, you were the last who was near my mistress, remain also near me, to talk to me of her;' so that I staid, and we

were five or six days without more company, except some of the ambassadors who came to condole with him, and then returned immediately. But few days elapsed, however, before he began a new love affair with Mademoiselle d'Entragues, to whom he sent frequent messages by the Counts de Lude and Castelnault. At last, Madame d'Entragues came to stay at Malherbe to hunt, and sent to ask the king to come to divert his sorrow. He went, therefore, and fell violently in love with her."

To return to the *charmante Gabrielle*.—In the volume of Bassompierre's memoirs, collected by the President Henault, and published in 1803, we have the following portrait of her:

"I must say something of Gabrielle d'Estrées, Duchess de Beaufort: she was third daughter of Madame d'Estrées, who made no scruple of making a traffic of her daughters. When Gabrielle was sixteen, being beautiful and finely made, she offered her to the king (Henry III.) through the Duke d'Epernon, who lived with Diana d'Estrées, her elder sister. The duke exaggerated her beauty to the king, and he sent six thousand crowns to Madame d'Estrées by Murtigny, who kept two thousand for himself; at which the king was so incensed, that he would not see him for a long time. Henry III. soon left her. As she grew up, her beauty became perfect; and, at length, M. Stanay, one of her many lovers, drew such a picture of her charms to Henry IV., that he fell in love with the description. He married her to Liancour, that she might follow the court; he then dissolved the marriage, made her Marchioness of Monceaux, and afterwards, Duchess of Beaufort. Lastly, having had three children by her, the Duke de Vendôme, the grand prior of France, and the Duchess d'Elbœuf, she died, when near giving birth to a fourth. This woman had such entire ascendancy over him, that she took part in all public affairs, advanced or kept back whom she pleased, and persuaded him to divorce the queen of Navarre, to marry her; for which end, she sent the President Sillery to Rome, to obtain the divorce from the pope. But God, in his love for France, did not permit this, and put an end to her life by an apoplexy, in the year 1599, at Paris. During the king's attachment to her, he had various other passions, but she governed herself so skilfully with him, that she retained supreme ascendancy over him."

Her successor, Mademoiselle d'Entragues, afterwards Madame de Verneuil, was even more dissolute, and only affected reserve that she might extort from the monarch a written promise of marriage in case she had a son. In the midst of this pursuit, we find him engaged in two other amours. But enough of this. Our readers must be as well convinced as we are, that the habits of this admired mirror of kings and cavaliers were such as would not be tolerated now; and that so far from bewailing the degeneracy of modern manners, we have reason to congratulate ourselves, that no man, let his rank or station be what it may, would now, in any country in Europe, make such

an unblushing and even triumphant display of so deplorable a weakness. "This winter," says Bassompierre, "I fell in love with la Ramire, and the king with Madame de Boinville, *and* Mademoiselle Clin." This is the sentimental style of that time of day. We must pick up, by the way, a repartee of the king's. "This evening came news of the retreat of Canisse, which the king praised very warmly, and the action of Monsieur de Mercœur. And thereupon, the Count de Soissons having said, that he was astonished M. de Mercœur had performed it, since he did not esteem him a great captain;—what would you say of him then, replied the king, if he had not taken you prisoner, and defeated your brother?"

Madame de Verneuil, who afterwards conspired against the king, was now the chief favorite.

"Having heard," says he, "that she was arrived at St. André de la Côte, he set off thither, and lent me one of his horses; I rode the whole way at a trot; and was so tired, that, when I arrived, I could hardly stand. The king and Madame de Verneuil had a quarrel at meeting, so that he was going back in anger, and said to me, 'Bassompierre, order our horses to be saddled.' I told him I would order his to be saddled, but, as for mine, that I declared myself of Madame de Verneuil's party, and would stay with her. And after taking a great deal of pains to reconcile two people who were well inclined to it, I made peace, and we slept at St. André. The next day he went to Grenoble, and took Madame de Verneuil with him."

Having obtained a divorce from Margaret of Valois, he married Mary of Medicis at the latter part of this year, and went to meet her at Lyons. On the arrival of the royal bride at Nemours, the king presented Madame de Verneuil to her, "à qui," says Bassompierre, "elle fit fort bonne chère." Having met M. de Biron, who was on his way to England, at Calais, he was prevailed upon to accompany him over.

"We did not find the queen in London. She was at the Vine, in Hampshire, a distance of forty leagues, whither M. de Biron was conducted to her. He was very honourably received by the queen, who expressed great esteem for him. She went a hunting next day with more than fifty ladies, on hackneys, and sent for M. Biron, to join in the hunt."

Early in the next year, Bassompierre took leave of the king to go to the wars in Hungary.

"My German relations," says he, "who had seen all my family entirely devoted to arms, could not endure that I should pass my life in the idleness which the peaceful state of France occasioned. They continually urged me to quit the French court, and go to the wars of Hungary; and, for this purpose, procured me a regiment of three thousand foot, which the circle of Bavaria was to furnish for the year

1603. I refused this post for that year, as I did not think it fitting that, without any knowledge of the country, I should all at once take the command of three thousand men; but I determined to go as a volunteer, with the best outfit I could."

He accordingly passed through Germany, where the chief of his adventures are of the kind for which that country has always enjoyed a high reputation. Scarcely a dinner or supper is recorded, which does not end in the moral extinction of all the party. The details of this war are of little interest: we select the following.

"At day-break, on the 29th of September, we made a sortie from our great intrenchment, with two hundred Hungarians, to reconnoitre the enemy; but we had not gone three hundred paces, when we found some hundred horse in front of us. The Hungarians, according to their custom, were all dispersed about, and we had not thirty horse with us, all of whom took flight as soon as the enemy appeared. But I, who could not imagine that the Turks had advanced so far, and who could scarcely distinguish them from the Hungarians, thought they belonged to us, when a Hungarian runaway called out to me, *Heu, domine, adsunt Turcæ:* which made me retreat too."

In the beginning of the year 1604, he returned to Vienna, and thence went to Prague, where he fell deeply in love with a beautiful Hungarian widow of eighteen, named Anna Esther Preschestoris, to whom he remained for some time strongly attached. Here he was presented to the emperor, who treated him with great distinction. The emperor spoke Spanish, and desired Bassompierre to do the same. The following scene, which occurred at Prague, is too illustrative of the relative strength of the civil and military powers at that period, to be omitted. On occasion of the marriage of the emperor's grand equerry, Rosworm, general in chief of the emperor's armies in Hungary, agreed with Bassompierre and six others to go on horseback masked, and to parade the town splendidly habited. "As we passed before the town hall," says he, "some lords came up to us, and said, in the Sclavonian tongue, that the emperor had forbidden any one to appear masked in the city; to which we answered nothing, but that we did not understand Sclavonic. They let us pass then, but, on our return, we found chains stretched across all the avenues to the square." Beginning by the hindmost, they took six of the party prisoners, some of whom called out to Rosworm and Bassompierre, to look to themselves. On this, they seized their swords, and Rosworm cut down a serjeant. They were immediately surrounded by above two hundred serjeants, through whom they passed, sword in hand, but not without

receiving a volley of blows from their pike staves, on the back and arms.

"This lasted," says he, "some time, until a chief justice coming out of the town hall, lifted up his baton, which they called *Regiment stoct.* On this, all the officers of justice immediately laid down their halberds, and Rosworm, who knew the custom, threw down his sword, and called out to me to do the same instantly. This I did; I should otherwise have been declared a rebel to the emperor, and punished as such. Rosworm begged me to speak when the judge interrogated us, so that he might not be recognized. The judge asked me who I was, which I told him without disguise; he then asked me who was my companion; I told him it was Rosworm, upon which he *made great apologies to us.* Rosworm, vexed that I had named him, when he saw he could not deny it, broke out into a rage, threatening the judge and the serjeants that he would complain to the emperor, and to the chancellor. They tried every means to appease him, but he, as well as I, had been too well beaten to be satisfied with words. They delivered up to us our six companions, who were luckier than we, as they had only a fright, and we retired. In the evening, we went to the wedding, as if nothing had happened. But, the next morning, Rosworm went to the chancellor of the kingdom, to whom he spoke very arrogantly; and the chancellor, to satisfy us, threw more than a hundred and fifty noblemen into prison. Their wives were every day at my door, to obtain a pardon for them; and I solicited Rosworm very earnestly to grant it: but he was inexorable, and made them lie a fortnight in prison, during the rigours of winter, *of which two died.*"

This, it must be acknowledged, is singular encouragement afforded by a government for the faithful execution of its orders.

One instance of Teutonic hospitality had like to cost him dear. Having given the coup-de-grace to two half-drunken German counts, and sent them home senseless, he found himself compelled to give them their revenge next day.

"I was forced, then," says he, "to stay that day to dinner, for which I suffered severely. For, to make me drunk, they put brandy in my wine, as I believe, though they declared they had not, and that it was only a wine of Leiperg, which was very strong and heady. I had no sooner drunk ten or twelve glasses, than I lost all consciousness, and fell into such a lethargy, that they were obliged to bleed me several times, and to cup me, and to tie garters tight round my legs and arms. I remained five days in this state, and lost the taste for wine so completely, that I was more than two years, not only without being able to drink any, but even without being able to smell it, without shuddering."

Taking an honourable leave of the emperor's service, he returned to France, where the king received him, "with a thousand embraces."

"He then led me into the apartment of the queen, his wife, and I was well received by the ladies, who thought me not ill-looking, for an inveterate German, who had spent a whole year in his country. The king lent me his horses to hunt the stag the next day, which was St. Bartholomew, 24th of August; he would not hunt on a day in which he had formerly run so narrow a risk. I now fell in love with d'Entragues, and was also in love with another handsome woman. I was in the flower of my youth, and well made, and lively."

Early in the following year he had another very narrow escape.

"On the 27th of February, the king, being at the Tuilleries, said to M. de Guise, 'd'Entragues despises us all, and idolizes Bassompierre; I don't speak without certainty.' 'How?' replied M. de Guise; 'You, sire, have means enough of avenging yourself; as for me, I have no other than those of a knight errant; I will therefore break three lances with him this afternoon, in open field, wherever your majesty shall be pleased to appoint.' The king consented, and told us it should be in the Louvre, and that he would have the court sanded. M. de Guise was accompanied by his brother, M. de Joinville, and Monsieur de Termes; and I, by M. de St. Luc, and the Count de Sault. We all six went to dine, and to arm ourselves at St. Luc's; and as we always kept armour and caparison ready for all occasions, we wore silver armour, with carnation and white plumes, and silk stockings of the same colours. Monsieur de Guise, on account of the imprisonment of the Marchioness de Verneuil, with whom he was at that time in love, was armed and dressed in black and gold. We then all proceeded to the Louvre."

In consequence of an accident, M. de Guise wounded Bassompierre dangerously.

"The king, the constable, and all the chief courtiers, stood around me, many weeping, not thinking that I should live an hour; nevertheless, I did not appear cast down, nor did I think I should die. Many ladies were there, and helped to dress my wound; and as I insisted on returning to my own house, the queen sent me the chair in which she was carried, being pregnant. The people followed me with many marks of sorrow. When I reached home, I lost my sight, which made them think I was very ill, so that they made me confess, and bled me at the same time. Yet I did not believe I should die, and laughed all the time. As soon as I received this wound, the king ordered that all tournaments should cease, and never permitted one after. This was the only one in open field that had taken place in France for a hundred years, and they never were renewed. I cannot say how much I was visited during my illness, and particularly by ladies. All the princesses came, and the queen sent her daughters three times, with Mademoiselle de Guise, to pass whole afternoons. This lady, who thought herself obliged to nurse me, as it was her brother who had wounded me, was there the greatest

XUM

part of her time. The king came every afternoon, after the first day, to see me, and in part, also, to see my good company."

The doctrine with which he sets out, that fortune governs our affairs, seems to have had no small practical influence on his actions. At the marriage of the Duke of Bar and the Duchess of Mantua, and the christening of the king's children, which took place at the same time, he was in great distress for new dresses, having worn all he had at the former of these ceremonies.

"But just as my sister had come to tell me, that all the tailors and embroiderers were so busy that one could not be had for any money, in came my tailor and embroiderer, to say that on the rumour of the magnificencies of the christening, a merchant of Antwerp had brought a horse load of pearls of an ounce weight, and that with these they could make me a suit, which would surpass any at the christening; and my embroiderer said he would undertake it if I would give him six hundred crowns for his work alone. The ladies and I fixed upon the dress, which required fifty pounds weight of pearls. I chose it of violet cloth of gold, with palm branches interlacing. In short, I, who had only seven hundred crowns in my pocket, ordered, on the spot, a suit which was to cost me fourteen thousand; and, at the same time, sent for the merchant; who brought the samples of his pearls, and I settled with him the price by the ounce. He demanded four thousand crowns earnest money, for which I put him off till the morrow. M. d' Epernon passed before my house, and knowing that I was there, he came in and told me that he should have some good company to sup and play at his house, and that he wished I would be of the party. I took my seven hundred crowns, and with them won five thousand. The next day the merchant came, and I paid him his four thousand crowns down. I also gave something to the embroiderer, and went on to win at play not only enough to pay for my suit, and for a diamond sword of five thousand crowns, but had five or six thousand left to amuse myself with."

The year 1608 begins in the following serious strain.

"In the year 1608, I embarked in an affair with a blonde lady. I won a great deal at play this year, and gave away a great deal at the Foire. We danced a number of ballets; I had many mistresses at court, and I was on good terms with d'Entragues. Monsieur de Vendome also danced a ballet, in which the king would have Carmail Termes and me, who were called *les Dangereux*, assist. We went to dance it at M. Monpensier's, who rose to see it, though he was dying."

Bassompierre's devotion to the king was now put to the test by the most extraordinary instance of Henry's pitiable infirmity. The story is rather long, but worth telling. The Constable, Montmorenci, who had always given him the

strongest proofs of affection, one day invited him to dinner. He went, and found four other persons. After dinner, M. de Montmorenci took them into his chamber, and having ordered that they might be private, he proceeded in a solemn speech to tell them, that being arrived at the close of his life, he had looked around for a man to whom to give his youngest daughter, now marriageable, who might be agreeable both to himself and her; that he thought he might choose among all the princes of France, but that having regard rather to content than high rank, he had fixed his eyes on M. de Bassompierre, and had offered to him what others of higher quality than he would seek; that he wished to do this in the presence of his best friends, who were also M. de Bassompierre's, and to tell him, that having loved him as dearly as if he were his son, he wished to make him so, by marrying him to his daughter, thinking that he would hold himself honoured in marrying the grand-daughter and daughter of Constables of France. He concluded his speech with certain pecuniary stipulations.

"He had the tears in his eyes," says Bassompierre, "when he finished speaking; and I was so overcome by an honour so dear and so unexpected, that I knew not what words to employ worthy of what I felt. I told him so, and that I could only wonder at my good fortune; that it was above my expectation or my deserts; that my life would be too short to requite it, and that I could only offer him a heart devoted to his will; that it was not a husband he would give to his daughter, but a being by whom she would be incessantly adored like a princess, and served like a queen; that if any thing abated the excess of my joy, it was the thought that Mademoiselle de Montmorenci might regret quitting her quality of princess, to take that of a lady only; and that I had rather die than cause her the least regret. Saying this, I knelt down, and, taking his hand, kissed it, while he held me long embraced. He told me not to have any fear of that, for that, before he spoke to me, he had consulted his daughter, and found her perfectly disposed to acquiesce in his designs. In the evening the Constable presented me to his daughter, and said to me, in her presence, 'my son, here is a wife I am keeping for you.' He likewise presented me to his sister, the Duchess d'Angoulême, the Princess de Conti, and others, who all expressed their satisfaction."

Thus far all promised well; but no ties were sacred, and no inclinations to be thought of, when the monarch's fancy interfered. The king was, of course, consulted on this marriage, and talking of it to M. de Grand, who, he says, according to his custom of telling wonders of any thing new, (and particularly of Mademoiselle de Montmorenci, who was, indeed, worthy of all admiration,) infused into the excitable mind of the king, that passion which led him into so many extravagancies.

"Having asked the Duchess d' Angoulême, whether the marriage was agreeable to her niece, and that, if it was not, he would break it off, and marry her to the Prince of Condé!* she replied, that since it was the will of Mademoiselle de Montmorenci's father, she would esteem herself very happy with me. He has since told me, *that this expression made him resolve to break off my marriage*, fearing that she would love me too well if I married her. That night he did not sleep at all. The next morning, at eight o'clock, he sent for me; and, when I went in, he asked me why I did not sit up with him the night before. (He had the gout.) He told me, that he had not been able to close his eyes, and had been thinking of a marriage for me. I, who thought of nothing so little, as of what he was going to say to me, replied, that if the Constable had not the gout, the affair would be already concluded. 'No,' said he, 'I was thinking of marrying you to Mademoiselle d'Aumale, and of restoring the Dutchy of Aumale in your person.' I asked him, if he meant to give me two wives. Then, after a deep sigh, he answered, 'Bassompierre, I will speak to you like a friend. I was not only in love, but madly and desperately in love with Mademoiselle de Montmorenci. If you marry her, and she loves you, I shall hate you; if she loves me, you will hate me. It would be better not to allow this to destroy the good understanding between us, for I have a great affection for you. I am determined to marry her to my nephew, the Prince de Condé, and to keep her in my family. She will be the consolation and support of my old age, which will soon come upon me. I will give my nephew 100,000 livres a year to amuse himself with, and I shall ask for no other favour from her than her affection.'"

Knowing that the monarch was all powerful, and that it would be madness in him to oppose his will, Bassompierre made a virtue of necessity, and assured the king of his joy at having an opportunity of shewing his devotion, by cheerfully resigning what he valued more than his life; an assurance which the king received with tears and embraces. Bassompierre, however, did not extend his obedience so far as to marry Mademoiselle de Aumale. He seems to have acquiesced in his disappointment with tolerable ease.

"It is true," says he, "that as there was not at that time under Heaven, any thing more beautiful than Mademoiselle de Montmorenci, nor more graceful or perfect in every respect, she had made a great impression on my heart; *but as it was a love which was to end in marriage, I did not feel it as otherwise I should.* Two or three days afterwards, the prince announced, that he was going to marry Mademoiselle de Montmorenci, and asked me to go with him to pay his respects to her. I made him a low bow, but did not go. In order, however, not to remain idle, and to comfort myself for my loss, I

* Henry, father of the great Condé.

amused myself with making my peace with three ladies, with whom I had entirely broken in the expectation of marrying.—One of these was d'Entragues."

Shortly after the marriage of the Prince and Mademoiselle de Montmorenci, Bassompierre was sent by the king into Lorraine and Germany, to propose a marriage between the Dauphin, and a daughter of the Duke of Lorraine.

"Having returned with favourable answers, the king was extremely satisfied with the good result of all the affairs he had entrusted to me, and gave me many marks of kindness. I had scarcely finished telling him about these things, when he took an audience of me in return, telling me of his passion for the Princess de Condé, and of the unhappy life he led, separated from her. And, indeed, this love of his was frantic, and could not be contained within the bounds of decorum."

"On the last day of November, the prince left the court to go to Muret, taking his wife with him. The king was at play in his little cabinet, when he received this news. I was nearest to him. He whispered in my ear, 'Bassompierre, my friend, I am lost; that man is taking his wife into a wood. I don't know whether he means to kill her, or take her out of France; take care of my money, and go on with the game, while I go to hear more particulars.' After the game was over, I took occasion to carry the king back the money he had left upon the table: I went into the room, and I never saw a man so distressed or so frantic. He assented to all the proposals of those about him, by turns, however ridiculous and violent. He had sent for his ministers, who, at their arrival, gave him each advice according to their office or their humour."

We have not space for all the deliberations of this council; but we extract the following striking and characteristic sketch of Sully.

"The king liked the president Janin's advice, but he would not resolve till he had heard what M. de Sully said about it. Shortly after, he entered, in his rough abrupt manner. The king went up to him, and said, 'M. de Sully, the prince is gone, and has taken away his wife.' 'Sire,' said he, 'I am not surprised; and, if you had taken the advice I gave you a fortnight ago, you would have put him in the Bastille, where I would have kept him safe for you.' 'Well,' said the king, 'the thing is done; but tell me what I am to do now.' 'By God, I don't know,' said he, 'but let me return to the arsenal, where I shall sup, and sleep, and I shall think of some good advice in the night, which I will bring you to-morrow morning.' 'No,' said he, 'you must give it me directly.' 'I must think, then,' said he; and, upon that, he turned to the window which looked into the court, and began drumming upon it with his fingers, and then returned to the king, who said, 'Well,

XUM

have you thought?' 'Yes, sire,' said he.—'Well, what?' said the king. 'Nothing, sire.' 'How! nothing?' said the king. 'Yes, nothing,' said M. de Sully; 'if you do nothing at all, and shew that you do not care about him, nobody will assist him.'"

The leaders of the Huguenot party lost no opportunity of exasperating the king against their great and constant enemies, the king of Spain, and all the family of Austria; nor was Henry himself restrained from open hostilities against a rival whom he hated, by any other considerations but the exhausted state of his kingdom and finances, and the welfare of his subjects, for which, to use our author's words, he always had "a perfect solicitude." Yet, though withheld by these motives, he only waited for a fit occasion, and

"Was not sorry when M. de Sully made some overtures to King James of England, (to whom he was sent by Henry on his accession to the throne,) towards a strict league and alliance of the two crowns against that of Spain, in case that country pursued its usual courses. But these wise princes, both come from so far to such great successions, thought rather about the means of preserving their authority, and governing well, than of adding to their dominions, by means not less prejudicial to all Christendom, than to their own states; and bound themselves by a close amity, without entering into regular treaty, or breaking the peace which the king had made with Spain, and which the King of England concluded shortly after."

At length, however, in the latter part of 1609, and the beginning of 1610, was formed the treaty of Savoy, by which that state, Venice, Holland, England, and France, were leagued against Spain; concerning this, we have numerous details, which, however interesting, are too much of the nature of general and political history, to suit our present purposes. At the commencement of preparations for hostilities, the king, unsolicited, gave Bassompierre the post of colonel general of light horse.

"He gave me also fifty guards," says he; "he would have me take the oath of counsellor of state, and gave me a pension of four thousand crowns. In short, there was no sort of favour which he did not shew me. He pressed me to marry Mademoiselle Chenilly; and would have revived the Dutchy of Beaupreau in my person; but I was then in the high follies of my youth, in love in so many quarters, and in favour in most of them, that I had not time to think of my advancement."

But the sun which shone upon him with so much warmth and splendour, was now about to be clouded for ever. The details of this act, so big with calamity for France, have been often repeated; but there are circumstances recorded in these volumes, which we do not remember to have seen elsewhere, and which

afford a curious insight into the state of Henry's mind, just before his assassination. Much had been said about the presentiment he had of his death. This, as is usual, appears to have been exaggerated, or rather misrepresented, by the lovers of the marvellous. It distinctly appears, that Henry was in no degree influenced by the predictions of astrologers, or by any absurd superstitious dread. His presentiment was, in fact, the very rational persuasion, that he was the object of fanatical antipathy, which he knew to be the most deadly and merciless of all passions, combined with an acute and nice perception of the probabilities as to time, place, and manner, in which a design upon his life might be carried into effect. There is nothing in the following conversation, which does not raise our opinion of his good sense and clearness of judgment. We quote partly from the old, and partly from the new memoirs.

"We now entered that unhappy month of May, (1610,) so fatal to France, by the loss we sustained of our good king. I shall relate many things concerning the presentiments the king had before his death, and which were forerunners of his fate. He said to me a little before this, 'I don't know how it is, Bassompierre, but I cannot persuade myself that I am going into Germany. Neither does my heart tell me that you are going into Italy.' Several times he said to me, and to others also, 'I think I shall die soon.' And on the first of May, returning from the Tuilleries through the great gallery, leaning on M. de Guise on one side, and me on the other, he left us to go into the queen's closet, and said 'Don't go away, I am going to tell my wife to make haste and dress, that she may not make me wait for dinner;' for he usually dined with her. While we were waiting, and leaning, on the iron balustrades overlooking the court of the Louvre, the May bush, which had been planted in the middle of the court, fell down without any wind or apparent cause, and tumbled towards the little step leading to the king's chamber. I said to M. de Guise, 'I wish it had cost me a great deal, rather than that had happened. It is a very bad omen. May God preserve the king, who is the May of the Louvre.' He said, 'You are mad, to think seriously of such a thing.' I replied, 'In Italy or Germany, they would make much more account of such a presage than we do. May God preserve the king and all belonging to him.' The king, who had only stept into the queen's closet and out again, had come softly behind us, thinking we were talking of some lady, and heard all I said.—'You are fools,' said he, 'to amuse yourselves with such prognostics. I thank you, Bassompierre, for your solicitude about my life; but learn from me, never for the future to care about omens and predictions, which are vain and frivolous. For the last thirty years, all the astrologers and quacks have predicted to me, every year, that I should be killed; and have warned me to beware of certain days, in none of which did any accident ever happen to me. In the year in which I do actually die, all the presages which occurred in the course of it will be remarked, and thought a great deal of, and every thing which could furnish a conjecture of my death,

XUM

will be put into histories, and those who predicted it, will be thought great and wonderful persons, while nothing will be said of the omens of the preceding years." Yet, though this great and wise king had no superstition, and laughed at omens and divinations, he not only, by a particular sort of inspiration, foresaw his death long before it happened, but even the manner of it, and the place where he should be killed. He always had the apprehension of being stabbed in his carriage by some melancholy madman: those who had the honour to ride with him, will testify, as I can, to have heard him frequently say, that there was no place more dangerous than that for being attacked and wounded; and that one was cribbed in *(empaqueté)* in such a manner, that one had no means of defending oneself, or of being assisted by those around; that it was possible for any one who would risk his own life, to approach him, and to glide between his guards and footmen to give him a blow; that, on this account, he never failed, when he rode in a carriage through the city, to take the baton of one of the officers of the guard; and he said, that he had only to repel the first blow, for that he would immediately be succoured; and that the only men he had to beware of were gloomy madmen, because a wise man would never undertake such an action. Nevertheless, this good and great king, for the misfortune of France and of all christendom, could not avoid what he had always foreseen and apprehended—that he should be miserably assassinated by a gloomy madman, and in his carriage.

"The queen had a particular and ardent desire to be crowned before the king's departure for Germany. The king did not wish it, both on account of the expense, and because he did not like those grand fêtes; yet, as he was the kindest husband in the world, he consented, and delayed his going till she should have made her entry into Paris, and commanded me to stay also. The court went, on the 12th of May, to sleep at St. Denis, to be in readiness for the morrow, the day of the queen's coronation, which was performed with the greatest possible magnificence. The king was extraordinarily gay. The next day, M. de Guise and I went to meet him coming from mass: he took one of us on each side, and said, 'I come from the Feuillans, and I saw the stone which Bassompierre has had put up over the door, *Quid retribuam Domino pro omnibus quæ retribuit mihi*, and I said for him, as he is a German, that he should have put *Calicem salutaris accipiam.* M. de Guise laughed heartily, and said to him, 'you are, to my mind, one of the most agreeable men in the world, and our destiny created us for one another; for if you had been a man in a middling station I would have had you in my service, let it have cost me what it would, but, since God made you a great king, it could not be otherwise but that I must belong to you.' The king embraced him and me too and said, 'you don't know me now; but I shall die one of these days; and, when you have lost me, you will know my worth, and the difference between me and other men.' Then I said to him, 'my God, sire, will you never cease afflicting us by saying that you will soon die? These are not good words to utter; you will live, if it pleases God, long and happy years. There is no felicity in the world equal to yours; you are but in the flower of your age, in perfect health and strength of body, full

of honour beyond any other mortal, in the tranquil enjoyment of the most flourishing country in the world, adored by your subjects, possessed of wealth, of fine beautiful palaces, a handsome wife, beautiful mistresses, and fine children; what can you desire more?' Then he sighed, and said, 'My friend, all this I must quit.' In the afternoon, I went to the Arsenal to meet the king, as he desired; but, alas! it was in vain; for, shortly after, people came in exclaiming that the king had been wounded, and was carried to the Louvre. I ran like a madman, seized the first horse I could find, and galloped to the Louvre. I met M. de Belancourt returning from the Louvre, who said, 'he is dead.' I ran up to the king's closet, where I saw him stretched on the bed, and M. de Vic, counsellor of state, sitting on the same bed; he had put the cross of his order on the king's mouth, to make him remember God. Milon, his first physician, was by the side, weeping, and some surgeons, trying to dress his wound: but he was already gone: we saw him heave a sigh, but it was only a breath passing, the physician cried out, 'Ah, it is all over, he is gone.' M. le Grand was on one side of the bed, holding one hand, which he kissed, and I had thrown myself at his feet, which I embraced, weeping bitterly. On opening the body, it was found that he had received two wounds; one was slight, but the other pierced an artery. He was of an excellent constitution of body; nothing appeared in it which did not promise a long life. It was, according to the report of the physicians and surgeons, the thickest stomach they ever saw. The left lung adhered a little to the side."

We cannot enter into all the details of the feeble and troubled regency of Mary of Medicis, but shall select some passages which illustrate the state of manners during that deplorable period. The year 1611 furnishes an instance of the sort of defiance of law and order in which the principal nobles lived; and the wars which raged even within the walls of Paris.

"Three days after the marriage of the Duke de Guise to Madame de Montpensier, the Prince de Conti quarrelled with his brother, the Count de Soissons, because their carriages had run against one another in passing, and their coachmen fought. M. de Guise, whom the queen had desired, that same evening, to go to M. de Conti to quiet this disturbance, went the following morning, and, as it lay in his way, happened to pass the Hotel de Soissons. This offended M. de Soissons, who sent for his friends, and told them M. de Guise had been past to brave him. Then M. de Guise's friends flocked to the Hotel de Guise in such a crowd, that there were more than a thousand gentlemen collected. This tumult lasted all that day, and the following; and the queen, apprehending the greatest disorder, ordered the chains to be ready to be put up at the first order, and the soldiers to be under arms at their quarters."

The details of the endeavours to heal this breach are long and uninteresting.

The year 1612 begins with the splendid fêtes at the double

marriages of France and Spain. Bassompierre, among others, rode at the ring, and displayed other knightly exercises.

"The great gate of the palace was opened," says he, "and we entered, preceded by all our equipages, arms, and other things, so beautiful and magnificent, that it is not possible for me to represent them in writing. Only I will say, that there were, on our side alone, near five hundred persons, and two hundred horse, all habited and caparisoned in crimson velvet, and white cloth of silver; and our suits were so richly embroidered, that nothing could go beyond it. After us, entered the Prince de Conti and M. de Vendôme, who danced a very beautiful ballet on horseback; M. de Montmorenci, who entered alone; and the Count d'Uxelles and the Baron de Lude, as Amadis and Galaor."

The first circumstance recorded in the following year, 1613, exhibits a fresh proof of the lawless state of the aristocracy.

"The year 1613 began by the death of the Baron de Luz, assassinated on the 5th of January, *at noon, in the Rue St. Honoré*, by the Chevalier de Guise, at which the queen was extremely exasperated. I went, just at that time, to the Louvre, and I found her weeping, having sent for the princes and ministers to hold a council on this affair, which she had greatly at heart, She said to me, as soon as I went in, 'you see, Bassompierre, how I am treated, and what a brave action it was to kill an old gentleman without defence and without warning. But these are the tricks of the family.' There was a great murmur against this action in the council; and every body was scandalized at hearing that a great crowd of nobility had assembled at the hotel de Guise, and that the chevalier was coming with a large suite to speak to the queen. On this intelligence, the queen sent to order him not to come, and the nobility to disperse."

As it happened, they thought proper to obey; but it seems to have been a matter of doubt in the council, whether this order would not be resisted. A little further on in these memoirs, we find the following passage:

"A few days afterwards, the young Baron de Luz called out the Chevalier de Guise, who killed him. And here I saw a strange instance of the changes of the court; that when M. de Guise killed the father, the queen commanded the parliament to take cognizance of it, to institute proceedings against him, and to try him, and when, in less than a week after, he had, to crown this, killed his son, the queen sent to visit him, and to know how his wounds were, as soon as he returned from the combat."

In all the cabals and negociations between the queen and the princes, Bassompierre had a large share. In the course of them, we are introduced to that extraordinary plaything of fortune, the Marshal d'Ancre, whose fate is detailed at length in a subsequent part of these memoirs. On one occasion of the reconciliation of the queen with the party to which he was opposed,

Bassompierre gives the words in which he attempted to hide his mortification: "Seeing the queen talking familiarly with the Duke d'Epernon and Lamet, he said to me, '*Per Dio Moussou io mi rido moi delle cose deste monde. La reine a soin d'une siége pour Zamet et n'enn a point pour Monsieur de Maine; fiez-vous a l'amore dei principi.*" The baseness of this man's mind appears in every circumstance preceding his ruin. On one occasion, when a certain Maignat was arrested for holding a treasonable correspondence with Piedmont, in which Marshal d'Ancre and his wife were believed to be implicated, he sent for Bassompierre.

"He led me," says he, "into the queen's gallery, shut the door upon us, and walked to the end of it without speaking a word. At length, drawing himself up, he said, 'Ah, M. de Bassompierre, my good friend, I am lost; my enemies have gained the ascendancy over the queen's mind, to ruin me.' Then he began to utter strange blasphemies, and to weep bitterly. I let him rave a little, and then I said, 'Sir, it is no time to weep and to swear, when affairs press. I imagined you sent for me, to tell me the evil and not to bewail it.' He said, '*gli ministri m'ont donné cette strette et me veulent prendre.*'"

Shortly after he got out of this difficulty, he gave Bassompierre satisfactory proof of his gratitude and sincerity. Bassompierre was desirous of obtaining the lieutenancy of Poitou for his brother-in-law, St. Luc, and solicited the Marshal d'Ancre's good offices with the queen, which he promised both to him and to St. Luc himself. Nevertheless, the place was given to M. de Rochfort, at the marshal's earnest entreaty, as the queen told Bassompierre; she herself preferring St. Luc.

"The Marquis d'Ancre told me, the same day, that he was in great distress that the queen had given that place to Rochfort, and that he begged me to assure M. de St. Luc, that he had done all he could in his favour, but that the prince's authority had prevailed. I, who knew what the queen had told me, replied, that when he wanted me to impose upon some indifferent third person, I was very much at his service, but, that when he wanted to gull my brother-in-law, I would be much obliged to him to employ another man, for that I was too nearly related."

At the conclusion of this year, Bassompierre was near leaving France and the French service, in disgust at the queen's coolness. Early in the next year he obtained, after some difficulty, the colonelcy-general of the Swiss, a situation which had hitherto been usually held by princes. His reply to the queen, on this occasion, is in the same cool tone as the one we have just quoted. "Bassompierre," said she, "if you had been a prince, I should have given you a fine post to-day." "Madam," said I, "if I am not a prince, it is not because I don't

wish to be one; but, nevertheless, I can assure you, that there are princes greater blockheads than I." At the conclusion of this year, our hero was surrounded with difficulties. In the first place, Mademoiselle d'Entragues and her relations had involved him in a law-suit, in consequence of a promise of marriage he had made her, in case she should bear him a son, which condition had been fulfilled.

"I was," says he, "in great perplexities, not only in consequence of this affair, but also on account of sixteen hundred thousand livres, which I owed at Paris, without any means of paying them; and my creditors, who, seeing me go to see my mother who was dangerously ill, had some patience; now that I was returned, and my mother recovered, lost all hope of settling their affairs with me, and were, consequently, very *mutinous*. There was a quarrel in one house between a husband and wife, on my account, which gave me pain, and, worse than all, there was a young girl, for whom I daily feared a discovery, attended with great scandal and bad consequences to me."

Yet his fortunate and triumphant star prevailed over these complicated effects of his unprincipled conduct.

"It happened that, in a few days, I heard of the cessation of the proceedings against me in my suit, and of the death of my mother, which brought me fifty thousand crowns in money, and saleable property to the amount of a hundred thousand, so that I paid seven hundred thousand livres, which set me greatly at my ease. The quarrel between the husband and wife was made up. The young girl was happily brought to bed without any body knowing of it; and I went to Rouen, where I gained my cause against d'Entragues finally and completely, so that I was delivered, at the same time, from all these various and distressing inconveniences."

Passing over the details of the civil war between the queen and the princes, which now desolated France, we must mention an event in the life of Marshal d'Ancre, which he afterwards spoke of as one of the prognostics of his approaching ruin.

"Marshal d'Ancre remained for some time at Lesigny, where we went to see him. He ordered his footmen to beat a certain shoemaker, who, being captain of his quarter, had refused to let him out at the gate of Bussy, where he commanded during the war. The footmen were seized by the people, and hanged, two days afterwards, before the shoemaker's door. At length, the prince arrived, and was followed to the house by a crowd of people. At that time, Marshal d'Ancre was very unpopular at Paris. At his request, I went with him to the prince. On entering, we found this shoemaker. He was just coming out. He had been trying to stir up his quarter against the marshal, but could not succeed. We were told, that we should

find the Pont Neuf occupied on our return, so that I went before him with all the men I had with me, but there was nobody."

From this time, Concini's decline was as rapid as his rise. The Prince, who had hitherto protected him, was obliged to withdraw his countenance. On the occasion of a magnificent entertainment given by the Prince to Lord Hay, the English ambassador, the marshal having had the boldness to present himself among the great nobles of the court, who were all his enemies, Bassompierre expressly says, that *many proposals were made to kill him then and there;* but that they were not carried into effect. The next day the prince told him, that he could no longer support him, and that he must retire to his government of Normandy; in consequence of which he set out on the following day. "It is impossible to describe," adds he, "how much this departure discredited the queen, when it was seen that a servant of her's could live in safety at Paris no longer than it pleased the prince, and how it raised his reputation and authority." Shortly after, followed the celebrated arrest of the prince, in which, as in every remarkable measure of the time, Bassompierre acted a prominent part. "At eight o'clock in the evening the king came to the council, and the queen, looking at him as every body presented petitions to him, said, "There is the king of France now, but his royalty shall not last long." In an hour or two from that time he was a prisoner, and the chiefs of his party had fled. Nothing, as usual, is said about the dispositions of the people, but we are left to conclude, from what follows, that they were strongly attached to the prince, and that they attributed his disgrace to the Marshal d'Ancre.

"A short time after the arrest of the prince, some rioters, or adherents of his, began to throw stones against the windows of the Marshal d'Ancre's house, then others joined them with the hope of pillage; they took the pieces of timber before the Luxembourg, which was then building, to break open the door of the house; eight or ten men and women, who were within, escaped by a back way; and a number of masons from the Luxembourg having joined the mob, they pillaged this rich house, in which they found furniture worth more than two hundred thousand crowns. As soon as the queen heard of it, she commanded M. de Liancourt, Governor of Paris, to go and put a stop to this tumult; but having gone with the patrole, and seeing that it was no place for him, he retired. The people continued to plunder all that day, and were let alone. The next day, the king commanded M. de Crequi to take some companies and go and drive away the people, who continued not to pillage, for that was done, but to demolish the Marshal d'Ancre's house. This he executed."

It does not appear that the government felt itself strong enough to take any further notice of this outrage. The last

published volume of these memoirs contains an account, at some length, of the extraction and extraordinary elevation of this man; but we must content ourselves with referring our readers to it, and confine ourselves to the last scene of his life recorded in the older work.

"The Marshal's daughter," says Bassompierre, "fell ill and died, at which both he and his wife were cruelly afflicted. I shall relate what passed between him and me the day she died, by which will be seen the prescience he had of what afterwards happened to him. Finding him so deeply afflicted, I tried sometimes to console and sometimes to divert him, but he answered nothing to any thing I said but, 'Signor, I am undone; Signor, I am ruined; Signor, I am miserable.' At last, I told him to consider the character of a Marshal of France, which he represented, and which did not permit him to indulge in lamentations unworthy of his wife, unworthy of him."

After exhausting the topic of emulation, Bassompierre continues:—

"At length, after having wept long in this way, he said to me, 'Ah, sir, I do truly regret my daughter, and shall regret her as long as I live, yet I could patiently endure that affliction; but the ruin of myself and my wife, of my son, and of my family, which I see at hand before my eyes, makes me lament and lose all patience, which I discover to you as a true friend. Know, sir, that ever since I mixed in the world, I have learned to know it well, and to see not only the elevation of fortunes, but their decline and fall; and that a man reaches a certain point of felicity, after which he descends or falls headlong, according as the point he reached was high and steep. If you did not know the meanness of my origin, I would try to disguise it from you; but you saw me in Florence, debauched, sometimes in prison, sometimes banished, generally without money, and always plunged in a disorderly and ill course of life. I was born a gentleman, and of good parents; but when I came into France, I had not a penny, and owed eight thousand crowns. My marriage, and the favour of the queen, gave me great influence during the life time of the late king, and brought me wealth, advancement, places, and honours, during the regency; and I laboured to second and urge on fortune as much as any man, while I saw she was favourable; but now that she gives me warning of her flight, I wish to make an honourable retreat, and to enjoy in peace, with my wife, the great riches which the liberality of the queen has given us, or our own industry acquired. To this effect, I have for some months vainly importuned my wife, and at every blow I received from fortune, I renewed my entreaties. When I see that a powerful party has arisen in France, which has taken me as the pretext for its rise, and has declared me one of the five tyrants it seeks to destroy; when M. Dolet, who was my friend, my creature, and my servant, has been put to death; when an infamous shoemaker puts an affront upon me,—upon me, a Marshal of France! when I have been forced to quit my establishment in Picardy, my citadel of Amiens, and to leave Ancre a prey to M. de Longueville, my enemy; when I was

compelled to retire, or rather to fly, into Normandy, I have remarked to my wife that, among the great obligations we owe to God, that of warning us when to retreat, is not among the least. Lastly, we have seen our house sacked, with a loss of more than two hundred thousand crowns; we have seen two of our people hanged before our faces, for having given a beating, as we ordered them, to that scoundrel of a shoemaker. What had we to wait for but the death of my daughter? I had provided for a timely retreat by offering the pope six hundred thousand crowns for the usufruct of the Duchy of Ferrara during our lives, where we might have passed the remainder of our days in peace, and have left two millions in gold to our children, as I will make apparent to you. We have property at least to the amount of a million of livres in France, in the marquisate of Ancre, Lesigni, my house in the Faubourg, and this. I have redeemed our estate in Florence, which was mortgaged, and my share in it is worth a hundred thousand crowns; and I have, besides, two hundred thousand crowns at Florence, and as much at Rome; I have a million besides, even after the pillage of our house, in furniture, jewels, plate, and money. My wife and I have also places which would sell for a million of livres, at a fair valuation, exclusive of those of Normandy, of first lord of the bedchamber and steward of the household to the queen, and keeping my office of Marshal of France. I have six hundred thousand crowns on Faideau, and more than a hundred thousand pistoles in other concerns. Might we not, sir, be content with this? Have we any thing more to wish for? I have been all this afternoon conjuring my wife to retire. I have been on my knees before her, to endeavour to prevail upon her; but she is more determined than ever, and reproaches me with cowardice and ingratitude in wishing to desert the queen. If I were not under such great obligations to my wife, I would leave her and go where neither the nobles nor the people of France would come to seek me.' I said what I could to divert him from these thoughts, and retired. I wished to show, by this discourse, how men, and especially those elevated by fortune, have inspirations and forebodings of their fall, but not resolution to prevent or avoid it."

This, we think, is a tolerable specimen of the extent to which France was plundered, not only by her own court and aristocracy, but by the very scum of other nations, who were recommended by the absence of all principle or dignity to the especial favour of the more weak or wicked of her monarchs. This remark, it will be believed, is not to be found in Bassompierre; it may be imagined, however, that the enmity of the nobles was not a little enhanced by the large share of the common spoil which the crafty Concini, and his haughty and rapacious wife, had managed to appropriate to themselves. The kites and hawks did not choose the carrion crow to gorge himself at their banquet. That the people should hate him, is hardly matter of surprise; what does surprise us is, to find Voltaire (*Essai sur les Mœurs*) saying, "The people treated the remains of Marshal d'Ancre thus, only because he was a fo-

reigner and powerful." The ferocious character of the people did, indeed, shew itself then, as it has subsequently, in a light horrible and revolting enough; but it is as absurd as it is unjust, to deny or palliate the causes of their exasperation. In less than a month after this conversation, the bloody tragedy of Marshal d'Ancre was completed. This was soon followed by the assumption of the supreme power by Louis XIII., or rather his instigators, and the queen's separation from him. Bassompierre gives the following account of their parting.

"The queen kept a good countenance till she saw the king coming; then she began to weep bitterly, and put her handkerchief to her eyes and her fan before her face; and going towards the king, she led him to the window overlooking the garden, and then, taking away her handkerchief and her fan, she said to him, 'Sire, I am sorry that I have not governed your state, during my regency, more to your satisfaction and advantage; nevertheless, I assure you, it was from no want of care or endeavour; and I entreat you to consider me always as your very obedient mother and servant.' He answered, 'Madam, I thank you very humbly for the care and pains you have taken in the administration of my kingdom, with which I am satisfied, and I hold myself obliged; and I beg you to believe that I shall always be your very humble son.' Having made a request to him in favour of one of her servants, to which he returned no answer, she added, 'Perhaps it is the last favour I shall ever ask of you;' now seeing, that he would not answer, she said, 'It is enough;'—and she stooped down and kissed him. The king made her a bow, and turned his back. After he was gone, the queen leaned against the wall, between the two windows, and wept bitterly."

At the commencement of the year 1618, Bassompierre gives the following picture of the king, and of his tastes and pursuits.

"At that time the king, who was very young, amused himself with many of the little exercises of the age, as painting, singing, making little fountains, in imitation of those at St. Germain's, with pipes of quill, little inventions of hunting, playing on the drum, &c., in which he succeeded very well. One day, I told him he was clever at every thing he undertook, and that though he had never been taught to beat the drum he did it as well as any body. He said, 'I must begin to play the hunting-horn again; which I do very well, and I will blow it for a whole day.' 'Sire,' said I, 'I do not advise you to blow it too often, for it is very injurious to the lungs: I have even heard that the late King Charles broke a blood vessel in his lungs with blowing the horn, and that this caused his death.' 'You are mistaken,' said he; 'it was not blowing the horn which killed him, it was because he quarrelled with the queen, Catherine, his mother, at Monceaux, and left her, and went to Meaux; but if he had not returned to Monceaux, at the persuasion of Marshal de Retz, who

made him go back to the queen, he would not have died so soon.' As I answered nothing on this subject, Montpouillon, who was there, said, 'You did not think, Sir, that the king knew so much about these matters; but he does, and about many others besides.' This convinced me that he had been inspired with great apprehension of the queen, his mother, whom I never afterwards mentioned to him, not even in common discourse."

Indeed, how dangerous it was to have the slightest appearance of favouring her cause, is sufficiently shewn in the next page. "Shortly after," says he, incidentally, "Siti and Durant were broken on the wheel, for writing something in favour of the queen-mother." In the midst of all these vicissitudes and divisions, Bassompierre's influence and credit seem to have remained unimpaired, or rather to have increased. When the Duke of Maine dissuaded Louis XIII. from going to reduce to subjection the Huguenots of Béarn, he answered his arguments thus:

"I do not trouble myself about the weather nor the roads; I am not afraid of the protestants; and as for the passage of the river, which you say will take my army twelve days, I have a way of having it accomplished in eight, for I shall send Bassompierre to conduct it; he has already raised me an army, with which I have just defeated a powerful party in less than half the time I hoped.' I confess, that I felt elated by this praise, and by the good opinion the king had of me."

In the beginning of the following year, (1620,) Bassompierre was sent ambassador extraordinary to the king of Spain, (Philip III.) to demand the restitution of the Valtoline, which had been seized by the Duke of Feria, governor of the duchy of Milan. The character of the Spanish court and people seems, even then, powerful as the nation still was, marked by that striking dissimilarity, and we may add inferiority, to their neighbours of France, which time and events have rendered more inveterate and obvious. The same stupid and pertinacious adherence to every thing, however trivial, or however pernicious, which custom or nationality had consecrated; the same gloomy, ferocious, and intolerant superstition. Copious as our extracts have already been, we cannot refuse, after giving such ample details concerning one court, to afford some insight into the state of the other. The following portrait of one of the most powerful men who figured in Spain, at that time, is curious. It is preceded by a long list of the nobles, ladies, and dignitaries of church and state, who came to pay their respects to Bassompierre on his arrival at Madrid.

"Lastly, the Duke d'Ossuna came to visit me in an extraordinary equipage, for he was carried in a chair; he wore a Hungarian robe furred with sable, and a quantity of jewels of great value; more than

XUM

twenty carriages followed him, filled with Spanish nobles, his relations, and friends, or with Neapolitan nobles. Around his chair were above fifty captains, tenientes, or Alferes reformados, Spaniards, or Neapolitans. He embraced me with great affection and cordiality; and, after calling me Excellency three or four times, he made me promise that I would call him father, and that he should call me son, so that we afterwards treated each other without any ceremony. After this, he would salute all who came with me, speaking to them in French, and saying so many absurd and extravagant things, that I was not surprised at the disgrace he afterwards fell into."

Bassompierre found he should have some difficulty in obtaining an audience, on account of the king's illness. We do not recollect to have seen so amusing an example of the nice and delicate scrupulosity of court etiquette. The king, it is true, the object and centre of this whole system, was killed; but what of that? no noble functionary stepped out of his department, or did any thing *unprofessional*.

"It was indeed true that he was ill, though every body thought he feigned it to delay my audience. His illness began in the first Friday in Lent, when, the day being cold, an excessively hot brasier had been put in the room where he was, the reflection of which fell so strongly on his face, that drops of sweat poured from it; but as he was of a character never to find fault or complain of any thing, he said nothing. The Marquess de Pobar, from whom I heard this, told me that, seeing how the brasier annoyed him, he told the Duke of Alba, who was one of the gentlemen of the bedchamber, as well as himself, to have it taken away, as it inflamed the king's cheek; but as they are very punctilious about their functions, he replied, that it was the office of the *sommeiller du corps*, the Duke d'Usseda: upon which the Marquess de Pobar sent for him, but, unfortunately, he was gone to see a house he was building, so that before the Duke d'Usseda could be fetched, the king was so broiled, that on the following day he fell into a fever. This fever brought on an erysipelas; and this erysipelas sometimes subsiding, and sometimes increasing, at length ended in a scarlet fever, which killed him. On the 23d, the king had a great increase of fever, and some fear was entertained as to the result. He was very melancholy, from the persuasion that he should die. On the 27th, he told his physicians that they understood nothing about his complaint, and that he felt he was dying. He commanded processions and public prayers to be offered for him. On the following day, the image of Nuestra Senora de Attoches was carried in procession; all the councils attended, with a great number of penitents, who whipped themselves for the king's recovery. The body of St. Isidore was carried to the king's chamber, and the holy sacrament was laid on the altars of all the churches in Madrid. On the 29th, the physicians despaired of his life; upon which he sent for the president of Castille, for his confessor, and for the Infants, to whom he gave his benediction; and, having divided his relics, he communicated, received extreme unction, and recommended his soul. About noon, he had the

body of St. Isidore brought and placed upon his bed, and vowed to build a chapel to that saint. At nine o'clock in the morning of the 31st, he gave up his soul. The same day, the new king set off in a close carriage to go to St. Geronino: in the road he met the body of our Lord, which was carried to a sick man, and, according to the ancient custom of the house of Austria, he wished to alight to acompany it. The Count d' Alvares said to him, **Advierta vuestra magestad que habia de ser tapada*; to which he answered, †*No hay que taparse delante de Dios*, and alighted. This was thought a very good omen at Madrid."

The account of the king's funeral, and of Bassompierre's first audience of his successor, are curious: but we have no room for them. The following spectacle is a fresh exemplification, if any were wanting, of the disgusting character of the religion of Spain.

"After dinner, I went into a house in the Calle Mayor, to see the procession of *las cruces*, which certainly is very fine. There were more than five hundred penitents, barefooted, and dragging two large crosses like those of our Lord; and, at intervals, there were moveable theatres, upon which divers representations of the Passion were exhibited to the life. After dinner, there was the great procession of penitents, in which there were more than two thousand men whipping themselves.

"On the 9th, the king made his solemn entry into Madrid. A balcony was prepared for me at the *Puerta Guadalaxara*. He set out from St. Geronino, and came by the Calle Mayor into his palace. All the streets were carpeted: before him marched the kettle-drums, then the gentlemen of the king's table, then the *titulados*, after them marched the mace-bearers, then the four major-domos, then the grandees, then the Duke del Infantado, Cavalarizzo Mayor, bareheaded, carrying a drawn sword before the king, who followed in a canopy supported upon thirty-two poles, which were borne by the thirty-two *regidores* of Madrid, habited in cloth of silver and crimson; then followed the corregidor, surrounded by the king's equerries, then the captains of the guards, those of the council of state, and those of the bedchamber."

Immediately after this, he returned to France, where he says he was extremely well received, particularly by the ladies of the court; and no wonder, since he distributed twenty thousand crowns' worth of rarities from Spain among them. The remainder of the second volume contains nothing but the occurrences, equally tedious and melancholy, of the civil war which then desolated France; and among which we find little that can amuse or instruct. Bassompierre was

* Your majesty ought to reccollect that you ought to be covered, (literally hooded or veiled.)

† It is never right to be covered before God.

badly wounded in the face; but this, like most other accidents among our gay neighbours, became the subject of a joke.

"As I was speaking to them, the queen came from Moissac, where she had been during the siege. The king sent the constable to receive her, and remained speaking with me. When she came in, she asked the constable who was that frightful man talking to the king: he told her that it was a lord of that country, named the Count de Curton. She said, 'Jesus, how ugly he is!' The constable said to the king, as he approached the queen, 'sire, present M. de Bassompierre to the queen, and tell her that he is the Count de Curton,' which he did. I kissed her robe; after which the constable presented me to the Princess de Conti, and other ladies, whom I saluted; and I heard them say, 'that is a strange looking man, and very dirty; he does right to stop in the country.' At this, I could not help laughing, and from my laugh and my teeth they knew me, and had great pity upon me: and still more after dinner, when there was an alarm, and they saw us set out to fight."

The examination of a part of this work has led us on to so unexpected a length, that we find ourselves compelled to defer the rest till our next number. We shall there notice not only the remaining volumes of the memoirs, but the two volumes of Ambassades, which are even less known. The journal of the embassy to England was published in 1819, in an English dress. We shall also endeavour to fill up the outline of the manners of his age, by a review of several memoirs and other works, which contain an infinity of curious and amusing details; among these Brantome is, perhaps, the richest. There are, however, others of less celebrity, and, therefore, less likely to be read, which deserve "that they should not *all* die;" and we shall endeavour to give them such a chance for immortality as the pages of the Retrospective can bestow.

The Memoirs were first published at Cologne, in two volumes, in 1665. The last and best edition is that of Amsterdam, 4 vols., 1723. In the publication of this work, a great deal of the most interesting matter was, for various reasons, omitted. This was afterwards collected by the President Henault, and, being found among his papers, was published in a separate volume, in 1803. It contains some things already published in the former work. The author of the preface to the Cologne edition of 1665, says, "Monsieur de Bassompierre wrote these memoirs without any order, but full of such admirable things which he had remarked in his embassies, that it is to be wished he had left them in the state in which they were, and in which they still remain in the hands of a prelate, who is his son by Mademoiselle d'Entragues." There is ample and satisfactory evidence of their authenticity.

END OF PART II. VOL. XIII.